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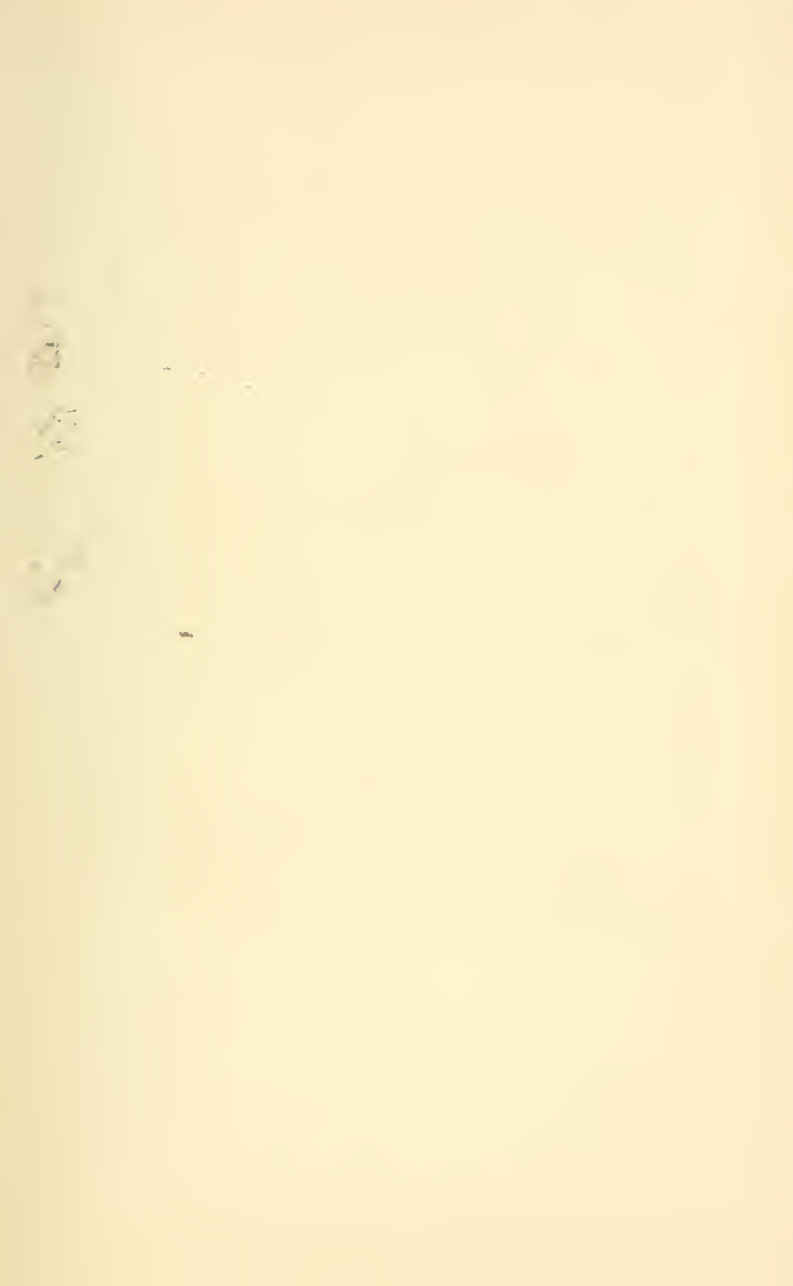


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HISTORICAL AND OTHER SKETCHES.

BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

DAVID H. WHEELER.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS collection of the more popular writings of Mr. Frode is made in order to enable a large number of readers to obtain at small cost a good view of the merits and value of his works. His best known essays are, for the most part, left out of this volume—for example, those on Calvinism, Progress, Education, and Ireland. The editor has also passed by in the selections those writings of Mr. Frode which have been the subject of heated controversy. It is hoped that the sketches of travel, essays, and extracts from the gifted author's historical works here collected, will be found both entertaining and instructive. Believing that the reader will like to have some account of Mr. Frode and his opinions, the editor has prepared the following sketch.

HIS EDUCATION.

James Anthony Frode was born near Totness, Devon, England, April 23, 1818. His father was an old-fashioned High Church clergyman, and his brother, Richard Hurrell Frode (fifteen years older than the historian) had already won distinction as a new-fashioned High Church clergyman when James Anthony entered Oriel College, Oxford, at the age of eighteen. The younger Frode was naturally thrown by his family connections and sympathies into the strong arms of the new reformers at Oxford. His gifted brother died the same

year, at the age of thirty-three, having produced a mass of new-reformation literature, which has since been published in four volumes. John Henry Newman, now Cardinal Newman, had succeeded Richard Hurrell Froude as the leader of the Oxford Movement, and young James Anthony was caught up and carried along on the tide of that strange reaction. Newman mastered easily the younger men about him, and even "Newmanized some of those who had already been Arnoldized."* *Credo in Newmanum* was a profession of faith that fell from many lips. The air was full of a strange sort of spiritual electricity. Young Froude graduated in 1840, two years later became a fellow of Exeter College, and in 1845 was ordained a deacon of the English Church. So far he had been borne along by a mighty current. Newman had invited him to assist in the work of writing the lives of the English saints. "Flattered," as he says, by the honor, he prepared in 1842 the "Life of St. Neot," which was published in the series under Newman's editorship. In 1845 John Henry Newman left the English for the Catholic Church; a counter-reaction set in. Alarmed by the discovery that Newman had led them a long journey from their original faith, many of the younger men began to study the ground traversed with so much enthusiasm; among these was young Froude. The result of his studies and reflections appears in the remarkable little book having the title "The Nemesis of Faith," first printed in 1849. Having satisfied himself that he could not be a priest of the Church of England, Mr. Froude gave up his fellowship and the clerical profession. Under the law as it then stood, he could not enter another profession, and having tried his hand at literature with success, he naturally joined the great

* The reference is to Arnold of Rugby.

priesthood of the press. In his controversy with Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, Mr. Froude wrote in 1879 the following account of his change of vocation :

“I entered Deacon’s orders in 1845. To take orders was at that time a condition for the tenure of a fellowship. I found myself unfitted for a clergyman’s position, and I abandoned it. I did not leave the Church. I withdrew into the position of a lay member, in which I have ever since remained. I gave up my Fellowship, and I gave up my profession with the loss of my existing means of maintenance, and with the sacrifice of my future prospects. Had I been ‘the false prophet’ which Mr. Freeman elsewhere politely terms me—had I been as indifferent to truth, as forgetful of the obligations of honesty, as he tells his readers that I am—is it likely that I should have left a beaten highway of life on which the going forward is so easy and so assured? Is it likely that I should have selected instead to make my way across country on the back of literature, where, besides the natural difficulties, the anonymous reviewer is waiting to trip the unhappy rider at every fence, or clamors at him as a fool like the enchanted stones on the mountain in the ‘Arabian Nights?’ Is it a reproach to leave at such hazards a profession for which a man finds himself unqualified? Would it not be an incomparably greater reproach to have yielded to the temptation and remained in it? Is it not enough that the existing prejudice on this subject bars a man’s way to every regular employment which he might have looked for otherwise? Is it fair, is it tolerable, that Mr. Freeman and the *Saturday Reviewer* should avail themselves of that prejudice to point to my Deacon’s orders as if they were an ink-blot and a mark of shame?”

The prejudice against an honest man’s change of his religious opinions has died out in this country, and lost some of its vitality in England; but in 1850 it still had the power to deal terrible blows. No small man could have made Mr. Froude’s change and outlived the evil consequences of it. It will now be agreed by enlightened men that the one and only honest thing to do was what

James Anthony Froude did when he resigned both the duties and the rewards of an English clergyman. The whip is reserved in our day for the back of the hypocrite who, having changed his creed still keeps his salary. We raise no question of the value of the old opinions or the new. It is only necessary to say that the more radical of the new opinions of Mr. Froude are preached from Christian pulpits all over the world, and have been for a score of years the object of world-wide criticism and the inspiration of a vast research into the authorship, history, and authority of different books of the Bible. At Oxford, Mr. Froude was held to have apostatized, not to have changed his opinions ; for Oxford did not in 1850 really believe in the right of private judgment ; in other words, it did not admit a man's right to have any opinions on questions decided by the Church. One consequence of Mr. Froude's heroic devotion to good conscience has been a perpetual conflict between him and one section of the clergy ; and it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the fact that in this war the historian has given as many and as good blows as he has received.

To no one else will the memory of John Henry Newman be so much indebted in the next century as to James Anthony Froude ; their opinions are as wide apart as the poles, but a manly sympathy and admiration for courage, independence, and loyalty to convictions glows through the sentences in which the historian describes the leader whom he abandoned for conscience' sake. Newman's own "*Apologia pro vita sua*" is not worth ten lines of Froude's essay as a vindication. In our youth we used to hear much about hating the sin and loving the sinner ; it may be doubted whether many of us mastered it. An easier thing is hard for us ; we can scarcely condemn a man's opinions and retain affection

and even reverence for the man himself. Froude abhors the sort of Roman Catholicism which Newman restored to power in England ; but he has given Newman such wholesome praise that the great "pervert" will need no other credentials with posterity. Why ? The traetarian agitation sent two groups of men flying on opposite roads : one group went to the Catholic Church, the other went out of their pulpits into the lay ranks. Both groups left all they had behind them. Their sacrifices to the truth of their souls were and remain their common possession ; their costly renunciations of incomes and honors were and remain their common claim to the respect and admiration of mankind. The men whom posterity will suspect of treachery and vindictiveness are the men who followed Newman to the door of the Catholic Church, but stopped outside of it, and remained in the enjoyment of their emoluments. When they strike or inspire the blows rained upon Mr. Froude, men who believe in manliness as the first quality in religious character—the highest proof that one has known Jesus Christ—will suspect that the smiters were cowardly and self-seeking in the day that tried them all as by fire. The resentments of the camp-followers, when they have any, fall upon the soldiers who win honor at the front. If there still be in the world people who do not know that a man's opinions may have the most sacred claims upon his conduct, and still be altogether vanity as measures of the truth, then such people should be placed in some school where the first principles of toleration are taught. Happily we are pretty well agreed in our respect for courage, sincerity, and self-abnegation ; and we are almost as unanimous in holding that we can admire John Henry Newman and James Anthony Froude without making the smallest effort to swallow the opinions of both or of either.

Mr. Fronde's life has been that of a laborious and conscientious man of letters. Such a life has few points of interest except such as concern his work. And in the case of Mr. Fronde, everything of importance except his work happened before he was thirty-two years of age. In the essay on "The Oxford Counter-Reformation," our author gives us a glimpse of his boyhood :

"Our own household," he writes, "was a fair representative of the [clerical] order. My father was rector of the parish. He was archdeacon, he was justice of the peace. He had a moderate fortune of his own, consisting chiefly in land, and he belonged, therefore, to the 'landed interest.' Most of the magistrates' work of the neighborhood passed through his hands. If anything was amiss, it was his advice that was sought after, and I remember his being called upon to lay a troublesome ghost. In his younger days he had been a hard rider across country. His children knew him as a continually busy, useful man of the world, a learned and cultivated antiquary, and an accomplished artist. My brothers and I were excellently educated, and were sent to school and college. Our spiritual lessons did not go beyond the Catechism. We were told that our business in life was to work and to make an honorable position for ourselves. About doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, I do not think that in my early boyhood I ever heard a single word, in church or out of it. The institution had drifted into the condition of what I should call moral health. It did not instruct us in mysteries, it did not teach us to make religion a special object of our thoughts ; it taught us to use religion as a light by which to see our way along the road of duty. Without the sun, our eyes would be of no use to us ; but if we look *at* the sun we are simply dazzled, and can see neither it nor anything else. It is precisely the same with theological speculations. If the beacon lamp is shining, a man of healthy mind will not discuss the composition of the flame. Enough if it shows him how to steer and keep clear of shoals and breakers. To this conception of the thing we had practically arrived."

The autobiographical element in the article from which

we have just quoted briefly will repay us for a moment's further study. That Mr. Froude was misled and bewildered at Oxford, and almost became a High Church clergyman of the Church of England, or possibly a Roman Catholic priest, under the influence of Newman, he does not say in plain words. He does say, however, that it is "disagreeable to go back over our own past mistakes," and that he "cannot like the sow that was washed, return to wallow in repudiated superstition." If these words have a taste of bitterness in them, we may find sweeter thoughts in other parts of the essay. The author repeats over and over again in new forms his practical philosophy.

"To raise a doubt about a creed established by general acceptance is," he declares, "a direct injury to the general welfare. Discussion about it is out of place, for only bad men wish to question the rule of life which religion commends. When the Oxford movement began, England was orthodox without being theological. . . People went to church on Sunday to learn to be good. The clergy were generally of superior culture, manners, and character, who promoted honest living by precept and example. If a clergyman was poor, it was still his pride to bring up his sons as gentlemen; and economies were cheerfully submitted to at home to give them a start in life—at the University, or in the Army or Navy."

In the essay on "The Oxford Counter-Reformation," Mr. Froude recalls one of the forces which worked upon him in his young manhood. The episode will be especially interesting to Evangelical Americans.

"After I had taken my degree, and before I entered upon residence as Fellow, my confidence in my Oxford teachers underwent a further trial. I spent some months in Ireland in the family of an Evangelical clergyman. I need not mention names which have no historical notability. . . There was a quiet good sense, an in-

tellectual breadth of feeling in this household, which to me, who had been bred up to despise Evangelicals as unreal and affected, was a startling surprise. I had looked down on Dissenters especially as being vulgar among their other enormities ; here were persons whose creed differed little from that of the Calvinistic Methodists, yet they were easy, natural, and dignified. In Ireland they were part of a missionary garrison, and in their daily lives they carried the colors of their faith. In Oxford, reserve was considered a becoming feature in the religious character. The doctrines of Christianity were mysteries, and mysteries were not to be lightly spoken of. Christianity at — was part of the atmosphere which we breathed ; it was the great fact of our existence, to which everything else was subordinated. Mystery it might be, but not more of a mystery than our own bodily lives and the system of which we were a part. The problem was to arrange all our thoughts and acquirements in harmony with the Christian revelation, and to act it out consistently in all that we said and did. The family devotions were long, but there was no formalism, and everybody took a part in them. A chapter was read and talked over, and practical lessons were drawn out of it ; otherwise there were no long faces or solemn affectations ; the conversations were never foolish or trivial ; serious subjects were lighted up as if by an ever-present spiritual sunshine. Such was the new element into which I was introduced . . . ; the same uniform tone being visible in parents, in children, in the indoor servants, and in the surrounding society. And this was Protestantism. This was the fruit of the Reformation which we had been learning at Oxford to hate as rebellion and to despise as a system without foundation. The foundation of it was faith in the authority of Holy Scripture. . . . Here, too, the letter of the word was allowed to require a living authentication. The Anglo-Catholics at Oxford maintained that Christ was present in the Church ; the Evangelicals said that he was present in the individual believing soul, and why might they not be right ? So far as Scripture went they had promises to allege for themselves more definite than the Catholics. If the test was personal holiness, I for my own part had never yet fallen in with any human beings in whose actions and conversation the spirit of Christ was more visibly present. My feelings of reverence for the Reformers revived. Fact itself was speaking for them. . . . I felt that I

had been taken in, and I resented it. Modern history resumed its traditionary English aspect."

HIS WORKS.

Mr. Fronde's earliest literary work was a "Life of St. Neot," brought out in the series of "Lives of the Saints," under the editorship of J. H. Newman. At the time it was written the young author was, as we should say in this country, just out of college. "When I was asked to assist [in preparing the series], the proposal," he says, "pleased and flattered me. I suppose now that the object was to recommend asceticism, and perhaps to show that the power of working miracles had been continued in the Church until its unity was broken. But no such intention was communicated to us. We were free to write as we pleased, each on our own responsibility. For myself, I went to work with the assumption which I thought myself entitled to make, that men who had been canonized had been probably good men, and at least remarkable men. It was an opportunity for throwing myself into mediæval literature, and studying in contemporary writings what human life had really been like in this island, in an age of which the visible memorials remained in churches and cathedrals and monastic ruins. I do not regret my undertaking, though I little guessed the wilderness of perplexities into which I was throwing myself. . . I could not repeat what I found written, for the faith was wanting. Concerning the character of this Life of a Saint, Mr. Fronde indirectly gives us his own judgment, in his "A few Words on Mr. Freeman."

"Did Mr. Freeman ever read that life? Is there any trace of fanaticism in it? I wrote an account of St. Neot at the request of a person for whom I had a profound personal admiration, but he would smile at the supposition that I was fanatical or capable of

fanaticism. In my reading on that occasion, and in my subsequent hagiological studies, I found myself in an atmosphere where any story seemed to pass as true that was edifying. I did not like my occupation and I drew out of it."

It is an interesting fact that in his essay on "The Lives of the Saints," Mr. Froude not only treats the subject with decorum and dignity, but also gives a philosophy of asceticism which is highly honorable to the saints.

"Without speculating on the *why*, the Christians felt that indulgence in animal passion did, in fact, pollute them, and so much the more if it was deliberate. . . . Christianity would present the body to God as a pure and holy sacrifice, as so much of the material world conquered from the appetites and lusts, and from the devil whose abode they were. This was the meaning of the fastings and scourgings, the penances and night-watchings; it was this which sent St. Anthony to the tombs and set Simeon on his pillar, to conquer the devil in the flesh, and keep themselves, if possible, undefiled by so much as one corrupt thought. . . . They did their work, and in virtue of it we are raised to a higher stage—we are lifted forward a mighty step which we can never retrace. Personal purity is not the whole for which we have to care: it is but one feature in the ideal character of man. The monks may have thought it was all, or more nearly all than it is; and therefore their lives may seem to us poor, mean, and emasculate. . . . Henceforth it is impossible for us to give our unmixed admiration to any character which moral shadows overhang. Henceforth we require not greatness only, but goodness; and not that goodness only which begins and ends in conduct correctly regulated, but that love of goodness, that keen, pure feeling for it which resides in a conscience as sensitive and susceptible as a woman's modesty."

In 1847 Mr. Froude published a volume of stories under the title "Shadows of the Clouds," a work of which we have seen no copy. His next book, "The Nemesis of Faith," was published in 1849, and rendered

Mr. Froude's position at Oxford so unpleasant that he resigned his career in the Church. The work is a sort of novel with just enough of autobiography to be a thorn in the flesh of the author. The story is this : Sutherland, a young candidate for orders in the Anglican Church, encounters doubts, and then forms opinions which are hostile to Christianity as taught at Oxford. These opinions he expresses in the form of letters to a friend. Pressed by his family, he surrenders his new convictions and enters the priesthood of England ; but he will preach nothing but good behavior and sound character ; a plot is laid for him, and he is revealed as a man compromising between scepticism and religion. He surrenders his living and wanders to Italy. There he seduces another man's wife, and is rescued on the brink of suicide from remorse, and falling into the arms of the Roman creed, he ends his days miserably in a monastery. The autobiographical element is in recollections of the author's childhood, more or less altered in every case, and in the record of doubt and struggle through which Mr. Froude doubtless himself passed. It is easy to see, too, how the young author may have considered the compromise which Sutherland makes and forecast its inevitable failure. But he never entered upon the compromising path, and all the rest of the story has no relation to his own life.

At this day we may wonder how "The Nemesis of Faith" could have been read upside down. As the title implies, Faith avenged itself in the story for the dishonor put upon it by Sutherland. The man who could not believe in miracles or free will suffers a paralysis of his moral nature, and creeps into the home of a friend to desolate it. No more powerful vindication of Faith is conceivable than a *fact* of this kind must be ; a romance

with such a fact in its heart would be assumed, ordinarily, to have some value as a defence of Christianity. But the young author had stated the criticism of Christianity so forcibly that Churchmen could not spare a thought for the moral of the story. What is stranger still, the book has been republished in this country under circumstances which indicate that the publisher considered it a tract against the Christian religion and an apology for impurity. This American use of the book leads one to ask, quoting our author on another subject, "Is humanity crawling out of the cradle or tottering into the grave? Is it in nursery, in school-room, or in open manhood?" If there was little logic in the Churchmen's estimate of "The Nemesis of Faith," there is an assumption that readers are fools in the estimate of the sceptical American publisher whom Anthony Comstock sent to a New York prison for selling indecent literature.

After his retirement from Oxford, Mr. Froude betook himself zealously to the study of English history, which had been his favorite reading in earlier youth. The greater part of his literary work has grown out of his researches as a historian. Of his great book, "The History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," he published the first two volumes in 1856, and the last of the twelve volumes in 1869.

"My motive for selecting the Tudor period," Mr. Froude wrote in 1867, "was the injustice which I conceived to have been done by Lord Macaulay and others to the Fathers of the Reformed English Church, to Cranmer especially, the chief compiler of the Liturgy and the author of some of the most beautiful parts of it. The very point of the first six volumes of my history was to show what unfair treatment Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper, and their companions in suffering had met with from modern writers. If I appeared as an apologist at all, it was as the apologist of Cranmer, whose character I conceived to require and deserve peculiarly

delicate consideration." These sentences are a part of the reply to the strangely reckless accusation of Mr. Freeman, that Mr. Froude always displays "a fanatical hatred toward the English Church at all times and under all characters."

The most conspicuous feature of the "History of England" is the better (because fuller) light in which it places King Henry the Eighth. This sovereign and his numerous marriages had for two centuries been the theme of general reprobation. Charles Dickens wrote the general verdict when he described Henry (in the "Child's History of England") as "a great blot of blood and grease on the history of England." Such verdicts are easy, and satisfy a moral craving. We all know that there is a vast amount of evil in the world, and we like to get it concentrated in the career of some great scoundrel whom we can lash through the world. A man who puts a stop to this easy system of poetical justice, by showing us that we are whipping the wrong man, is not apt to be enthusiastically welcomed. Mr. Froude found a great body of public documents to which preceding historians had given no attention. He studied them, and obtained in them a new view of Henry the Eighth. That new view colors and characterizes his History. Henry, in the light of the documents, is not so bad a man as we thought him; perhaps Mr. Froude makes him a better man than he was; reactions are apt to react too far. But as a work of research, as a new judgment pronounced upon many characters of its period, and as a model of historical style, the "History of England" deserves and will keep its large place in the esteem of the English-reading public.

In 1872-74 Mr. Froude published his work on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." The criticism of this work has been even more fierce than that

which pursued the "History of England." Of both works Mr. Froude's defence is the same. He has built upon documents of a public or otherwise presumptively authoritative nature ; but in the treatment of the Irish he is at the immense disadvantage of being an Englishman, and stumbles into a pitfall which is called "race." He has pronounced some judgments respecting the Irish Celts which are certainly too sweeping, and confound the innocent with the guilty. "Race" is a fiction of anthropologists, in so far as it assumes that men perform either good or bad actions because they belong to a particular tribe, or because their ancestors did. No one likes to have his ancestors universally described in terms that (so far as history can know) accurately describe only some individuals of his country.

Our fellow-citizens of Irish race have, not without some reason, a strong prejudice against Mr. Froude, but they ought not to overlook the fact that he has very vigorously described the misgovernment of Ireland by England in the very book which has provoked their wrath. The present volume contains a selection from that work which gives an example of the English mistakes in Ireland, and at the same time illustrates the notions of economic science which prevailed two hundred years ago.*

Our author has been for forty years a popular contributor to the English periodicals ; and it is in these less ambitious essays and sketches that his writings have travelled round the globe. Our busy time wants to do its hard reading rapidly ; to have opinions stated in the most condensed form that is consistent with rapid reading. Mr. Froude excels in pithy, clear, and vivacious statement. He is not in any doubt what he thinks ; he

* See "Seventeenth Century Political Economy."

has no hesitation in his temper ; he writes in the swift and attractive way which the busy world finds good. In 1867 he made a beginning of collecting his periodical work into volumes, which he calls "Short Studies on Great Subjects." In the American edition there are now four of these volumes ; and in the preface to the fourth the author tells us that it is the last of the series.

Other works of Mr. Froude remain to be noticed. "Cæsar, a Sketch," is an outline of the career of Julius Cæsar. Mr. Froude has abundance of good company in his high estimate of the character, purposes, and usefulness of the founder of the Roman Empire. Research has rehabilitated the memory of Cæsar with a reverent affection which the "sketch" of Mr. Froude represents in English literature. The other great languages have many works of the same character. Mr. Froude has also outlined the life and character of John Bunyan, in a volume belonging to the series of "English Men of Letters." It is a proof of breadth of judgment and sympathy, that Mr. Froude likes both Cæsar and Bunyan. Their manliness and force of character belong to a common ground which our author loves to feel under his feet. He believes in great good men ; there is this difference between him and Thomas Carlyle, that the latter's great men seem to most of us to be unconscionable scoundrels.

It remains to speak briefly of Mr. Froude as the biographer of Carlyle, a work which he still has in hand. Our readers are familiar with the "Reminiscences," "The Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and "The First Forty Years" of the rugged Northern bear ; and they also know that Mr. Froude raised a storm which might be described as a "blizzard" when he published the "Reminiscences." He probably did the best and wisest

thing in giving to the world just what Thomas Carlyle had thought fit to write about himself and it in his autobiographical notes. The world wants to know what kind of a human creature a great author really was ; it will never be satisfied until it finds out ; and such a man as Carlyle it will certainly find out to the last and least of his frailties. Mr. Froude did Carlyle's memory a service by emptying at once, before any time had been spent in controversies, the contents of these diaries and note-books into literary highways. We found out at once all Carlyle's faults and frailties, and the subject has already ceased to have much interest. Mr. Froude, if he had been a small man, might have dribbled these matters out carefully and dramatically—and amassed a fortune by economizing “the remains” of Thomas Carlyle.

HIS OPINIONS.

Mr. Froude belongs to the practical school of philosophers. He recognizes that some provisional disposition has to be made of the questions about nature, mind, will, and conscience, which thinkers and dialecticians have wrestled with in all ages. The practical solution is that such questions are beyond human powers. In his article on Spinoza he disposes of that acute and courageous philosopher's morals of pantheism with such sentences as this : “ We are firmly convinced that of these questions, and of all like them, practical answers only lie within the reach of human faculties, and that in researches into the absolute we are on the road which ends nowhere.” In the same essay writing of the boldness with which Spinoza makes God the author of all evil, Mr. Froude says : “ We believe for ourselves that logic has no business with such questions ; that the answer to them lies in

the conscience, and not in the intellect." One of Spinoza's answers to objections is this : " When a man does this or that, God does it, but God does it not as he is Infinite, *but as he is expressed in that man's nature.*" To which Mr. Froude replies, speaking for Englishmen of his time :

" It is not so—we know it, and that is enough. We are well aware of the phalanx of difficulties that lie about our theistic conceptions. They are quite enough, if religion depended on speculative consistency and not in obedience of life, to perplex and terrify us. . . We do not care to have these questions answered at all. Conscience is the single tribunal to which we choose to be referred, and conscience declares imperatively that what he [Spinoza] says is not true."

At the end of the critique of Spinoza, Mr. Froude points out the practical modifications of freedom of choice. " Practically we are forced to regard each other as not free, and to make allowance, every moment, for influences for which we cannot hold each other responsible. . . Duties which are easy to one, another finds impossible. . . These and other considerations considerably modify the popular view of the freedom of the human will." But Mr. Froude is too vigorous a moralist to stop here. Whether or not we can do one thing and refrain from another, " we have a consciousness that we *ought* to choose between them, a sense of duty, as Aristotle expresses it, which we cannot shake off. This fact involves some measure of freedom, or it is nonsense. . . Somewhere or other the influence of causes ceases to operate," leaving men with a measure of self-determination, " by the amount of which, and not by their specific actions, moral merit or demerit is to be measured. . . We refuse to allow men to be considered all equally guilty for the same faults : and we insist that there is some-

where a point of freedom. Where that point is—where other influences terminate and responsibility begins—will always be of intricate and often impossible solution. But if there be such a point at all, it is fatal to necessitarianism, and man is what he has been hitherto supposed to be—an exception in the order of nature, with a power not differing in degree, but differing in kind, from those of other creatures.”

In his “Plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties,” first published in 1863, Mr. Froude makes a beautiful and eloquent plea for Christian character in a few warm and bright sentences :

“The creed of eighteen centuries,” he says, “is not about to fade away like an exhalation, nor are the new lights of science so exhilarating that serious persons can look with comfort to exchanging one for the other. Christianity has abler advocates than its professed defenders, in those many quiet and humble men and women who in the light of it and the strength of it live holy, beautiful, and self-denying lives. The God that answers by fire is the God whom mankind will acknowledge ; and so long as the fruits of the Spirit continue to be visible in charity, in self-sacrifice, in those graces which raise human creatures above themselves, and invest them with that beauty of holiness which only religion confers, thoughtful persons will remain convinced that with them in some form or other is the secret of truth. . . . When a particular belief is fruitful in nobleness of character, we need trouble ourselves very little with scientific demonstrations that it is false.”

And yet Mr. Froude has, in the same article and in others, stated with great strength the intellectual and scientific difficulties of religion in our time. But he is always serious and reverent in his language. In the essay on “Criticism of the Gospel History,” he refers to the two habits of thought which may be traced throughout history—“one giving us churches and the knowledge of

God, the other giving us freedom and science"—and reminds us that each regards the other as its natural enemy. He also sees that human society is perpetually passing from the dominion of one to that of the other of these mental conditions, and asks :

"Is this antagonism a law of humanity? As mankind move upward through the ascending circles of progress, is it forever to be with them as with the globe which they inhabit—of which one hemisphere is perpetually dark? Have the lessons of the Reformation been thrown away? Is knowledge always to advance under the ban of religion? Is faith never to cease to dread investigation? Is science chiefly to value each new discovery as a victory gained over its rival? Is the spiritual world to revolve eternally upon an axis of which the two poles are Materialism and Superstition, to be buried in their alternate occultations in periods of utter darkness, or lifted into an icy light where there is neither life nor warmth?"

This passage clearly displays the spirit in which Mr. Froude doubts—his profound faith in religion as expressed in Christian teaching respecting duty, and his doubt whether Christian doctrine can ever free itself from the hostility of the free scientific spirit. Mr. Froude belongs in both camps. He has a herculean grasp on faith in that lovely type of human character which has been bred in the English race under Christian teaching; he holds as tenaciously with those who demand satisfactory reasons for accepting the Christian creed. Perhaps he may be fairly described as a believer who is reverently fond of the fruits of faith, but much dissatisfied with all and singular the dogmatic statements of Christianity. Certain truths of historical Christianity were put into a brilliant focus for him in the Tractarian controversy. Young Froude had to settle for himself whether Protestantism had a sound intellectual basis, or

rather, he had to dispose of, once for all, the Catholic theory that Providence had made the Church a living and visible authority that could not err. He rejected that theory in the very fire. Then it followed that all men could make mistakes, that nobody on earth is exempt from a liability to error. This pair of conclusions came to him in the midst of experiences which revealed their vast consequences : nothing is true because the Church teaches it, or has inherited it, or has never doubted it, or makes a foundation stone of it. In the Reformation, Protestantism appealed to the Cæsar of Reason ; but to Mr. Froude Protestantism seems to be possessed by an invincible reluctance to appear before the judge to whose bar it once dragged Catholicism for condemnation. It is easy to detect in his religious criticism a doubt whether Protestantism as a system of doctrine can endure the fierce light of Reason ; but for him the alternative would be neither Catholic infallibility nor materialism, but the “ eternal religion of man’s heart and conscience,” whether supported or unsupported by objective realities. In his essay on “ The Times of Erasmus and Luther,” he makes a still clearer statement of his religious views : “ I do not myself consider that the formulas in which men express their belief are of much consequence. The question is rather of the thing expressed ; and so long as we find a living consciousness that above the world and above human life there is a righteous God, who will judge men according to their works, whether they say their prayers in Latin or English, whether they call themselves Protestants or call themselves Catholics, appears to me of quite secondary importance.”

All Mr. Froude’s theological opinions he would probably regard as of very small consequence. He intimates

in many places that he does not value his own religious thinking very highly—not any more highly than he values that of other people. But there is one order of ideas and their forms of expression which he profoundly reverences. He perceives that mankind have climbed to their highest ideal of GOODNESS under Christianity; and he holds this ideal as the one perfect fruit of all human progress. Ask him to define the good man and he will describe a character which is self-forgetful and unselfish, which renounces pleasure, gain, indulgence, and all other personal advantages remote or present, in order to do right. “The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.” In character and conduct he finds a region of certainties bordering a land of shadows, and he does not expect the shadows to pass. However long man may live on the earth, “the riddle of man’s nature will never be explained. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain, that something, whatever it be, in himself, and in the world, which science cannot fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and destiny.”

The practical bent of Mr. Froude’s thinking is manifest throughout the essay on “The Oxford Counter-Reformation.” This topic was for him a perpetual temptation to autobiography. He suffered in the fires of that controversy. But he writes of it in a temper which posterity will doubtless find calm if not impartial. Looking back, he sees the naturalistic and the Catholic movements starting at the same time, near the same spot, and marching off in opposite directions. While two groups of men of the same general education assailed one

the foundations of Protestantism, and the other those of Christianity itself, Mr. Froude watches their conflicts, and has no sympathy with either.

“ For myself,” he writes, “ I am convinced that they are roads both of them which lead to the wrong place, and that it is better for us to occupy ourselves with realities than fret our minds about illusions. If the Church of Rome recovers power enough to be dangerous, it will be shattered upon the same rocks on which it was dashed three centuries ago. . . In matters of religion, science can say nothing, for it knows nothing. . . So far as philosophy can see, there may be nothing in the materials of Christianity which is necessarily and certainly supernatural. And yet Christianity exists, and has existed, and has been the most powerful spiritual force which has ever been felt among mankind.”

The essay from which these sentences are taken was originally published in 1881 in *Good Words* ; they doubtless express the mature convictions of their author.

As a historical writer, Mr. Froude has always in view the times for which he writes as well as those about which he writes, and this reference to the uses of the historical knowledge which he is imparting is openly and frankly made. There is an affectation in one school of historians of placing all events and opinions in the atmosphere where they flourished ; but it is an affectation only, and misleads the reader who trusts its fair promises. No man of this age can reproduce the atmosphere that surrounded the life of Thomas Becket ; a modern education compels us to see with modern eyes and feel with modern hearts. Only the old historians can give us the old histories. No man living in the age which Motley describes in his “ Rise of the Dutch Republic ” could have written a book producing in us the emotions and reflections which Motley inspires. A historian is a man of like passions

with ourselves, and has a personal equation to be considered in estimating the things which we know by the aid of his telescope. Mr. Froude's frankness, his very vehemence, saves us from becoming the victims of misleading antipathies. We know that he is a vigorous Protestant when he is writing of Roman Catholicism. We know that he has no special affection for the ideas which are described under the term Anglicanism ; and we know that he has no thoroughgoing sympathy for the Irish Celts, and always expresses his admiration for them with strong qualifications.

We cannot think of a man as an unbeliever who writes :

“ Churches exist in this world to remind us of the eternal laws which we are bound to obey ;” nor can we be hasty in condemning him when he adds, “ unfortunately, they have preferred in later times the speculative side of things to the practical. They take up into their teaching opinions and teachings which are merely ephemeral ; which would naturally die out with the progress of knowledge ; but having received a spurious sanctity prolong their days unreasonably, and become first unmeaning, and then occasions of superstition. . . While the meaning is alive in them [all forms of belief, or ceremony] they are not only harmless, but pregnant and life-giving ; when their virtue departs they hide God from us, and make us practically into atheists.”

We suppose that Roman Catholics think of Mr. Froude as a sworn enemy. But he has written of parts of their Church history with most enthusiastic praise. He says :

“ Never in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never that we know of, have mankind thrown out of themselves anything so grand, so beautiful, so useful as the Catholic Church once was. . . At the time I speak of the Church ruled the state with the authority of a conscience ; and self-interest as a motive of action was only named to be abhorred. The bishops and clergy were regarded freely and simply as the immediate ministers of the

Almighty, and they seem to have really deserved that high estimate of their character. It was not for the doctrines they taught only, or chiefly, that they were held in honor. Brave men do not fall down before their fellow-mortals for the words which they speak or for the rites which they perform. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness—these are the qualities before which the free-born races of Europe have been contented to bow ; and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church.” This clergy “ sheltered the weak from the strong, put the serf and his lord on a common level of sinfulness, and rose from among the people to the mitre and the triple crown, just as nowadays the rail-splitter and the tailor become Presidents of the Republic of the West.”*

It is easy enough for a broad-minded man to believe all that, and also to perceive that the power of the priesthood over human life exposed its members to corruption. Mr. Froude also says : “ But times change, and good things as well as bad grow old and have to die. The heart of the matter which the Catholic Church had taught was the fear of God ; but the language of it and the formulas of it were made up of human ideas and notions about things which the mere increase of human knowledge gradually made incredible.” As faith died, corruption set in. For a time men endure corruption rather than encounter anarchy. As corruption advances, they prepare for revolt. The revolution may be long delayed :

“ But it is with human things as it is with the great icebergs which drift southward out of the frozen seas. They swim two thirds under water and one third above ; and so long as the equilibrium is sustained, you would think they were as stable as the

* “ Times of Erasmus and Luther ;” Lectures delivered at New Castle, 1867.

rocks. But the sea-water is warmer than the air. Hundreds of fathoms down, the tepid current washes the base of the berg ; silently in those far depths the center of gravity is changed ; and then, in a moment, with one vast roll, the enormous mass heaves over, and the crystal peaks which had been glancing so proudly in the sunlight are buried in the ocean forever."

The space allotted to this introduction is not large enough for a full review of Mr. Froude's opinions. We have touched lightly upon some leading ideas that appear in his books. One thing deserves mention. Since he got upon his feet after the Oxford hurricane, he has been singularly consistent with himself. Many of us spend our lives without finding a solid footing. Mr. Froude had found his in his thirty-second year, and his is still standing where he planted himself in 1850. His Agnosticism is that of a keen-eyed man, who perceives the near and invincible barriers of research into the mysteries of Being. His faith is an unshaken confidence in the duty and beauty of right living. He believes that great human enthusiasms (such as asceticism) have noble meanings. He cleaves to Christianity as the purest and most purifying faith which the world has known.

HIS CONTROVERSIES.

Mr. Froude has always been a traveller studying living men with his eyes, as well as dead men with a historical telescope. He has made a lecturing tour among ourselves ; he has twice visited South Africa ; he studied the Irish of to-day during a residence in Kerry for several summers : and one of the most delightful papers in this collection is a sketch of recent travels in Norway. The subject of his lectures in this country was ill-chosen. We are not altogether absorbed in the Irish question, and that question is no more likely to be settled by histori-

cal evidence, than the question of miracles is likely to be disposed of by testimony alone. But Mr. Froude's visit strengthened the affection which he cherishes for Americans and which Americans cherish for him. His lectures among us drew him into a controversy with Father Burke, in which the historian received some hard blows ; but in controversy, as it is ordinarily conducted among Christians, he requires no help or sympathy ; he is able to take care of himself. There is, however, one point in the attacks on Mr. Froude, from the sting of which he is entitled to such relief as the respect of candid men can give. We have found pencilled over his volumes on Ireland, which are in use at our public libraries, gross charges that Mr. Froude is dishonest. Some of these are below notice except as facts. When, for example, one reader effervesces in a pencil note which tells us that " Froude is the son of a *bitch*" (we preserve the spelling), the commentary is not worth noting except as a proof of feeling in the commentator. But charges that " Froude is untrustworthy and dishonest" are serious, and they are the more serious that Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian, has made them with still greater vehemence than the pencil-marking critics who deface books in the libraries. Mr. Freeman's charges include those of the scribblers ; we will first notice the learned and accomplished critic's animadversions. In 1878 Mr. Freeman devoted ninety-eight pages in the *Contemporary Review* to demolishing Mr. Froude as a historian and as a man. He fixed upon his victim the guilt of one mistake, two typographical errors, and three or four sins of strong language. He described Mr. Froude as dishonest and careless of truth, and as incapable of stating anything as he finds it in a document before him. No proofs are furnished to sustain these

grave charges. The criticism is a piece of bitter invective. It accuses Mr. Froude of ignoring the work of his brother Richard Hurrell Froude from base motives, and "dealing stabs in the dark at a brother's almost forgotten fame." The foundation for this charge is simply the omission by Mr. Froude of any reference to the fact that his dead brother had written a life of Thomas Becket. We have wondered, on this side of the water, what Mr. Froude had done to Mr. Freeman to provoke such an unmanly attack. Mr. Froude has, in two of his essays, spoken in the strongest terms of his brother's genius and power. He has never stabbed that brother's fame, so far as we Americans can discover. The two charges of Mr. Freeman that stick are that Mr. Froude is capable of mistake, and that he is sometimes too vehement. Both accusations lie against every writer of ability; and in his criticism of Mr. Froude, Mr. Freeman himself has earned a degree as a master in the arts of being mistaken and of inaccurate vehemence. So far as Mr. Froude's Irish critics are concerned, the controversy is mainly respecting the value of certain bodies of testimony. For ourselves, we have not much confidence in either set of documents or witnesses. There is something in the air of Ireland that tolerates nothing but subjective truth within a hundred leagues of its green shores, and makes every *objective fact* reflect at least two totally different shapes. At all events, we should have to assume some such power to exist in the sweet Irish air before we could begin to harmonize the diverse and mutually belligerent accounts of the facts of Irish history under English rule. But candid men cannot doubt that, whether he be right or wrong, Mr. Froude is an honest man and a faithful historian—faithful to the lights by which he is guided.

HIS STYLE.

Mr. Froude is among the best masters, living or dead, of the art of writing the English language. His sentences are always clean, plain, and complete ; there is no slovenliness, no obscurity, and no deficiency. The reader is saved all unnecessary effort, and has no need to go back and disentangle the thread of the thought in some ill-adjusted qualifying clause. He illustrates Mr. Herbert Spencer's principle of style by "economizing the attention of the reader." Flowing, perspicuous, and abundant as Mr. Froude's style is, it seldom attracts attention to itself. Probably most of his readers peruse his works without any feeling that they are those of a finished master of the art of writing. But a style which had only the qualities we have named would fall short of the best. Smooth and clear statement is of inestimable value ; but in the best literature there are higher qualities. To keep the homely graces of clearness and fulness, and to add to them sympathetic warmth and luminous exaltation, so that the reader is lifted and carried as though a living voice and presence had captured him—that is the perfection of the art of writing. But we appreciate recreation best when we get it in moderation ; and a writer who is always on the heights, as Macaulay is wont to be, wearies us with a monotonous strain of exaltation. Mr. Froude keeps the plain road for the most part, but makes his excursions to the hills often enough to nourish an expectation of these journeys, but not often enough to make them wearisome. There is in his works no attempt at fine writing, no sustained and brilliant periods pursuing each other over a whole page. When we quote him, we must quote him for his thought as well as for his style. Some exceptions to this rule are found, however,

in his earlier books—books which he has dropped as the unripe harvest of his boyhood. And yet “The Nemesis of Faith” shows all the good qualities of Mr. Froude’s style, though it has the faults which one expects in a great man at thirty. He could not produce to-day better sentences than the following, taken from that boyish book :

“The roads they have to travel are beaten in by the unscrupulous as well as the scrupulous ; they are none of the cleanest, and the race is too fast to give one time to pick one’s way.”

“It is night and day (or it ought to be) with all of us, if we want to keep in health. To be sure, now and then there will come a North Pole winter with its six months’ frost and darkness and mock suns ; but Nature is still fair and pays them off with their six months of day.”

“The doctrinal food the Church had to offer to men of stamp like that was but like watered chaff for the giant dray-horse of the coal-yard.”

“At home, when we come home, we lay aside our mask and drop our tools, and are no longer lawyers, sailors, soldiers, statesmen, clergymen, but only men.”

“I question whether the home of childhood has not more to do with religion than all the teachers and the teaching, and the huge unfathomed folios.”

“No idle, careless, thoughtless man, so long as he persists in being what he is, can endure the thought of home any more than he can endure the thought of God.”

“The heart lies out under the breath of Providence like the prepared mirror of the photogenic draughtsman ; the figure falls there ; it rests but a few moments, and then passes away, and no line is seen ; but the rays have eaten in and left a form which can never be effaced. By and by the acid touches it, and there lies the image, full and faithful as the hand could paint it.”

“The dull, unimpassioned voice [of conscience] was unheard among the voluptuous melodies of her wishes.”

“ His moral nature had been lowered down to it before he sinned. . . He was surprised to find how easily it lay upon him.”

“ It swept over her lacerated heart like the white squalls over the hot seas of India, with a fury too intense to raise the waves, but laying them all flat in boiling calm.”

“ He sunk down into the barren waste, and the dry sands rolled over him where he lay.”

Probably no other living writer has said so many wise things well. Some of these are quoted in other pages of this sketch. We give below a small collection of his choice sayings. Most of these extracts convey opinions which will command respect if not belief, and at the same time illustrate the best qualities of the author's style.

“ Religion, which was a plaything to the nobles, was to the [Scotch] people a clear matter of life and death.”

“ Away at St. Andrews, John Knox, broken in body, and scarcely able to stagger up the pulpit stairs, still thundered in the parish church ; and his voice, it was said, was like ten thousand trumpets braying in the ear of Scottish Protestantism.”

“ We may hope that no large body of human beings have for any length of time been too dangerously afraid of enjoyment.”

“ Goodness, though the indispensable adjunct to knowledge, is no substitute for it.”

“ Like the seven lamps before the throne of God, the seven mighty angels, and the seven stars, the seven sacraments shed over mankind a never-ceasing stream of blessed influences.”

“ As a man can by no possibility be doing anything but a most foul wrong to himself in getting drunk, society does him no wrong, but rather does him the greatest benefit, if it can possibly keep him sober.”

“ In each of the many forms which Christianity has assumed in the world, holy men have lived and died, and have had the witness of the Spirit that they were not far from the truth.”

"No sane man ever raised his narrow understanding into a measure of the possibilities of the universe ; nor does any person with any pretensions to religion disbelieve in miracles of some kind."

"We cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing."

"A general doubt is coming up like a thunderstorm against the wind, and blackening the sky."

"Himself of most modest nature, he never sought greatness, but greatness found him in spite of himself."*

"No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going."

"I hold that on the obscure mysteries of faith every one should be allowed to believe according to his conscience, and that arguments on such matters are either impertinent or useless."

"To the bishops of Normandy, Henry Plantagenet handed the rope to drag him to his death-bed of ashes."

"We are embarked in a current which bears us forward independent of our wills, and indifferent whether we submit or resist ; but each of us is sailing in a boat of his own, which, as he is hurried on, he can guide or leave to drift."

"'Pickwick,' delightful as it is to us, will be unreadable to our grandchildren. The most genial caricature ceases to interest when the thing caricatured has ceased to be."

"We look in vain to him [Koble] for any insight into the complicated problems of humanity, or for any sympathy with the passions which are the pulses of human life."

* This is said of John Henry Newman. This sentence, beginning and ending with *himself*, and having a *he* and a *him*, the four pronouns among its seventeen words representing the same person, is not quoted here for its beauty, but as an example of Mr. Froude's mastery over awkward combinations of words. The sentence is clear and animated."

“To speak habitually with authority does not necessarily indicate an absence of humility, but does not encourage the growth of that quality.”

“If religion does not make men more human than they would be without it, it makes them fatally less so.”

“Facts, it was once said, were stubborn things; but in our days we have changed all that; a fact, under the knife of a critic, splits in pieces, and is dissected out of belief with incredible readiness.”

“There is no person so poor in his own eyes as not to gaze with pleasure into a looking-glass; and the prose age may value its own image in the novel.”

“If we were as familiar with the Iliad as with the Psalms, the words of the old Ionian singer would leap as naturally to our lips as those of the Israelite king.”

“At any rate, those antique Greeks did what they said. We say what they said, while in the same breath we say, too, that it is impossible to do it.”

“We cannot escape from our shadow, and the spirit of uncertainty will haunt the world like an uneasy ghost until we take it by the throat like men.”

“Unless men may feel a cheerful conviction that they can do right when they try—that they can purify themselves, can live noble and worthy lives—unless this is set before them as *the* thing which they are to do, and *can* succeed in doing, they will not waste their energies on what they know beforehand will end in failure.”

“The force by which a good man throws a good action out of himself is invisible and mystical, like that which brings out the blossom and the fruit upon the tree.”

“Prophets have passed for something as well as priests in making God’s will known, and Established Church priesthoods have not been generally on particularly good terms with prophets. The only occasion on which the two orders are said to have been in harmony was when the prophets prophesied lies, and the priests bore rule in their name.”

“Let us build our streets of gold, and they will hide as many aching hearts as hovels of straw . . . knowledge is power and wealth is power ; and harnessed, as in Plato’s fable, to the chariot of the soul, and guided by wisdom, they may bear it through the circle of the stars ; but left to their own guidance, or reined by a fool’s hand, the wild horses may bring the poor fool to Phaeton’s end, and set a world on fire.”

“The age of the saints has passed ; they are no longer of any service to us ; we must walk in their spirit, but not along their road.”

“Tell a man that no good which he can do is of any value, and depend upon it he will take you at your word.”

We will close this sketch with a few longer passages taken from essays not given in this collection.

“Wherever we find them, they are still the same. In the courts of Japan or of China ; fighting Spaniards in the Pacific, or prisoners among the Algerines ; founding colonies which by and by were to grow into enormous transatlantic republics, or exploring in crazy pinnaces the fierce latitudes of the polar seas—they are the same indomitable, God-fearing men whose life was one great liturgy. ‘The ice was strong, but God was stronger,’ says one of Frobisher’s men, after grinding a night and a day among the icebergs, not waiting for God to come down and split the ice for them, but toiling through the long hours, himself and the rest fending off the vessel with poles and planks, with death glaring at them out of the rocks. Icebergs were strong, Spaniards were strong, and storms, and corsairs, and rocks and reefs, which no chart had then noted—they were all strong ; but God was stronger, and that was all which they cared to know.”*

“Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow dropping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work ; she loads him with her blessings ; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life ; and, surrounded by his

* “England’s Forgotten Worthies.”

children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow ; the life of which the cross is the symbol ; a battle which no peace follows, this side the grave ; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won ; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history ; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given to them to drink.”*

“ The modern man's work,” Mr. Carlyle says, “ is no longer to splinter lances or break down walls, but to break soil, to build barns and factories, and to find a high employment for himself in what hitherto has been despised as degrading. How to elevate labor—how to make it beautiful—how to enlist the *spirit* in it (for in no other way can it be made humanly profitable), that is the problem which he looks wistfully to the future to solve for us. He may look to the past as well as to the future ; in the old Ionia he will find all for which he wishes. The wise Ulysses built his own house and carved his own bed. Princes killed and cooked their own food. It was a holy work with them—their way of saying grace for it ; for they offered the animal in his death to the gods, and they were not butchers, but sacrificing priests. Even a keeper of swine is called noble, and fights like a hero ; and the young princess of Phœacia—the loveliest and gracefulest of Homer's women—drove the clothes cart and washed linen with her own beautiful hands. Not only was labor free—for so it was among the early Romans ; or honorable, so it was among the Israelites—but it was beautiful—beautiful in the artist's sense, as perhaps elsewhere it has never been. In later Greece—in what we call the glorious period—toil had gathered about it its modern crust of supposed baseness—it was left to slaves ; and

* “ England's Forgotten Worthies.”

wise men, in their philosophic lecture-rooms, spoke of it as unworthy of the higher specimens of cultivated humanity.”*

“There is a legend that at the death of Charles V. the accusing angel appeared in heaven with a catalogue of deeds which no advocate could palliate—countries laid desolate, cities sacked and burned, lists of hundreds of thousands of widows and children brought to misery by the political ambition of a single man. The evil spirit demanded the offender’s soul, and it seemed as if mercy itself could not refuse him the award. But at the last moment the Supreme Judge interfered. The Emperor, He said, had been sent into the world at a peculiar time, for a peculiar purpose, and was not to be tried by the ordinary rules. Titian has painted the scene: Charles kneeling before the Throne, with the consciousness, as became him, of human infirmities, written upon his countenance, yet neither afraid nor abject, relying in absolute faith that the Judge of all mankind would do right.

“Of Cæsar, too, it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labor and eat the fruit of their industry. Under a rule of this material kind there can be no enthusiasm, no chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotism of the heroic type. It was not to last forever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry and faith and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the Kingdom of Heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the Empire of the Cæsars—a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among prov-

* “Essay on Homer.”

inces ruled for the most part by Gallios, who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions. 'It is not lawful for us to put any man to death,' was the complaint of the Jewish priests to the Roman governor. Had Europe and Asia been covered with independent nations, each with a local religion represented in its ruling powers, Christianity must have been stifled in its cradle. If St. Paul had escaped the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would have been torn to pieces by the silversmiths at Ephesus. The appeal to Cæsar's judgment-seat was the shield of his mission, and alone made possible his success.

"And this spirit, which confined government to its simplest duties, while it left opinion unfettered, was especially present in Julius Cæsar himself."

Mr. Fronde's career as a man of letters is a new proof that adverse circumstances are useful to men of strength. If he had not been driven "to make his way across country on the back of literature," it is not probable that he would have so marked his journey as to interest mankind in the vicissitudes of his life.

DAVID H. WHEELER.

* "Cæsar. A Sketch."

I.

A SIDING AT A RAILWAY STATION.

SOME years ago I was travelling by railway, no matter whence or whither. I was in a second-class carriage. We had been long on the road, and had still some distance before us, when one evening our journey was brought unexpectedly to an end by the train running into a siding. The guards opened the doors, we were told that we could proceed no further, and were required to alight. The passengers were numerous, and of all ranks and sorts. There were third class, second, first, with saloon carriages for several great persons of high distinction. We had ministers of state, judges on circuit, directors, leading men of business, idle young men of family who were out amusing themselves, an archbishop, several ladies, and a duke and duchess with their suite. These favored travellers had Pullman cars to themselves and occupied as much room as was allotted to scores of plebeians. I had amused myself for several days in observing the luxurious appurtenances by which they were protected against discomfort—the piles of cushions and cloaks, the baskets of dainties, the novels and magazines to pass away the time, and the profound attention which they met with from the conductors and station-masters on the line. The rest of us were a miscellaneous crowd—commercial people, lawyers, artists, men of letters, tourists moving about for pleasure or because they had nothing to do ; and in the third-class

carriages, artisans and laborers in search of work, women looking for husbands or for service, or beggars flying from starvation in one part of the world to find it follow them like their shadows, let them go where they pleased. All these were huddled together, feeding hardly on such poor provisions as they carried with them or could pick up at the stopping-places. No more consideration was shown them than if they had been so many cattle. But they were merry enough : songs and sounds of laughter came from their windows, and notwithstanding all their conveniences, the languid-looking fine people in the large compartments seemed to me to get through their journey with less enjoyment after all than their poor fellow-travellers. These last appeared to be of tougher texture, to care less for being jolted and shaken, to be better-humored and kinder to one another. They had found life go hard with them wherever they had been, and not being accustomed to have everything which they wished for, they were less selfish and more considerate.

The intimation that our journey was for the present at an end came on most of us as an unpleasant surprise. The grandees got out in a high state of indignation. They called for their servants, but their servants did not hear them, or laughed and passed on. The conductors had forgotten to be obsequious. All classes on the platform were suddenly on a level. A beggar-woman hustled the duchess as she was standing astonished because her maid had left her to carry her own bag. The patricians were pushed about among the crowd with no more concern than if they had been common mortals. They demanded loudly to see the station-master. The minister complained angrily of the delay ; an important negotiation would be imperilled by his detention, and he threatened the company with the displeasure of his

department. A consequential youth who had just heard of the death of his elder brother was flying home to take his inheritance. A great lady had secured, as she had hoped, a brilliant match for her daughter ; her work over, she had been at the baths to recover from the dissipation of the season ; difficulty had risen unlooked for, and unless she was at hand to remove it, the worst consequences might be feared. A banker declared that the credit of a leading commercial house might fail unless he could be at home on the day fixed for his return : he alone could save it. A solicitor had the evidence in his portmanteau which would determine the succession to the lands and title of an ancient family. An elderly gentleman was in despair about his young wife whom he had left at home ; he had made a will by which she was to lose his fortune if she married again after his death, but the will was lying in his desk unsigned. The archbishop was on his way to a synod where the great question was to be discussed whether gas might be used at the altar instead of candles. The altar candles were blessed before they were used, and the doubt was whether gas could be blessed. The right reverend prelate conceived that if the gas-tubes were made in the shape of candles the difficulty could be got over, but he feared that without his moderating influence the majority might come to a rash decision. All these persons were clamoring over their various anxieties with the most naive frankness, the truth coming freely out, whatever it might be. One distinguished looking lady in deep mourning, with a sad gentle face, alone was resigned and hopeful. It seemed that her husband had been stopped not long before at the same station. She thought it possible that she might meet him again.

The station-master listened to the complaints with composed indifference. He told the loudest that they need not alarm themselves. The State would survive the absence of the minister. The minister, in fact, was not thinking of the State at all, but of the party triumph which he expected ; and the peerage which was to be his reward, the station-master said would now be of no use to him. The youth had a second brother who would succeed instead of him, and the tenants would not be inconvenienced by the change. The fine lady's daughter would marry to her own liking instead of her mother's, and would be all the happier for it. The commercial house was already insolvent, and the longer it lasted the more innocent people would be ruined by it. The boy whom the lawyer intended to make into a rich baronet was now working industriously at school, and would grow up a useful man. If a great estate fell in to him he would be idle and dissolute. The old man might congratulate himself that he had escaped so soon from the scrape into which he had fallen. His wife would marry an adventurer, and would suffer worse from inheriting his fortune. The archbishop was commended for his anxiety. His solution of the candle problem was no doubt an excellent one ; but his clergy were now provided with a harmless subject to quarrel over, and if it was adopted they might fall out over something else which might be seriously mischievous.

"Do you mean, then, that you are not going to send us forward at all?" the minister inquired sternly.

"You will see," the station-master answered with a curious short laugh. I observed that he looked more gently at the lady in mourning. She had said nothing, but he knew what was in her mind, and though he held out no hope in words that her wish would be

gratified, he smiled sadly, and the irony passed out of his face.

The crowd, meanwhile, were standing about the platform whistling tunes or amusing themselves, not ill-naturedly, at the distress of their grand companions. Something considerable was happening. But they had so long experienced the ups and downs of things that they were prepared for what fortune might send. They had not expected to find a Paradise where they were going, and one place might be as good as another. They had nothing belonging to them except the clothes they stood in and their bits of skill in their different trades. Wherever men were, there would be need of cobblers and tailors, and smiths and carpenters. If not, they might fall on their feet somehow if there was work to be done of any sort.

Presently a bell rang, a door was flung open, and we were ordered into a waiting-room, where we were told that our luggage was to be examined. It was a large, barely furnished apartment, like the *salle d'attente* at the Northern Railway Station at Paris. A rail ran across, behind which we were all penned; opposite to us was the usual long table, on which were piled boxes, bags, and portinanteaus, and behind them stood a row of officials, in a plain uniform with gold bands round their caps, and the dry peremptory manner which passengers accustomed to deference so particularly dislike. At their backs was a screen extending across the room, reaching half way to the ceiling; in the rear of it there was apparently an office.

We each looked to see that our particular belongings were safe, but we were surprised to find that we could recognize none of them. Packages there were in plenty, alleged to be the property of the passengers

who had come in by the train. They were arranged in the three classes—first, second, and third—but the proportions were inverted : most of it was labelled as the luggage of the travellers in fustian, who had brought nothing with them but what they carried in their hands ; a moderate heap stood where the second-class luggage should have been, and some of superior quality, but none of us could make out the shapes of our own trunks. As to the grand ladies and gentlemen, the innumerable articles which I had seen put as theirs into the van were nowhere to be found. A few shawls and cloaks lay upon the planks, and that was all. There was a loud outcry, but the officials were accustomed to it, and took no notice. The station-master, who was still in charge of us, said briefly that the saloon luggage would be sent forward in the next train. The late owners would have no more use for it, and it would be delivered to their friends.

The late owners ! Were we no longer actual owners, then ? My individual loss was not great, and, besides, it might be made up to me, for I saw my name on a strange box on the table, and being of curious disposition, the singularity of the adventure made it interesting to me. The consternation of the rest was indescribable. The minister supposed that he had fallen among Communists, who disbelieved in property, and was beginning a speech on the elementary conditions of society, when silence was called, and the third-class passengers were ordered to advance, that their boxes might be opened. Each man had his own carefully docketed. The lids flew off, and within, instead of clothes and shoes and dressing apparatus and money and jewels and such like, were simply samples of the work which he had done in his life. There was an account-book, also, in which was

entered the number of days which he had worked, the number and size of the fields, etc., which he had drained and inclosed and ploughed, the crops which he had reaped, the walls which he had built, the metal which he had dug out and smelted and fashioned into articles of use to mankind, the leather which he had tanned, the clothes which he had woven—all entered with punctual exactness ; and on the opposite page, the wages which he had received, and the share which had been allotted to him of the good things which he had helped to create.

Besides his work, so specifically called, there were his actions—his affection for his parents, or his wife and children, his self-denials, his charities, his purity, his truth, his honesty, or, it might be, ugly catalogues of sins and oaths and drunkenness and brutality. But inquiry into action was reserved for a second investigation before a higher commissioner. The first examination was confined to the literal work done by each man for the general good—how much he had contributed, and how much society had done for him in return ; and no one, it seemed, could be allowed to go any further without a certificate of having passed this test satisfactorily. With the workmen, the balance in most instances was found enormously in their favor. The state of the case was so clear that the scrutiny was rapidly got over, and they and their luggage were passed into the higher court. A few were found whose boxes were empty, who had done nothing useful all their lives, and had subsisted by begging and stealing. These were ordered to stand aside till the rest of us had been disposed of.

The saloon passengers were taken next. Most of them, who had nothing at all to show, were called up

together, and were asked what they had to say for themselves. A well-dressed gentleman, who spoke for the rest, said that the whole investigation was a mystery to him. He and his friends had been born to good fortunes, and had found themselves, on entering upon life, amply provided for. They had never been told that work was required of them, either work with their hands or work with their heads—in fact, work of any kind. It was right, of course, for the poor to work, because they could not honestly live otherwise. For themselves, they had spent their time in amusements, generally innocent. They had paid for everything which they had consumed. They had stolen nothing, taken nothing from any man by violence or fraud. They had kept the commandments, all ten of them, from the time when they were old enough to understand them. The speaker, at least, declared that he had no breach of any commandment on his own conscience, and he believed he might say as much of his companions. They were superior people, who had been always looked up to and well spoken of, and to call upon them to show what they had done was against reason and equity.

“Gentlemen,” said the chief official, “we have heard this many times; yet as often as it is repeated we feel fresh astonishment. You have been in a world where work is the condition of life. Not a meal can be had by any man that some one has not worked to produce. Those who work deserve to eat; those who do not work deserve to starve. There are but three ways of living: by working, by stealing, or by begging. Those who have not lived by the first have lived by one of the other two. And no matter how superior you think yourselves, you will not pass here till you have something of your own to produce. You have had your

wages beforehand—ample wages, as you acknowledge yourselves. What have you to show ?”

“Wages !” the speaker said. “We are not hired servants ; we received no wages. What we spent was our own. All the orders we received were that we were not to do wrong. We have done no wrong. I appeal to the higher court.”

But the appeal could not be received. To all who presented themselves with empty boxes, no matter who they were, or how excellent their characters appeared to one another, there was the irrevocable answer, “No admittance, till you come better furnished.” All who were in this condition, the duke and duchess among them, were ordered to stand aside with the thieves. The duchess declared that she had given the finest parties in the season, and as it was universally agreed that they had been the most tedious, and that no one had found any pleasure there, a momentary doubt rose whether they might not have answered some useful purpose in disgusting people with such modes of entertainment ; but no evidence of this was forthcoming : the world had attended them because the world had nothing else to do ; and she and her guests had been alike unprofitable. Thus the large majority of the saloon passengers was disposed of. The minister, the archbishop, the lawyer, the banker, and others, who, although they had no material work credited to them, had yet been active and laborious in their different callings, were passed to the superior judges. Our turn came next—ours of the second class—and a motley gathering we were. Busy we must all have been, from the multitude of articles which we found assigned to us. Manufacturers with their wares, solicitors with their lawsuits, doctors and clergymen with the bodies and

souls which they had saved or lost, authors with their books, painters and sculptors with their pictures and statues. But the hard test was applied to all that we had produced—the wages which we had received on one side, and the value of our exertions to mankind on the other—and imposing as our performances looked when laid out to be examined, we had been paid, most of us, out of all proportion to what we were found to have deserved. I was reminded of a large compartment in the Paris Exhibition, where an active gentleman, wishing to show the state of English literature, had collected copies of every book, review, pamphlet, or newspaper which had been published in a single year. The bulk was overwhelming, but the figures were only decimal points, and the worth of the whole was a fraction above zero. A few of us were turned back summarily among the thieves and the fine gentlemen and ladies : speculators who had done nothing but handle money which had clung to their fingers in passing through them, divines who had preached a morality which they did not practise, and fluent orators who had made speeches which they knew to be nonsense, philosophers who had spun out of moonshine systems of the universe, distinguished pleaders who had defeated justice while they established points of law, writers of books upon subjects of which they knew enough to mislead their readers, purveyors of luxuries which had added nothing to human health or strength, physicians and apothecaries who had pretended to knowledge which they knew that they did not possess—these all, as the contents of their boxes bore witness against them, were thrust back into the rejected herd.

There were some whose account stood better as having at least produced something of real merit, but they were

cast on the point of wages ; modest excellence had come badly off ; the plausible and unscrupulous had thriven and grown rich. It was tragical, and evidently a surprise to most of us, to see how mendacious we had been : how we had sanded our sugar, watered our milk, scamped our carpentering and mason's work, literally and metaphorically ; how in all things we had been thinking less of producing good work than of the profit which we could make out of it ; how we had sold ourselves to tell lies and act them, because the public found lies pleasant and truth expensive and troublesome. Some of us were manifest rogues, who had bought cheap and sold dear, had used false measures and weights, had made cotton pass for wool, and hemp for silk, and tin for silver. The American pedlar happened to be in the party who had put a rind upon a grindstone and had sold it as a cheese. These were promptly sifted out and placed with their fellows ; only persons whose services were on the whole greater than the pay which they had received were allowed their certificates. When my own box was opened, I perceived that though the wages had been small the work done seemed smaller still, and I was surprised to find myself among those who had passed.

The whistle of a train was heard at this moment coming in upon the main line. It was to go on in half an hour, and those who had been turned back were told that they were to proceed by it to the place where they had been originally going. They looked infinitely relieved at the news ; but, before they started, a few questions had to be put to them, and a few alterations made which were to affect their future. They were asked to explain how they had come to be such worthless creatures. They gave many answers, which came mainly to the same thing. Circumstances had been against

them. It was all owing to circumstances. They had been badly brought up. They had been placed in situations where it had been impossible for them to do better. The rich people repeated that they had never been informed that any work was expected of them. Their wants had all been provided for, and it was unfair to expect that they should have exerted themselves of their own accord when they had no motive for working. If they had only been born poor, all would have gone well with them. The cheating tradesmen declared that the first duty of a shopkeeper, according to all received principles, was to make money and better his condition. It was the buyer's business to see to the quality of the articles which he purchased ; the shopkeeper was entitled to sell his wares at the highest price which he could get for them. So, at least, it was believed and taught by the recognized authorities on the subject. The orators, preachers, newspaper writers, novel-writers, etc., etc., of whom there were a great many, appealed to the crowds who came to listen to them, or bought and read their productions. *Tout le monde*, it was said, was wiser than the wisest single sage. They had given the world what the world wished for and approved ; they had worked at supplying it with all their might, and it was extremely hard to blame them for guiding themselves by the world's judgment. The thieves and vagabonds argued that they had been brought into existence without their consent being asked : they had not wished for it ; although they had not been without their pleasures, they regarded existence on the whole as a nuisance which they would gladly have been spared. Being alive, however, they had to keep alive ; and for all that they could see, they had as full a right to the good things which the world contained as anybody else,

provided they could get them. They were called thieves. Law and language were made by the property owners, who were their natural enemies. If society had given them the means of living honestly they would have found it easy to be honest. Society had done nothing for them—why should they do anything for society?

So, in their various ways those who had been “plucked” defended themselves. They were all delighted to hear that they were to have another chance; and I was amused to observe that though some of them had pretended that they had not wished to be born, and had rather not have been born, not one of them protested against being sent back. All they asked was that they should be put in a new position, and that the adverse influences should be taken off. I expected that among these adverse influences they would have mentioned the faults of their own dispositions. My own opinion had been that half the misdoings of men came from congenital defects of character which they had brought with them into the world, and that constitutional courage, right-mindedness, and practical ability were as much gifts of nature or circumstance as the accidents of fortune. A change in this respect was of more consequence than in any other. But with themselves they were all apparently satisfied, and they required only an improvement in their surroundings. The alterations were rapidly made. The duchess was sent to begin her life again in a laborer’s cottage. She was to attend the village school, and rise thence into a housemaid. The fine gentleman was made a ploughboy. The authors and preachers were to become mechanics, and bound apprentices to carpenters and blacksmiths. A philosopher, who, having had a good fortune and unbroken

health, had insisted that the world was as good as it could be made, was to be born blind and paralytic, and to find his way through life under the new conditions. The thieves and cheats, who pretended that their misdemeanors were due to poverty, were to find themselves, when they arrived in the world again, in palaces surrounded with luxury. The cup of Lethe was sent round. The past became a blank. They were hurried into the train ; the engine screamed and flew away with them.

“ They will be all here again in a few years,” the stationmaster said, “ and it will be the same story over again. I have had these very people in my hands a dozen times. They have been tried in all positions, and there is still nothing to show, and nothing but complaints of circumstances. For my part, I would put them out altogether.” “ How long is it to last ?” I asked. “ Well,” he said, “ it does not depend on me. No one passes here who cannot prove that he has lived to some purpose. Some of the worst I have known made at last into pigs and geese, to be fatted up and eaten, and made of use in that way. Others have become asses, condemned to carry burdens, to be beaten with sticks, and to breed asses like themselves for a hundred generations. All animated creatures tend to take the shape at last which suits their character.”

The train was scarcely out of sight when again the bell rang. The scene changed as at a theatre. The screen was rolled back, and we who were left found ourselves in the presence of four grave-looking persons, like the board of examiners whom we remembered at college. We were called upon one by one. The work which had passed the first ordeal was again looked into, and the quality of it compared with the talent or faculty

of the producer, to see how far he had done his best ; whether anywhere he had done worse than he might have done and knew how to have done ; while besides, in a separate collection, were the vices, the sins, the selfishnesses, and ill-humors, with, in the other scale, the acts of personal duty, of love and kindness and charity, which had increased the happiness or lightened the sorrows of those connected with him. These last, I observed, had generally been forgotten by the owner, who saw them appear with surprise, and even repudiated them with protest. In the work, of course, both material and moral, there was every gradation, both of kind and merit. But while nothing was absolutely worthless, everything, even the highest achievements of the greatest artist or the greatest saint, fell short of absolute perfection. Each of us saw our own performances, from our first ignorant beginnings to what we regarded as our greatest triumph ; and it was easy to trace how much of our faults were due to natural deficiencies and the necessary failures of inexperience, and how much to self-will or vanity or idleness. Some taint of mean motives, too, some desire of reward, desire of praise or honor or wealth, some foolish self-satisfaction, when satisfaction ought not to have been felt, was to be seen infecting everything, even the very best which was presented for scrutiny.

So plain was this that one of us, an earnest, impressive-looking person, whose own work bore inspection better than that of most of us, exclaimed passionately that, so far as he was concerned, the examiners might spare their labor. From his earliest years he had known what he ought to do, and in no instance had he ever completely done it. He had struggled ; he had conquered his grosser faults ; but the farther he had gone, and the

better he had been able to do, his knowledge had still grown faster than his power of acting upon it ; and every additional day that he had lived his shortcomings had become more miserably plain to him. Even if he could have reached perfection at last, he could not undo the past, and the faults of his youth would bear witness against him and call for his condemnation. Therefore, he said, he abhorred himself. He had no merit which could entitle him to look for favor. He had labored on to the end, but he had labored with a full knowledge that the best which he could offer would be unworthy of acceptance. He had been told, and he believed, that a high spirit, not subject to infirmity, had done his work for him, and done it perfectly, and that if he abandoned all claim on his own account he might be accepted for the sake of what another had done. This, he trusted, was true, and it was his sole dependence. In the so-called good actions with which he seemed to be credited, there was nothing that was really good ; there was not one which was altogether what it ought to have been.

He was evidently sincere, and what he said was undoubtedly true—true of him and true of every one. Even in the vehemence of his self-abandonment a trace lingered of the taint which he was confessing, for he was a polemical divine ; he had spent his life and gained a reputation in maintaining this particular doctrine. He believed it, but he had not forgotten that he had been himself its champion.

The examiner looked kindly at him ; but answered, “ We do not expect impossibilities ; and we do not blame you when you have not accomplished what is beyond your strength. Only those who are themselves perfect can do anything perfectly. Human beings are born ignorant and helpless. They bring into the world with

them a disposition to seek what is pleasant to themselves, and what is pleasant is not always right. They learn to live as they learn everything else. At first they cannot do rightly at all. They improve under teaching and practice. The best only arrive at excellence. We do not find fault with the painter on account of his first bad copies, if they were as good as could be looked for at his age. Every craftsman acquires his art by degrees. He begins badly ; he cannot help it ; and it is the same with life. You learn to walk by falling down. You learn to live by going wrong and experiencing the consequences of it. We do not record against a man 'the sins of his youth,' if he has been honestly trying to improve himself. We do not require the same self-control in a child as in a man. We do not require the same attainments from all. Some are well taught, some are ill taught, some are not taught at all. Some have naturally good dispositions, some have naturally bad dispositions. Not one has had power 'to fulfil the law,' as you call it, completely. Therefore, it is no crime in him if he fails. We reckon as faults those only which arise from idleness, wilfulness, selfishness, and deliberate preference of evil to good. Each is judged according to what he has received."

I was amused to observe how pleased the archbishop looked while the examiner was speaking. He had himself been engaged in controversy with this gentleman on the share of "good works" in justifying a man, and if the examiner had not taken his side in the discussion he had at least demolished his adversary. The archbishop had been the more disinterested in the line which he had taken, as his own "works," though in several large folios, weighed extremely little ; and, indeed, had it not been for passages in his early life—he had starved him-

self at college that he might not be a burden upon his widowed mother—I do not know but that he might have been sent back into the world to serve as a parish clerk.

For myself, there were questions which I was longing to ask, and I was trying to collect my courage to speak. I wanted chiefly to know what the examiner meant by “natural disposition.” Was it that a man might be born with a natural capacity for becoming a saint, another man with a capacity to become a great artist or musician, and that each of us could only grow to the limits of his natural powers? And, again, were idleness, wilfulness, selfishness, etc., etc., natural dispositions?—for in that case—

But at the moment the bell rang again, and my own name was called. There was no occasion to ask who I was. In every instance the identity of the person, his history, small or large, and all that he had said or done, was placed before the court so clearly that there was no need for extorting a confession. There stood the catalogue inexorably impartial, the bad actions in a schedule painfully large, the few good actions veined with personal motives which spoiled the best of them. In the way of work there was nothing to be shown but certain books and other writings, and these were spread out to be tested. A fluid was poured on the pages, the effect of which was to obliterate entirely every untrue proposition, and to make every partially true proposition grow faint in proportion to the false element which entered into it. Alas! chapter after chapter vanished away, leaving the paper clean, as if no compositor had ever labored in setting type for it. Pale and illegible became the fine-sounding paragraphs on which I had secretly prided myself. A few passages, however, survived here and there at long intervals. They were those

on which I had labored least, and had almost forgotten, or those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals. Something stood to my credit, and the worst charge of wilfully and intentionally setting down what I did not believe to be true was not alleged against me. Ignorance, prejudice, carelessness ; sins of infirmity—culpable indeed, but not culpable in the last degree ; the water in the ink, the commonplaces, the ineffectual sentiments : these, to my unspeakable comfort, I perceived were my heaviest crimes. Had I been accused of absolute worthlessness, I should have pleaded guilty in the state of humiliation to which I was reduced ; but things were better than they might have been. I was flattering myself that when it came to the wages question, the balance would be in my favor : so many years of labor—such and such cheques received from my publisher. Here, at least, I held myself safe, and I was in good hope that I might scrape through. The examiner was good-natured in his manner. A reviewer who had been listening for my condemnation was beginning to look disgusted, when suddenly one of the walls of the court became transparent, and there appeared an interminable vista of creatures—creatures of all kinds from land and water, reaching away into the extreme distance. They were those which in the course of my life I had devoured, either in part or whole, to sustain my unconscionable carcass. There they stood in lines with solemn and reproachful faces—oxen and calves, sheep and lambs, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, pheasants, grouse, and partridges, down to the larks and sparrows and blackbirds, which I had shot when a boy and made into puddings. Every one of them had come up to bear witness against their

murderer ; out of sea and river had come the trout and salmon, the soles and turbot, the ling and cod, the whiting and mackerel, the smelts and whitebait, the oysters, the crabs, the lobsters, the shrimps. They seemed literally to be in millions, and I had eaten them all. I talked of wages. These had been my wages. At this enormous cost had my existence been maintained. A stag spoke for the rest. " We all," he said, " were sacrificed to keep this cormorant in being, and to enable him to produce the miserable bits of printed paper which are all that he has to show for himself. Our lives were dear to us. In meadow and wood, in air and water, we wandered harmless and innocent, enjoying the pleasant sunlight, the light of heaven and the sparkling waves ; we were not worth much ; we have no pretensions to high qualities. If the person who stands here to answer for himself can affirm that his value in the universe was equivalent to the value of all of us who were sacrificed to feed him, we have no more to say. Let it be so pronounced. We shall look at our numbers, and we shall wonder at the judgment, though we shall withdraw our complaint. But for ourselves we say freely that we have long watched him—him and his fellows—and we have failed to see in what the superiority of the human creature lies. We know him only as the most cunning, the most destructive, and, unhappily, the longest lived of all carnivorous beasts. His delight is in killing. Even when his hunger is satisfied he kills us for his mere amusement."

The oxen lowed approval, the sheep bleated, the birds screamed, the fishes flapped their tails. I, for myself, stood mute and self-condemned. What answer but one was possible ? Had I been myself on the bench I could not have hesitated. The fatal sentence of condemnation

was evidently about to be uttered, when the scene became indistinct, there was a confused noise, a change of condition, a sound of running feet and of many voices. I awoke ; I was again in the railway carriage ; the door was thrown open ; porters entered to take our things. We stepped out upon the platform. We were at the terminus for which we had been originally destined. Carriages and cabs were waiting ; tall powdered footmen flew to the assistance of the duke and duchess. The station-master was standing hat in hand, and obsequiously bowing ; the minister's private secretary had come to meet his right honorable chief with the red despatch-box, knowing the impatience with which it was waited for. The duke shook hands with the archbishop before he drove away. " Dine with us to-morrow ? " he said. " I have had a very singular dream. You shall be my Daniel and interpret it for me. " The archbishop regretted infinitely that he must deny himself the honor ; his presence was required at the Conference. " I, too, have dreamt, " he said ; " but with your Grace and me the realities of this world are too serious to leave us leisure for the freaks of imagination. "

II.

THE NORWAY FJORDS.

ON June 30th, 1881, we sailed from Southampton Water in a steam yacht to spend ten weeks in the Norway fjords—fjords or friths, for the word is the same. The Scandinavian children of the sea carried their favorite names with them. Frith is fjord; our Cumberland Seale *Force* would be called Seale Foss between the North Cape and the Baltic. The yacht was spacious; over three hundred tons. Cabins, equipments, engines, captain, steward, crew, the best of their kind. Our party was small: only four in all. My friend whose guest I was, and whom I shall call X——, two ladies, and myself. X—— had furnished himself with such knowledge as was attainable in London, for the scenes which we were to explore. He had studied Norse. He could speak it; he could understand and be understood. He was a sportsman, but a sportsman only as subsidiary to more rational occupations. He was going to Norway to catch salmonidæ: not, however, to catch them only, but to study the varieties of that most complicated order of fish. He was going also to geologize and to botanize, to examine rocks and rivers and glaciers and flowers; while all of us were meaning to acquaint ourselves as far as we could with the human specimens still to be found in the crater of the old volcano from which those shiploads of murdering “Danes” poured out ten centuries ago to change the face of Europe.

And to see Norway, the real Norway, within moderate compass of time is possible only with such means as a steam yacht provides. There are great lines of road in Norway along the practicable routes, but very few *are* practicable ; nine tenths of the country, and the most interesting parts, are so walled off by mountains, are so intrenched among the fjords, as to be forever unapproachable by land, while the water highways lead everywhere—magnificent canals, fashioned by the elemental forces, who can say how or when ?

From the west coast there run inland with a general easterly direction ten or twelve main channels of sea, penetrating from fifty to a hundred miles into the very heart of the northern peninsula. They are of vast depth, and from half a mile to two miles broad. The mountains rise on both sides sheer from the water's edge, the lower ranges densely timbered with pine and birch and alder ; above these belts of forest soar ranges of lofty peaks, five or six thousand feet up, the snow lying thick upon them in the midst of summer, glaciers oozing down the gorges, like cataracts arrested in their fall by the frost enchanter, motionless, yet with the form of motion. From the snow, from the ice when the glaciers reach a warmer level, melt streams which swell at noon, as the sun grows hot, descend in never-ending waterfalls, cascade upon cascade, through the ravines which they have cut for themselves in millions of years. In the evening they dwindle away, and at night fall silent as the frost resumes its power.

From the great central fjords branches strike out right and left, some mere inlets ending after a few miles, some channels which connect one fjord with another. The surface of Norway, as it is shown flat upon a chart, is lined and intersected by these water-ways as the surface

of England is by railways. The scenery, though forever changing, changes like the pattern of a kaleidoscope, the same materials readjusted in varying combinations ; the same rivers of sea-water, the same mountain walls, the same ice and snow on the summits, the same never-ending pines and birches, with an emerald carpet between the stems where the universal whortleberry hides the stones under the most brilliant green. The short fjords and the large are identical in general features, save that, lying at right angles to the prevailing winds, the surface of these lateral waters is usually undisturbed by a single ripple ; the clouds may be racing over the high ridges, but down below no breath can reach. Hence the light is undispersed. The eye, instead of meeting anywhere with white water, sees only rocks, woods, and cataracts reversed as in a looking-glass. This extreme stillness, and the optical results of it, are the cause, I suppose, of the gloom of Norwegian landscape-painting.

How these fjords were formed is, I believe, as yet undetermined. Water has furrowed the surface of the globe into many a singular shape ; water, we are told, cut out the long gorge below Niagara ; but water, acting as we now know it, scarcely scooped out of the hardest known rock these multitudinous fissures so uniform in character between walls which pierce the higher strata of the clouds, between cliffs which in some places rise, as in the Geiranger, perpendicular for a thousand feet ; the fjords themselves of such extraordinary depth, and deepest always when furthest from the sea. Where they enter the Atlantic, there is bottom generally in a hundred fathoms. In the Sogne, a hundred miles inland, you find seven hundred fathoms. Rivers cutting their way through rock and soil could never have

achieved such work as this. Ice is a mighty thaumaturgist, and ice has been busy enough in Norway. The fjords were once filled with ice up to a certain level ; the level to which it rose can be traced on the sharp angles ground off the rounded stone, and the scores of the glacier plane on the polished slabs of gneiss or granite. But at some hundreds of feet above the present water-line the ice action ends, and cliffs and crags are scarred and angular and weather-splintered to where they are lost in the eternal snow. The vast moraines which occasionally block the valleys tell the same story. The largest that I saw was between four and five hundred feet high, and we have to account for chasms which, if we add the depth of the water to the height of the mountains above it, are nine thousand feet from the bottom to the mountain crest.

The appearance of Norway is precisely what it would have been if the surface had cracked when cooling into a thousand fissures, longitudinal and diagonal, if these fissures had at one time been filled with sea-water, at another with ice, and the sides above the point to which the ice could rise had been clipped and torn and weather-worn by rain and frost through endless ages. Whether this is, in fact, the explanation of their form, philosophers will in good time assure themselves ; meantime, this is what they are outwardly like, which for present purposes is all that need be required.

A country so organized can be traversed in no way so conveniently as by a steam yacht, which carries the four-and-twenty winds in its boiler. It is not the romance of yachting ; and the steamer, beside the graceful schooner with its snowy canvas, seems prosaic and mechanical. The schooner does well in the open water with free air and sea room ; but let no schooner venture into the

Norway fjords, where slant winds come not by which you can make a course by a long reach, where there is either a glassy calm or a wind blowing up or down. If you reached the end of the Sogne you might spend a season in beating back to the sea alone, and, except in some few spots where you might not be able to go, you cannot so much as anchor for the depth of water. Shut in among these mountains, you may drift, becalmed in a sailing yacht for weeks together, while to a steamer the course is as easy and sure as to a carriage on a turn-pike road. Your yacht is your house, and like a wishing carpet, it transports you wherever you please to go, and is here and there and anywhere. You note your position on the chart ; you scan it with the sense that the world of Norway is all before you to go where you like ; you choose your next anchoring-place ; you point it out to the pilot ; you know your speed—there is no night in the summer months—you dine ; you smoke your evening cigar ; you go to your berth ; you find yourself at breakfast in your new surroundings.

So then, on that June evening, we steamed out of the Solent. Our speed in smooth water was ten knots ; our distance from Udsire light, for which our course was laid, was seven hundred miles. It was calm and cloudless, but unusually cold. When night brought the stars we saw the comet high above us, the tail of him pointing straight away from the sun, as if the head was a lens through which the sun's rays lighted the atoms of ether behind it. Sleep, which had grown fitful in the London season, came back to us at once in our berths unscared by the grinding of the screw. We woke fresh and elastic when the decks were washed. The floors of the cabins lifted on hinges, and below were baths into which the sea-water poured till we could float in it.

When we came up and looked about us we were running past the North Foreland. With the wind aft and the water smooth we sped on. I lay all the morning on a sofa in the deck cabin, and smoked and read Xenophon's "Memorabilia." So one day passed, and then another. On the evening of July 2d we passed through a fleet of English trawlers, a few units of the ten thousand feeders of the London stomach, the four million human beings within the bills of mortality whom the world combines to nourish. We were doing two hundred miles a day. The calm continued, and the ladies so far had suffered nothing. There was no motion save the never-resting heave of the ocean swell. Homer had observed that long undulation; Ulysses felt it when coming back from Hades to Circe's island. The thing is the same, though the word ocean has changed its meaning. To Homer ocean was a river which ran past the grove of Proserpine. It was not till the ship had left the river mouth for the open sea that she lifted on the wave.*

On the third afternoon the weather changed. The cold of the high latitude drove us into our winter clothes. The wind rose from the north-west, bringing thick rain with it, and a heavy beam sea. The yacht rolled twenty degrees each way. Long steamers, without sails to steady them, always do roll, but our speed was not altered. We passed Udsire light on the 3d, at seven in the evening, and then groped our way slowly, for, though there was no longer any night, we could see little for fog and mist. At last we picked up a pilot who brought us safely into the roadstead at Bergen,

* Αὐτὰρ ἔπει ποταμοῖο λίπεν ῥόον Ὀκεανοῖο

Νηῦς, ἀπὸ δ' ἵκετο κῆμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπύροιο.

Odyssey, xii. 1, 2.

where we were to begin our acquaintance with Norway. It stands fifteen miles inland, with three fjords leading to it, built on a long tongue of rock between two inlets, and overhung with mountains. There is a great trade there, chiefly in salt fish, I believe—any way the forty thousand inhabitants seemed, from the stir on shore and in the harbor, to have plenty to occupy them. We landed and walked round. There are no handsome houses, but no beggars and no signs of poverty. “You have poor here,” I said to a coal merchant, who came on board for orders, and could speak English. “Poor?” he said; “yes, many; not, of course, such poor as you have in England. Every one has enough to eat.” To our sensations it was extremely cold—cold as an English January. But cold and heat are relative terms; and an English January might seem like summer after Arctic winters. The Bergen people took it to be summer, for we found a public garden where a band played; and there were chairs and tables for coffee out of doors. Trees and shrubs were acclimatized. Lilacs, acacias, and horse-chestnuts were in flower. There were roses in bud, and the gardeners were planting out geraniums. We saw the fish market; everywhere a curious place, for you see there the fish that are caught, the fishermen who catch them, with their boats and gear, the market-women, and the citizens who come to buy. It is all fish in Bergen. The telegrams on the wall in the Bourse tell you only how fish are going in Holland and Denmark. The trade is in fish. On the rocks outside the town stand huge stacks, looking like bean-stacks, but they are of dried cod and ling. The streets and squares smell of fish. A steamer bound for Hull lay close to us in the roadstead, which to leeward might have been winded for a mile. Lads stagger about the streets eased

between a pair of halibuts, like the Chelsea paupers between two advertisement boards inviting us to vote or Sir Charles Dilke at an election. Still, excepting the odors, we liked Bergen well. You never hear the mendicant whine there. Those northern people know how to work and take care of themselves, and loafers can find no living among them. I do not know whether there is so much as a beggar in the whole town. They are quiet, simple, industrious folk, who mind their own business. For politics they care nothing, not supposing that on this road is any kind of salvation for them. They are Lutherans, universally Lutherans. It is the national religion, and they are entirely satisfied with it. Protestant dissent is never heard of. There is a Catholic church in Bergen for the foreign sailors, but I doubt if the priests have converted a single Norwegian. They are a people already moderately well-to-do in body and mind, and do not need anything which the priests could give them. The intellectual essentials are well looked after—the schools are good, and well attended. The Bergen museum is a model on a small scale of what a local museum ought to be, an epitome of Norway itself past and present. Perhaps there is not another in Europe so excellent of its kind. In the gallery of antiquities there is the Norway of the sea-kings, Runic tablets and inscriptions, chain armor, swords, and clubs, and battleaxes, pots of earthenware, stone knives and hammers of a still earlier age. There are the traces of their marauding expeditions, Greek and Italian statuettes, rings, chains, bracelets, and drinking-cups, one or two of these last especially curious, for glass was rare and precious when they were made. The glass has been broken, and pieced with silver. These obviously were the spoils of some cruise in the Mediterranean, and there

is old church plate among them which also tells its story. By the side of these are the implements of the Norseman's other trade—fishing: specimens of nets, lines, hooks, spears, and harpoons, for whale and walrus, and crossbows, the barbed arrow having a line attached to it for shooting seals. In the galleries above is a very complete collection of the Scandinavian mammalia—wolves, bears, lynxes, foxes, whales, seals, and sea-horses, every kind of fish, every bird, land or water, all perfectly well classified, labelled, and looked after. Superior persons are in charge of it, who can hold their own with leading naturalists of France or England; and all this is maintained at modest cost by the Bergen corporation.

The houses are plain but clean; no dirt is visible anywhere, and there is one sure sign of a desire to make life graceful. The hardiest flowers only will grow out of doors, but half the windows in the town are filled with myrtles, geraniums, or carnations. With the people themselves we had little opportunity of acquaintance; but one evening, the second after our arrival, we were on deck after dinner between ten and eleven in the evening. The sunshine was still on the hills. Though chilly to us, the air was warm to Bergen; the bay was covered with boats; family groups of citizens out enjoying themselves; music floating on the water and songs made sweet by distance; others were anchored fishing. X—— rowed me out in the yacht's punt to a point half a mile distant. We brought up at an oar's length from some young ladies with a youth in charge of them. Some question asked as an excuse for conversation was politely answered. One of them spoke excellent English; she was a lively, clever girl, had been in Ireland, and was quick with repartee, well bred and refined

Their manners were faultless, but they fished as if they had been bred to the trade. They had oilskin aprons to save their dresses, and they pulled up their fish and handled their knives and baits like professionals.

Our first taste of Norway, notwithstanding the perfume of salt ling, was very pleasant ; but we had far to go—as far as Lofoden if we could manage it—and we might not loiter. We left Bergen on the 6th with a local pilot. Trondhjem or Drontheim was the next point where we were to expect letters, and two courses lead to it—either by the open sea outside the shoals and islands, or inland by the network of fjords, longer but infinitely the most interesting, with the further merit of water perfectly smooth. We started at six in the morning and flew on rapidly among tortuous channels, now sweeping through a passage scarcely wider than the yacht's length, now bursting into an archipelago of islets. The western coast of Norway is low and level—a barren, undulating country, with the sea flowing freely through the hollows. Here and there are green patches of meadow with a few trees, where there would be a bonder's or yeoman's farm. Prettily painted lighthouses with their red roofs marked our course for us, and a girl or two would come out upon the balconies to look at us as we rushed by within a gunshot. Eider-ducks flashed out of the water, the father of the family as usual the first to fly, and leaving wife and children to take care of themselves. Fishing-boats crossed us at intervals, and now and then a whale spouted : other signs of life there were none. Toward midday we entered the Sogne Fjord ; we turned eastward toward the great mountain ranges ; and, as in the fairy tale the rock opens to the enchanted prince, and he finds himself amid gardens and palaces, so, as we ran on seemingly upon an impenetrable wall, cliff and

crag fell apart, and we entered on what might be described as an infinite extension of Loch Lomond, save only that the mountains were far grander, the slopes more densely wooded, and that, far up, we were looking on the everlasting snow, or the green glitter of the glaciers.

On either side of us, as we steamed on, we crossed the mouths of other fjords, lateral branches precisely like the parent trunk, penetrating, as we could see upon our chart, for tens of miles. Norse history grew intelligible as we looked at them. Here were the hiding-places where the vikings, wickelings, hole-and-corner pirates, ran in with their spoils ; and here was the explanation of their roving lives. The few spots where a family could sustain itself on the soil are scattered at intervals of leagues. The woods are silent and desolate ; wild animals of any kind we never saw ; hunting there could have been none. The bears have increased since the farming introduced sheep ; but a thousand years ago, save a few reindeer and a few grouse and ptarmigan, there was nothing which would feed either bear or man. Few warm-blooded creatures, furred or feathered, can endure the winter cold. A population cannot live by fish alone, and thus the Norsemen became rovers by necessity, and when summer came they formed in fleets and went south to seek their sustenance. The pine forests were their arsenal ; their vessels were the best and fastest in the world ; the water was their only road ; they were boatmen and seamen by second nature, and the seacoasts within reach of a summer outing were their natural prey.

We were looking for an anchoring-place where there was a likelihood of fishing ; we had seen an inlet on the chart, turning out of the Sogne, which looked promising. At the

upper end two rivers appeared to run into it out of fresh water lakes close by ; conditions likely to yield salmon. It was our first experiment. A chart is flat. Imagination, unenlightened by experience, had pictured the fjord ending in level meadows, manageable streams winding through them, and, beyond, perhaps, some Rydal or Grasmere lying tranquil among its hills. The pilot said that he knew the place, but could give us no description of it. Anticipation generally makes mistakes on such occasions, but never were fact and fancy more startlingly at variance. Lord Salisbury advised people to study geography on large maps. Flat charts are more convenient than models of a country in relief, but they are treacherous misleaders. Grand as the Sogne had been, the inlet where we struck into it was grander still. The forests on the shores were denser, the slopes steeper, the cliffs and peaks soaring up in more stupendous majesty. We ran on thus for eight or ten miles ; then, turning round a projecting spur, we found ourselves in a land-locked estuary smooth as a mirror, the mountains on one side of it beautiful in evening sunlight, on the other darkening the water with their green purple shadows ; at the far extremity, which was still five miles from us, a broad white line showed, instead of our " meadow stream," where a mighty torrent was pouring in a cataract over the face of a precipice into the sea.

At the foot of this fall, not three hundred yards from it (no bottom was to be found at a greater distance), we anchored half an hour later, and looked about us. We were in the heart of a primitive Norwegian valley, buried among mountains so lofty and so unbroken that no road had ever entered, or could enter it. It was the first of many which we saw afterward of the same type, and one description will serve for all.

We were in a circular basin at the head of a fjord. In front of us was a river as large as the Clyde rushing out of a chasm a thousand feet above us, and plunging down in boiling foam. Above this chasm and inaccessible, was one of the lakes which we had seen on the chart, and in which we had expected to catch salmon. The mountains round were, as usual, covered with wood. At the foot of the fall, and worked by part of it, was a large saw-mill with its adjoining sheds and buildings. The pines were cut as they were wanted, floated to the mill and made into planks, vessels coming at intervals to take them away. The Norwegians are accused of wasting their forests with these mills. We could see no signs of it. In the first place, the sides of the fjords are so steep that the trees can be got at only in comparatively few places. When they can be got at, there is no excessive destruction; more pines are annually swept away by avalanches than are consumed by all the mills in Norway; and the quantity is so enormous that the amount which men can use is no more likely to exhaust it than the Loch Fyne fishermen are likely to exhaust the herring shoals.

On the other side of the basin where we lay was the domain of the owner of the mill. Though the fjord ended, the great ravine in which it was formed stretched, as we could see, a couple of miles further, but it had been blocked by a moraine which stretched across it. The moraines, being formed of loose soil and stones deposited by ice in the glacial period, are available for cultivation and are indeed excellent land. There were forty or fifty acres of grass laid up for hay, a few acres of potatoes, a red-roofed, sunny farmhouse with large outbuildings, carts and horses moving about, poultry crowing, cattle grazing, a boat-house and platform where a couple of lighters were

unloading. Here was the house of a substantial, prosperous bonder. His nearest neighbor must have been twelve miles from him. He, his children, and farm-servants were the sole occupants of the valley. The saw-mill was theirs ; the boats were theirs ; their own hands supplied everything which they wanted. They were their own carpenters, smiths, masons, and glaziers ; they sheared their own sheep, spun and dyed their own wool, wove their own cloth, and cut and sewed their own dresses. It was a true specimen of primitive Norwegian life complete in itself—of peaceful, quiet, self-sufficient, prosperous industry.

The snake that spoiled Paradise had doubtless found its way into Nord Gulen (so our valley was named) as into other places, but a softer, sweeter-looking spot we had none of us ever seen. It was seven in the evening when we anchored ; a skiff came off, rowed by a couple of plain, stout girls with offers of eggs and milk. Fishing-lines were brought out as soon as the anchor was down. The surface water was fresh, and icy cold as coming out of the near glaciers ; but it was salt a few fathoms down, and almost immediately we had a basket of dabs and whiting.

After dinner, at nine o'clock, with the sun still shining, X—— and I went ashore with our trout-rods. We climbed the moraine, and a narrow lake lay spread out before us, perfectly still, the sides steep, in many places precipitous, trees growing wherever a root could strike. The lake was three miles long, and seemed to end against the foot of a range of mountains five thousand feet high, the peaks of which, thickly covered with snow, were flushed with the crimson light of the evening. The surface of the water was spotted with rings where the trout were rising. One of the bonder's

boys, who had followed us, offered his boat. It was of native manufacture, and not particularly water-tight, but we stowed ourselves, one in the bow and the other in the stern. The boy had never seen such rods as ours ; he looked incredulously at them, and still more at our flies ; but he rowed us to the top of the lake, where a river came down out of the snow-mountain, finishing its descent with a leap over a cliff. Here he told us there were trout if we could catch them ; and he took us deliberately into the spray of the waterfall, not understanding, till we were nearly wet through, that we had any objection to it. As the evening went on the scene became every minute grander and more glorious. The sunset colors deepened ; a crag just over us, two thousand feet high, stood out clear and sharp against the sky. We stayed for two or three hours, idly throwing out flies and catching a few trout no longer than our hands, thereby confirming evidently our friend's impression of our inefficiency. At midnight we were in the yacht again—midnight, and it was like a night in England at the end of June five minutes after sunset.

This was our first experience of a Norway fjord, and for myself I would have been content to go no further ; have studied in detail the exquisite beauty which was round us ; have made friends with the bonder and his household, and found out what they made of their existence under such conditions. There in epitome would have been seeing Norway and the Norwegians. It was no Arcadia of piping shepherds. In the summer the young men are away at the mountain farms, high grazing-ground underneath the snow-line. The women work with their brothers and husbands, and weave and make the clothes. They dress plainly, but with good taste, with modest embroidery ; a handsome bag hangs

at the waist of the housewife. There is reading, too, and scholarship. A boy met us on a pathway, and spoke to us in English. We asked him when he had been in England. He had never been beyond his own valley ; in the long winter evenings he had taught himself with an English grammar. No wonder that with such ready adaptabilities they made the best of emigrants. The overflow of population which once directed itself in such rude fashion on Normandy and England now finds its way to the United States, and no incomers are more welcome there.

But a steam yacht is for movement and change. We were to start again at noon the next day. The morning was hot and bright. While the engineer was getting up steam, we rowed to the foot of the great fall. I had my small trout-rod with me, and trolled a salmon fly on the chance. There were no salmon there, but we saw brown trout rising ; so I tried the universal favorites—a March brown and a red spinner—and in a moment had a fish that bent the rod double. Another followed, and another, and then I lost a large one. I passed the rod to X——, in whose hands it did better service. In an hour we had a basket of trout that would have done credit to an English chalk stream. The largest was nearly three pounds weight, admirably grown, and pink ; fattened, I suppose, on the mussels which paved the bottom of the rapids. We were off immediately after, still guided to a new point by the chart, but not in this instance by the chart only. There was a spot which had been discovered the year before by the Duke of ——, of which we had a vague description. We had a log on board which had been kept by the duke's mate, in which he had recorded many curious experiences ; among the rest, an adventure at a certain lake not very far from where we were. The

duke had been successful there, and his lady had been very nearly successful. "We had grief yesterday," the mate wrote, "her Grace losing a twelve-pound salmon which she had caught on her little line, and just as they were going to hook it, it went off, and we were very sorry." The grief went deep, it seemed, for the next day the crew were reported as only "being as well as could be expected after so melancholy an accident." We determined to find the place, and, if possible, avenge her Grace. We crossed the Sogne and went up into the Nord Fjord—of all the fjords the most beautiful; for on either side there are low terraces of land left by glacier action, and more signs of culture and human habitations. After running for fifty miles, we turned into an inlet, corresponding tolerably with the duke's directions, and in another half hour we were again in a mountain basin like that which we had left in the morning. The cataracts were in their glory, the day having been warm for a wonder. I counted seventeen all close about us when we anchored, any one of which would have made the fortune of a Scotch hotel, and would have been celebrated by Mr. Murray in pages of passionate eloquence. But Strömen or "the Streams," as the place was called, was less solitary than Nord Gulen. There was a large bonder's farm on one side of us. There was a cluster of houses at the mouth of a river, half a mile from it. Above the village was a lake, and at the head of the lake an establishment of saw-mills. A gunshot from where we lay, on a rocky knoll, was a white wooden church, the Sunday meeting-place of the neighborhood; boats coming to it from twenty miles round bringing families in their bright Sunday attire. Roads there were none. To have made a league of road among such rocks and precipices would have cost the state a year's

revenue. But the water was the best of approaches, and boats the cheapest of carriages. We called on the chief bonder to ask for leave to fish in the lake. It was granted with the readiest courtesy ; but the Norsemen are proud in their way, and do not like the Englishman's habit of treating all the world as if it belonged to him. The low meadows round his house were bright with flowers : two kinds of wild geranium, an exquisite variety of harebell, sea-pride, pansies, violets, and the great pingicola. Among the rocks were foxgloves in full splendor, and wild roses just coming into flower. The roses alone of the Norway flora disappointed me ; the leaves are large, dark, and handsome ; the flower is insignificant, and falls to pieces within an hour of its opening. We were satisfied that we were on the right spot. The church stood on a peninsula, the neck of which immediately adjoined our anchorage. Behind it was the lake which had been the scene of the duchess's misfortune. We did not repeat our midnight experiment. We waited for a leisurely breakfast. Five of the crew then carried the yacht's cutter through fifty yards of bushes ; and we were on the edge of the lake itself, which, like all these inland waters, was glassy, still, deep, and overhung with precipices. The bonder had suggested to us that there were bears among them, which we might kill if we pleased, as they had just eaten seven of his sheep. So little intention had we of shooting bears that we had not brought rifle or even gun with us. Our one idea was to catch the duchess's twelve-pound salmon, or, if not that one, at least another of his kindred.

In a strange lake it is well always to try first with spinning tackle, a bait trolled with a long line from the stern of a boat rowed slowly. It will tell you if there

are fish to be caught ; it will find out for you where the fish most haunt, if there are any. We had a curious experience of the value of this method on a later occasion, and on one of our failures. We had found a lake joined to an arm of a fjord by a hundred yards only of clear running water. We felt certain of finding salmon there, and if we had begun with flies we might have fished all day and have caught nothing. Instead of this we began to spin. In five minutes we had a run ; we watched eagerly to see what we had got. It was a whiting pollock. We went on. We hooked a heavy fish. We assured ourselves that now we had at least a trout. It turned out to be a cod. The sea fish, we found, ran freely into the fresh water, and had chased trout and salmon completely out. At Strömen we were in better luck. We started with phantom minnows on traces of strong single gut, forty yards of line, and forty more in reserve on the reel. Two men rowed us up the shore an oar's length from the rocks. Something soon struck me. The reel flew round, the line spun out. In the wake of the boat there was a white flash, as a fish sprang into the air. Was it the duchess's salmon ? It was very like it, anyway ; and if we had lost him, it would have been entered down as a salmon. It proved, however, to be no salmon, but a sea trout, and such a sea trout as we had never seen ; not a bull trout, not a peel, not a Welsh sewin, or Irish white trout, but a Norwegian, of a kind of its own, different from all of them. It was the first of many which followed, of sizes varying from three pounds to the twelve pounds which the mate had recorded ; fine, bold, fighting fish, good to look at, good to catch, and as good to eat when we tried them. Finally, in the shallower water, at the upper end, a fish took me, which from its movements

was something else, and proved to be a large char, like what they take in Derwent-water, only four times the weight. Looking carefully at the water we saw more char swimming leisurely near the surface, taking flies. We dropped our spinning tackle, and took our fly rods ; and presently we were pulling in char, the blood royal of the salmonidæ, the elect of all the finned children of the fresh water, as if they had been so many Thames chub.

What need to talk more of fish ? The mate's log had guided us well. We caught enough and to spare, and her Grace's wrongs were avenged sufficiently. We landed for our frugal luncheon, but we sate in a bed of whortleberries, purple with ripe fruit, by a cascade which ran down out of a snow-field. Horace would have invited his dearest friend to share in such a banquet.

The next day was Sunday. The sight of the boats coming from all quarters to church was very pretty. Fifteen hundred people at least must have collected. I attended the service, but could make little of it. I could follow the hymns with a book ; but copies of the Liturgy, though printed, are not provided for general use, and are reserved to the clergy. The faces of the men were extremely interesting. There was nothing in them to suggest the old freebooter. They were mild and gentle-looking, with fair skins, fair hair, and light eyes, gray or blue. The expression was sensible and collected, but with nothing about it specially adventurous or daring. The women, in fact, were more striking than their husbands. There was a steady strength in their features which implied humor underneath. Two girls, I suppose sisters, reminded me of Mrs. Gaskell. With the Lutheran, Sunday afternoon is a holiday. A

yacht in such a place was a curiosity, and a fleet of boats surrounded us. Such as liked came on board and looked about them. They were well-bred, and showed no foolish surprise. One old dame, indeed, being taken down into the ladies' cabin, did find it too much for her. She dropped down and kissed the carpet. One of our party wondered afterward whether there was any chance of the Norwegians attaining a higher civilization. I asked her to define civilization. Did industry, skill, energy, sufficient food and raiment, sound practical education, and piety which believes without asking questions, constitute civilization ; and would luxury, newspapers, and mechanics' institutes mean a higher civilization ? The old question must first be answered, What is the real purpose of human life ?

At Strömen, too, we could not linger ; we stopped a few hours at Daviken on our way north, a considerable place for Norway, on the Nord Fjord. There is a bishop, I believe, belonging to it, but him we did not see. We called at the parsonage and found the pastor's wife and children. The pastor himself came on board afterward—a handsome man of sixty-seven, with a broad, full forehead, large nose, and straight, grizzled hair. He spoke English, and would have spoken Latin if we had ourselves been equal to it. He had read much English literature, and was cultivated above the level of our own average country clergy. His parish was thirty miles long on both sides of the fjord. He had several churches, to all of which he attended in turn, with boats in summer, and I suppose the ice in winter. We did not ask his salary ; it was doubtless small, but sufficient. He had a school under him, which he said was well attended. The master, who had a state certificate, was allowed £25 a year, on which he was able

to maintain himself. We could not afford time to see more of this gentleman, however. We were impatient for Trondhjem ; the engineer wanted coals ; we wanted our letters and newspapers ; and the steward wanted a washerwoman. On our way up, too, we had arranged to give a day or two to Romsdal, Rolf the Ganger's country—on an island in Romsdal Fjord the ruins can still be seen of Rolf's castle. It was there that Rolf, or Rollo as we call him, set out with his comrades to conquer Normandy, and produce the chivalry who fought at Hastings and organized feudal England. This was not to be missed ; and as little, a visit which we had promised to a descendant of one of those Normans, a distinguished Tory member of the House of Commons, and lord of half an English county. He had bought an estate in these parts, with a salmon river, and had built himself a house there.

Romsdal, independent of its antiquarian interest, is geologically the most remarkable place which we saw in Norway. The fjord expands into a wide estuary or large inland lake, into which many valleys open and several large streams discharge themselves. Romsdal proper was once evidently itself a continuation of the Great Fjord. The mountains on each side of it are peculiarly magnificent. On the left Romsdal's Horn shoots up into the sky, a huge peak which no one has ever climbed, and will try the mettle of the Alpine Club when they have conquered Switzerland. On the right is a precipitous wall of cliffs and crags as high and bold as the Horn itself. The upper end of the valley which divides them terminates in a narrow fissure, through which a river thunders down that carries the water of the great central ice-field into the valley. From thence it finds its way into the fjord, running through the glen

itself, which is seven or eight miles long, two miles wide, and richly cultivated and wooded. From the sea the appearance of the shore is most singular. It is laid out in level, grassy terraces, stretching all round the bay, rising in tiers one above the other, so smooth, so even, so nicely scarfed, that the imagination can hardly be persuaded that they are not the work of human engineers. But under water the formation is the same. At one moment you are in twenty fathoms, the next in forty, the next your cable will find no bottom ; and it is as certain as any conclusion on such subjects can be, that long ago, long ages before Rolf, and Knut, and the vikings, the main fjord was blocked with ice ; that while the ice barrier was still standing, and the valleys behind it were fresh-water lakes, the rivers gradually filled them with a *débris* of stone and soil. Each level terrace was once a lake bottom. The ice broke or melted away at intervals. The water was lowered suddenly forty or fifty feet, and the ground lately covered was left bare as the ice receded. We found our Englishman. His house is under the Horn at the bend of the valley, where the ancient fjord must have ended. It stands in a green, open meadow, approached through alder and birch woods, the first cataract where the snow-water plunges through the great chasm being in sight of the windows, and half a dozen inimitable salmon pools within a few minutes' walk. The house itself was simple enough, made of pine wood entirely, as the Norway houses always are, and painted white. It contained some half dozen rooms, furnished in the plainest English style, the summer house of a sportsman who is tired of luxury, and finds the absence of it an agreeable exchange. A man cannot be always catching salmon, even in Norway, and a smattering of science and natural history would

be a serviceable equipment in a scene where there are so many curious objects worth attending to. Our friend's tastes, however, did not lie in that direction. His shelves were full of yellow-backed novels—French, English, and German. His table was covered with the everlasting *Saturday Review*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Times*, and *Standard*. I think he suspected science as part of modern Liberalism ; for he was a Tory of the Tories, a man with whom the destinies had dealt kindly, in whose eyes therefore all existing arrangements were as they should be, and those who wished to meddle with them were enemies of the human race. He was sad and sorrowful. The world was not moving to his mind, and he spoke as if he was *ultimus Romanorum*. But if an aristocrat, he was an aristocrat of the best type—princely in his thought, princely in his habits, princely even in his salmon fishing. The pools in the river being divided by difficult rapids, he had a boat and a boatman for each. The sport was ample but uniform. There was an ice cellar under the house, where we saw half a dozen great salmon lying which had been caught in the morning. One salmon behaves much like another ; and after one has caught four or five, and when one knows that one can catch as many more as one wishes, impatient people might find the occupation monotonous. Happily there was a faint element of uncertainty still left. It was possible to fail even in the Romsdal. We were ourselves launched in boats in different pools at the risk of our lives to try our hands ; we worked diligently for a couple of hours, and I at least moved not so much as a fin. It was more entertaining a great deal to listen to our host as he declaimed upon the iniquities of our present Radical chief. Politics, like religion, are matters of faith on which reason says as little as possible.

One passionate belief is an antidote to another. It is impossible to continue to believe enthusiastically in a creed which a fellow-mortal with as much sense as oneself denies and execrates, and the collision of opinion produces the prudent scepticism which in most matters is the least mischievous frame of mind.

Here, too, in these pleasant surroundings we would gladly have loitered for a day or two ; but the steward was clamorous over his dirty linen, and it was not to be. Trondhjem, on which our intentions had been so long fixed, was reached at last. The weather had grown cold again, cold with cataracts of rain. Let no one go to Norway even in the dog-days without a winter wardrobe. The sea-water in our baths was at 47° ; we had fires in the cabin stove, and could not warm ourselves ; we shivered under four blankets in our berths. The mountains were buried in clouds, and the landscape was reduced to dull gray mist ; but the worst of weathers will serve for reading letters, laying in coal, and wandering about a town.

Trondhjem ought to have been interesting. It was the capital of the old Norse kings. There reigned the Olafs. It lies half way up the Norway coast in the very centre of the kingdom, on a broad, land-locked bay. The situation was chosen for its strength ; for a deep river all but surrounds the peninsula on which the town is built, and on the land side it must have been impregnable. The country behind it is exceptionally fertile, and is covered over with thriving farms ; but streets and shops are wearisome, and even the cathedral did not tempt us to pay it more than a second visit. It is a stern, solid piece of building ; early Norman in type, with doors, windows, and arches of zigzag pattern. It had fallen out of repair, and is now being restored by the

state ; hundreds of workmen are busy chipping and hammering, and are doing their business so well that the new work can hardly be distinguished from the old. But Catholic Christianity never seems to have got any hearty hold on Norway. St. Olaf thrust it upon the people at the sword's point, but their imaginations remained heathen till the Reformation gave them a creed which they could believe. I could not find a single tomb in the cathedral. I inquired where the old kings and chiefs were buried, and no one could tell me. I found, in fact, that they had usually come to an end in some sea battle, and had found their graves in their own element. Olaf Tryggveson went down, the last survivor in the last ship of his fleet, the rays of the sunset flashing on his armor as the waves closed over him. St. Olaf died in the same way. The entire absence of monumental stones or figures in the great metropolitan church of Norway is strange, sad, and impressive.

The town being exhausted, we drove a few miles out of it to see a foss, one of the grandest in the country. We said " Oh ! " to it, as Wolfe Tone did to Grattan. But waterfalls had become too common with us, and, in fact, the excitement about them has always seemed exaggerated to me. I was staying once in a house in the north of New York State when a gentleman came in fresh from Niagara, and poured out his astonishment over the enormous mass of water falling into the cauldron below. " Why is it astonishing ? " asked a Yankee who was present. " Why shouldn't the water fall ? The astonishing thing would be if it didn't fall. "

In short, we left the washerwoman in possession of the linen, which we could return and pick up when it was done, and we steamed away to examine the great Trondhjem Fjord ; fishing and making bad sketches as

the weather would allow. The weather generally allowed us to do very little, and drove us upon our books, which we could have read as well in our rooms at home. I had brought the "Elective Affinities" with me. I had not read it for thirty years. Then it had seemed to me the wisest of all didactic works. "Unconscious cerebration," as Dr. Carpenter calls it, when I read it again, had revolutionized my principles of judgment. I could still recognize the moral purpose. There are tendencies in human nature, like the chemical properties of material substances, which will claim possession of you, and even appear to have a moral right over you. But if you yield you will be destroyed. You can command yourself, and you must. Very true, very excellent; and set forth with Goethe's greatest power of fascination; but I found myself agreeing with the rest of the world, that it was a monstrous book after all. To put the taste out I tried Seneca, but I scarcely improved matters. Seneca's fame as a moralist and philosopher was due, perhaps, in the first instance, to his position about the court and to his enormous wealth. A little merit passes for a great deal when it is framed in gold—once established it would remain, from the natural liking of men for virtuous cant. Those lectures to Lucilius on the beauty of poverty from the greatest money-lender and usurer in the empire! Lucilius is to practise voluntary hardships, is to live at intervals on beggars' fare, and sleep on beggars' pallets, that he may sympathize in the sufferings of mortality and be independent of outward things. If Seneca meant it, why did he squeeze five millions of our money out of the provinces with loans and contracts? He was barren as the Sahara to me. Not a green spot could I find, not a single genial honest thought, in all the four volumes

with which I had encumbered myself. His finest periods rang hollow like brass sovereigns.

The rain would not stop, so we agreed to defy the rain and to fish in spite of it. We had the fjord before us for a week, and we landed wherever we could hear of lake or river. For twelve hours together the waterspout would come down upon us; we staggered about in thickest woollen, with macintoshes, and india-rubber boots. With flapped oilskin hats we should have been weather-proof, but with one of these I was unprovided; and, in spite of collars and woollen wrappers, the water would find its way down our necks till there was nothing dry left about us but the feet. Clothes grow heavy under such conditions; we had to take our lightest rods with us, and now and then came to grief. I was fishing alone one day in a broad, rocky stream fringed with alder bushes, dragging my landing-net along with me. At an open spot where there was a likely run within reach I had caught a four-pound sea trout. I threw again; a larger fish rose and carried off my fly. I mounted a "doctor," blue and silver, on the strongest casting-line in my book, and on the second cast a salmon came. The river in the middle was running like a mill-sluiice. I could not follow along the bank for the trees; my only hope was to hold on and drag the monster into the slack water under the shore. My poor little rod did its best, but its best was not enough; the salmon found his way into the waves, round went the reel, off flew the line to the last inch, and then came the inevitable catastrophe. The fish sprang wildly into the air, the rod straightened out, the line came home, and my salmon and my bright doctor sped away together to the sea.

We were none the worse for our wettings. Each

evening we came home dripping and draggled. A degree or two more of cold would have turned the rain into snow. Yet it signified nothing. We brought back our basketfuls of trout, and the Norwegian trout are the best in the world. We anchored one evening in a chasm with the mountain walls rising in precipices on both sides. The next morning as I was lying in my berth I heard a conversation between the steward and the captain. The captain asked the orders for the day ; the steward answered (he was the wit of the ship), " Orders are to stretch an awning over the fjord that his lordship may fish."

But the weather so far beat us that we were obliged to abandon Lofoden. We were now at the end of July, and it was not likely to mend, so we determined to turn about and spend the rest of our time in the large fjords of south Norway. Trondhjem had been our furthest point ; we could not coal there after all, so we had to make for Christiansund on the way. I was not sorry for it, for Christiansund is a curious little bustling place, and worth seeing. It is the headquarters of the North Sea fishing trade near the open ocean, and the harbor is formed by three or four islands divided by extremely narrow channels, with a deep, roomy basin in the middle of them. One of our crew was ill and had to be taken for two or three days to the hospital. The arrangements seemed excellent, as every public department is in Norway. The town was pretty. The Norwegians dress plainly ; but they like bright colors for their houses, and the red-tiled roofs and blue and yellow painted fronts looked pleasant after our clouds of mist. The climate from the proximity of the ocean is said to be mild for its latitude. The snow lies up to the lower windows through the winter, but that went for nothing.

There were stocks and columbines in the gardens ; there were ripe gooseberries and red currants and pink thorn and laburnum in flower. The harbor was full of fishing-smacks, like Brixham trawlers, only rather more old-fashioned. Gay steam ferry-boats rushed about from island to island ; large ships were loading ; well-dressed strangers were in the streets and shops ; an English yacht had come like ourselves to take in coal, and was moored side by side with us. There are fewer people in the world than we imagine, and we fall on old acquaintances when we least expect them. The once beautiful —— was on board whom I had known forty-five years ago. She had married a distinguished engineer, who was out for his holiday.

We stayed at Christiansund or in the neighborhood till our sick man was recovered, and then followed (under better auspices as regarded weather) ten days of scenery hunting which need not be described. We went to Sondal, Lærdal, Nordal, and I don't know how many "dals," all famous places in their way, but with a uniformity of variety which becomes tedious in a story. One only noticeable feature I observed about the sheds and poorer houses in these out-of-the-way districts. They lay turf sods over the roofs, which become thick masses of vegetation ; and on a single cottage roof you may see half a dozen trees growing ten or fifteen feet high. For lakes and mountains, however beautiful, the appetite soon becomes satiated. They please, but they cease to excite ; and there is something artificial in the modern enthusiasm for landscapes. Velasquez or Rubens could appreciate a fine effect of scenery as well as Turner or Stansfield ; but with them it was a framework, subordinate to some human interest in the centre of the picture. I suppose it is because man in these democratic

days has for a time ceased to touch the imagination that our poets and artists are driven back upon rocks and rivers and trees and skies ; but the eclipse can only be temporary, and I confess, for myself, that, sublime as the fjords were, the saw-mills and farmhouses and fishing-boats, and the patient, industrious people wresting a wholesome living out of that stern environment, affected me very much more nearly. I cannot except even the Geiranger, as tremendous a piece of natural architecture as exists in the globe. The fjord in the Geiranger is a quarter of a mile wide and six hundred fathoms deep. The walls of it are in most places not figuratively, but literally, precipices, and the patch of sky above your head seems to narrow as you look up. I hope I was duly impressed with the wonder of this ; but even here there was something which impressed me more, and that was the singular haymaking which was going on. The Norwegians depend for their existence on their sheep and cattle. Every particle of grass available for hay is secured ; and grass, peculiarly nutritious, often grows on the high ridges two thousand feet up. This they save as they can, and they have original ways of doing it. In the Geiranger it is tied tightly in bundles and flung over the cliffs to be gathered up in boats below. But science, too, is making its way in this northern wilderness. The farmhouses, for shelter's sake, are always at the bottom of valleys, and are generally near the sea. At one of our anchorages, shut in as usual among the mountains, we observed one evening from the deck what looked like a troop of green goats skipping and bounding down the cliffs. We discovered through a binocular that they were bundles of hay. The clever bonder had carried up a wire, like a telegraph wire, from his courtyard to a projecting point of

mountain ; on this ran iron rings as travellers which brought the grass directly to his door.

Twice only in our wanderings we had fallen in with our tourist countrymen : once at Lærdal, where a high-road comes down to a pier, and is met there by a corresponding steamer ; the second time coming down from the Geiranger, when we passed a boat with two ladies and a gentleman, English evidently, the gentleman touching his hat to the Yacht Club flag as we went by. Strange and pleasant the short glimpse of English faces in that wild chasm ! But we were plunged into the very middle of our countrymen at the last spot to which we went in search of the picturesque—a spot worth a few words as by far the most regularly beautiful of all the places which we visited. At the head of one of the long inlets which runs south, I think, out of the Hardanger Fjord (but our rapid movements were confusing) stands Odde, once a holy place in Scandinavian mythological history. There is another Odde in Iceland, also sacred—I suppose Odin had something to do with it. The Odde Fjord is itself twenty miles long, and combines the softest and grandest aspects of Norwegian scenery. The shores are exceptionally well cultivated, richer than any which we had seen. Every half mile some pretty farmhouse was shining red through clumps of trees, the many cattle-sheds speaking for the wealth of the owner. Above, through the rifts of higher ranges, you catch a sight of the central ice-field glacier streaming over among the broken chasms and melting in to waterfalls. At Odde itself there is an extensive tract of fertile soil on the slope of a vast moraine, which stretches completely across the broad valley. On the sea at the landing-place is a large church and two considerable hotels, which were thronged with visitors. A

broad road excellently engineered leads down to it, and we found a staff of English-speaking guides whose services we did not require. We had seen much of the ice action elsewhere, but the performances of it at Odde were more wonderful even than at Romsdal. The moraine is perhaps four hundred and fifty feet high ; the road winds up the side of it among enormous granite boulders, many of them weighing thousands of tons, which the ice has tossed about like pebble stones. On reaching the crest you see a lake a quarter of a mile off ; but before you come to it you cross some level fields, very rich to look at, and with patches of white-heart cherry-trees scattered about, the fruit, when we came there at the end of August, being actually ripe and extremely good. These fields were the old lake bottom ; but the river has cut a dike for itself through the top of the moraine, and the lake has gone down some twenty feet, leaving them dry.

The weather (penitent, perhaps, for having so long persecuted us) was in a better humor. Our days at Odde were warm and without a cloud, and we spent them chiefly by the lake, which was soft as Windermere. We had come into a land of fruit ; not cherries only, but wild raspberries and strawberries were offered us in leaves by the girls on the road. The road itself followed the lake margin, among softly rounded and wooded hills, the great mountains out of sight behind them, save only in one spot where, through a gorge, you looked straight up to the eternal snow-field, from which a vast glacier descended almost into the lake itself, the ice imitating precisely the form of falling water, crushing its way among the rocks, parting in two where it met a projecting crag, and uniting again behind it, seeming even to heave and toss in angry waves of foam.

From this glacier the lake was chiefly fed, and was blue, like skimmed milk, in consequence. We walked along it for several miles. Fishing seemed hopeless in water of such a texture. As we turned a corner two carriages dashed by us with some young men and dogs and guns—cockneys out for their holiday. “Any sport, sir?” one of them shouted to me, seeing a rod in my hand, in the cheerful, familiar tone which assumed that sport must be the first and only object which one could have in such a place. They passed on to the hotel, and the presence of so many of our countrymen was inclining us to cut short our own stay. Some of the party, however, wished to inspect the glacier. We were ourselves assured that there were salmon in the lake, which, in spite of the color, could be caught there. It was the last opportunity which we should have, as after Odde our next move was to be Christiania. So we agreed to take one more day there and make the most of it. We got two native boats, and started to seek adventures. Alas! we had the loveliest views: but the blue waters of Odde, however fair to look upon, proved as ill to fish in as at the first sight of them we were assured they must be. Our phantoms could not be seen three inches off, and the stories told us we concluded to be fables invented for the tourists. I, for my own part, had gone to the furthest extremity of the lake, where it ended in a valley like Borrodale. I was being rowed listlessly back, having laid aside my tackle, and wishing that I could talk to my old boatman, who looked as if all the stories of the Edda were inside him, when my eye was suddenly caught by a cascade coming down out of a ravine into the lake which had not been bred in the glaciers, and was limpid as the Itchen itself. At the mouth of this it was just possible that

there might be a char or something with fins that could see to rise. It was my duty to do what I could for the yacht's ensine. I put together my little trout-rod for a last attempt, and made my boatman row me over to it. The clear water was not mixing with the blue, but pushing its way through the milky masses, which were eddying and rolling as if they were oil. In a moment I had caught a sea trout. Immediately after I caught a second, and soon a basketful. They had been attracted by the purer liquid, and were gathered there in a shoal. They were lying with their noses up the stream at the furthest point to which they could go. I got two or three, and those the largest, by throwing my fly against the rocks exactly at the fall. X—— came afterward and caught more and bigger fish than I did ; and our sport, which indeed we had taken as it came without specially seeking for it, was brought to a good end. The end of August was come, and with it the period of our stay in the fjords. We had still to see Christiania, and had no time to lose. But of all the bits of pure natural loveliness which we had fallen in with, Odde and its blue lake, and glacier, and cherry orchards, and wild strawberries has left the fairest impression ; perhaps, however, only because it was the last, for we were going home ; and they say that when a man dies, the last image which he has seen is photographed on his retina.

But now away. The smoke pours through the funnel. The steam is snorting like an impatient horse. The quick rattle of the cable says that the anchor is off the ground. We were off, and had done with fjords. The inner passages would serve no longer ; we had to make for open sea once more to round the foot of the peninsula. It is at no time the softest of voyages. The

North Sea is not the home of calm sunsets and light-breathing zephyrs, and it gave us a taste of its quality, which, after our long sojourn in smooth water, was rather startling. If the wind and sea are ever wilder than we found them in those latitudes, I have no desire to be present at the exhibition. We fought the storm for twenty-four hours, and were then driven for refuge into a headstead at the southern extremity of Norway near Mandal. The neighborhood was interesting, if we had known it, for at Mandal Mary Stuart's Earl of Bothwell was imprisoned when he escaped from the Orkneys to Denmark. The dungeon where he was confined is still to be seen, and as the earl was an exceptional villain, the authentic evidence of eyesight that he had spent an uncomfortable time in his exile would not have been unwelcome. But we discovered what we had lost when it was too late to profit by our information. We amused ourselves by wandering on shore and observing the effect of the change of latitude on vegetation. We found the holly thriving, of which in the north we had not seen a trace, and the hazel bushes had ripe nuts on them. There was still a high sea the next day ; but we made thirty miles along the coast to Arendal, an advanced, thriving town of modern aspect built in a sheltered harbor, with broad quays, fine buildings, and a gay parade. It was almost dark when we entered, and the brilliant lights and moving crowds and carriages formed a singular contrast to the unfinished scenes of unregenerate nature which we had just left. The Norse nature, too, hard and rugged as it may be, cannot resist the effect of its occupations. Aristotle observes that busy sea towns are always democratic. Norway generally, though republican, is intensely conservative. The bonders who elect the representatives walk in the

ways of their fathers, and have the strongest objection to new ideas. Arendal, I was told, sends to Parliament an eloquent young Radical, the admired of all the newspapers. There is, I believe, no likelihood that he will bring about a revolution. But there is no knowing, when the king is an absentee. We spent one night at Arendal. In the morning the storm had left us, and before sunset we were at anchor at Christiania. It was Sunday. The weather was warm, the water smooth, the woody islands which surround and shelter the anchorage were glowing in gold and crimson. Christiania, a city of domes and steeples, lay before us with its fleets of steamers and crowded shipping. Hundreds of tiny yachts and pleasure-boats were glancing round us. There is no sour sabbatarianism in Norway. One of the islands is a kind of Cremorne. When night fell the music of the city band came floating over the water ; blue lights blazed and rockets flashed into the sky with their flights of crimson stars. It was a scene which we had not expected in these northern regions ; but life can have its enjoyments even above the sixtieth parallel.

There is much to be seen in Christiania. There is a Parliament house and a royal palace, and picture-galleries and botanical gardens, and a museum of antiquities, and shops where articles of native workmanship can be bought by Englishmen at three times their value, and ancient swords and battle-axes, and drinking-horns and rings and necklaces, genuine, at present, for all I know to the contrary, but capable of imitation, and likely in these days of progress to be speedily imitated. If the holy coat of Trèves has been multiplied by ten, why should there not be ten swords of Olaf Tryggveson ? But all these things are written of in the hand-book of Mr. Murray, where the curious can read of them. One

real wonder we saw and saw again at Christiania, and could not satisfy ourselves with seeing ; and with an account of this I shall end. It was a viking's ship ; an authentic vessel in which, while Norway was still heathen, before St. Olaf drilled his people into Christianity with sword and gallows, a Norse chief and his crew had travelled these same waters, and in which, when he died, he had been laid to rest. It had been covered in with clay which had preserved the timbers. It had been recovered almost entire—the vessel itself, the oars, the boats, the remnants of the cordage, even down to the copper cauldron in which he and his men had cooked their dinners ; the names, the age, the character of them all buried in the soil, but the proof surviving that they had been the contemporaries and countrymen of the “ Danes ” who drove the English Alfred into the marshes of Somersetshire.

Our yacht's company were as eager to see this extraordinary relic as ourselves. We went in a body, and never tired of going. It had been found fifty miles away, had been brought to Christiania, and had been given in charge to the university. A solid weather-proof shed had been built for it where we could study its structure at our leisure.

The first thing which struck us all was the beauty of the model, as little resembling the old drawings of Norse or Saxon ships as the figures which do duty there as men resemble human beings. White, of Cowes, could not build a vessel with finer lines, or offering less resistance to the water. She was eighty feet long and seventeen and a half feet beam. She may have drawn three feet, scarcely more, when her whole complement was on board. She was pierced for thirty-two oars, and you could see the marks on the side of the rowlocks where the oars

had worn the timber. She had a single mast, stepped in the solid trunk of a tree, which had been laid along the keel. Her knee timbers were strong; but her planks were unexpectedly slight, scarcely more than half an inch thick. They had been formed by careful splitting; there is no sign of the action of a saw, and the ends of them had been trimmed off by the axe. They had been set on and fastened with iron nails, and the seams had been carefully calked. Deck she had none—a level floor a couple of feet below the gunwale ran from stem to stern. The shields of the crew formed a bulwark, and it was easy to see where they had been fixed. Evidently, therefore, she had been a war-ship; built for fighting, not carrying cargoes. But there was no shelter, and could have been none; no covered forecastles, no stern cabin. She stood right open fore and aft to wind and waves; and though she would have been buoyant in a seaway and in the heaviest gale would have shipped little water, even Norsemen could not have been made of such impenetrable stuff that they would have faced the elements with no better protection in any distant expedition. That those who sailed in her were to some extent careful of themselves is accidentally certain. Among the stores was a plank with crossbars nailed upon it, meant evidently for landing on a beach. One of our men, who was quick at inferences, exclaimed at once: “These fellows must have worn shoes and stockings. If they had been barelegged they would have jumped overboard and would not have wanted a landing-plank.”

I conclude, therefore, that she was not the kind of vessel of which the summer squadrons were composed that came down the English Channel, but that she was intended either for the fjords only, or for the narrow

waters between Norway and Sweden and Denmark at the mouth of the Baltic. Her rig must have been precisely what we had been lately seeing on the Sogne or Hardanger ; a single large sail on a square yard fit for running before the wind, or with the wind slightly on the quarter, but useless at a closer point. The rudder hung over the side a few feet from the stern, a heavy oar with a broad blade and a short handle, shaped so exactly like the rudders of the Roman vessels on Trajan's column that the Norsemen, it is likely, had seen the pattern somewhere and copied it.

Such is this strange remnant of the old days which has suddenly started into life. So vivid is the impression which it creates that it is almost as if some Sweyn or Harold in his proper person had come back among us from the grave. If we were actually to see such a man we should be less conscious perhaps of our personal superiority than we are apt to imagine. A law of compensation follows us through our intellectual and mechanical progress. The race collectively knows and can execute immeasurably greater things than the Norsemen. Individually they may have been as ready and intelligent as ourselves. The shipwright certainly who laid the lines of the viking's galley would have something to teach as well as to learn in the yard of a modern yacht-builder.

But enough now of Norway. Our time was out ; our tour was over ; we seated ourselves once more on our wishing carpet, and desired to be at Cowes ; we were transported thither, with the care and almost the speed with which the genius of the lamp transported the palace of Aladdin ; and we felt that we had one superiority at least which the viking would have envied us.

III.

A CAGLIOSTRO OF THE SECOND CENTURY.*

IN the Acts of the Apostles we meet with a class of persons whose features have in our own times become again familiar to us—quacks and conjurers professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and regarded with curiosity and interest by serious men high in rank and authority. Sergius Paulus was craving for any light which could be given him, and in default of better teaching had listened to Elymas the Sorcerer. Simon Magus, if we may credit Catholic tradition, was in favor at the Imperial Court of Rome, where he matched his power against St. Peter's, and was defeated only because God was stronger than the devil. The "curious arts" of these people were regarded both by Christian and heathen as a real mastery of a supernatural secret; and in the hunger for information about the great mystery with which the whole society was possessed, they rose, many of them, into positions of extraordinary influence and consequence. Asia Minor seems to have been their chief breeding ground, where Eastern magic came in contact with Greek civilization,

* We shall never be free from the danger of imposture. There are many signs of a revival of miracle-mongering in the name of Christianity. This essay will be found a valuable preparation for the study of any evidence presented by the new school of thaumaturgists.—EDITOR.

and imposture was able to disguise itself in the phrases of philosophy.

Apollonius of Tyana was the most remarkable of these adventurers. His life, unfortunately, has been written by believers in his pretensions ; and we have no knowledge of what he looked like to cool observers. The Apollonius of Philostratus is a heathen saviour, who claimed a commission from heaven to teach a pure and reformed religion, and in attestation of his authority went about healing the sick, raising dead men to life, casting out devils, and prophesying future events which came afterward to pass. The interesting fact about Apollonius is the extensive recognition which he obtained, and the ease with which his pretensions found acceptance in the existing condition of the popular mind. Out of the legends of him little can be gathered, save the barest outline of his history. He was born four years before the Christian era in Tyana, a city of Cappadocia. His parents sent him to be educated at Tarsus in Cilicia, a place of considerable wealth and repute, and he must have been about beginning his studies there when St. Paul as a little boy was first running about the streets. The life in Tarsus being too luxurious for Apollonius's aspirations, he became a water-drinker and a vegetarian, and betook himself as a recluse to the temple of Æsculapius at Ægæ. Æsculapius, as the god of healing, and therefore the most practically useful, had become the most popular of the heathen divinities. He alone of them was supposed to remain beneficently active, and even to appear at times in visible form in sick-rooms and by sick-beds. Apollonius's devotion to Æsculapius means that he studied medicine. On the death of his father he divided his property among the poor, and after five years of retirement he

travelled as far as India in search of knowledge. He discoursed with learned Brahmuns there, and came home with enlightened ideas, and with some skill in the arts of the Indian jugglers. With these two possessions he began his career as a teacher in the Roman Empire. He preached his new religion, and he worked miracles to induce people to believe in him. He was at Rome in Nero's time, when Simon Magus and St. Peter are said to have been there. Perhaps tradition has confused Apollonius with Simon Magus, or Simon Magus with Apollonius. In the convulsions which followed Nero's murder, being then an old man, he attached himself to Vespasian in Egypt. Vespasian, who was not without his superstitions, and himself had been once persuaded to work a miracle, is said to have looked kindly on him and patronized him, and Apollonius blossomed out into glory as the spiritual adviser of the Vespasian dynasty. The cruelties of Domitian estranged him. He was accused of conspiring with Nerva, and of having sacrificed a child to bribe the gods in Nerva's interest. He was even charged with having pretended to be a god himself. He was arraigned, convicted, and was about to suffer, when he vanished out of the hands of the Roman police, to reappear at Ephesus, where he soon after died.

Clearly enough, we are off the ground of history in much of this. If Apollonius died at Ephesus in Nerva's time, he was a hundred years old at least, and must have been a contemporary and neighbor of St. John, who is supposed to have been writing his Gospel in the same city about that very time.

However that may be, it is certain that after his death a temple was raised to Apollonius at the place of his birth, and Tyana became a privileged city. Similar

honors were assigned elsewhere to him as an evidence of the facility and completeness with which he had gained credit for his pretended divine commission. The truth about him is probably that he was a physician, and had obtained some real knowledge of the methods of curing diseases. In India, besides philosophy and juggling, he may have learned to practice what is now called animal magnetism; and finding that he had a real power on the nervous system of hysterical patients, the nature of which he did not understand, he may have himself believed it to be supernatural. With these arts he succeeded in persuading his countrymen that he was "some great one," "a great power of God;" and both in life and death, in an age when the traditionary religion was grown incredible, and the human race was craving for a new revelation, Apollonius of Tyana, among many others, was looked upon through a large part of the Roman Empire as an emanation of the Divine nature. Such periods are the opportunities of false prophets. Mankind when they grow enthusiastic mistake their hopes and imaginations for evidence of truth, and run like sheep after every new pretender who professes to hold the key of the mystery which they are so passionately anxious to penetrate.

Our present business, however, is not with the prophet of Tyana. Apollonius left a school of esoteric disciples behind him, with one of whom we are fortunately able to form a closer acquaintance. Apollonius we see through a mist of illusion. Alexander of Abonotichus we are able to look at with the eyes of the cleverest man who was alive on this planet in the second century. With the help of Lucian's portrait of Alexander we can discern, perhaps, the lineaments of Apollonius himself. We can see, at any rate, what these workers of miracles

really were, as well as the nature of the element in which they made their conquests, at the side of, and in open rivalry with, the teachers of Christianity.

A word first about Lucian himself. At the Christian era, and immediately after it, the Asiatic provinces of the Empire were singularly productive of eminent men. The same intercourse of Eastern and Western civilization which produced the magicians was generating in all directions an active intellectual fermentation. The "disciples" were "called Christians first at Antioch." It was in Asia Minor that St. Paul first established a Gentile Church. There sprang up the multitude of heresies out of conflict with which the Christian creeds shaped themselves. And by the side of those who were constructing a positive faith were found others, who were watching the phenomena round them with an anxious but severe scepticism, unable themselves to find truth in the agitating speculations which were distracting everybody that came near them, but with a clear eye to distinguish knaves and impostors, and a resolution as honorable as St. Paul's to fight with and expose falsehood wherever they encountered it. Among these the most admirable was the satirist, artist, man of letters, the much-spoken-of and little-studied Lucian, the most gifted and perhaps the purest-hearted thinker outside the Church who was produced under the Roman Empire. He was born at Samosata on the Euphrates about the year 120. He was intended for a sculptor, but his quick discursive intellect led him into a wider field, and he spent his life as a critic of the spiritual phenomena of his age. To Christianity he paid little attention. To him it appeared but as one of the many phases of belief which were showing themselves among the ignorant and uneducated. But it was harmless, and he did

not quarrel with it. He belonged to the small circle of observers who looked on such things with the eyes of men of science. Cool-headed, and with an honest hatred of lies, he ridiculed the impious theology of the established pagan religion ; with the same instinct he attacked the charlatans who came, like Apollonius, pretending to a Divine commission. He was doing the Church's work when he seemed most distant from it, and was struggling against illusions peculiarly seductive to the class of minds to whom the Church particularly addressed itself. Thus to Lucian we are indebted for cross lights upon the history of times which show us how and why at that particular period Christianity was able to establish itself. His scientific contemporaries were more antagonistic to it than himself. The Celsus against whom Origen wrote his great defence was probably Lucian's intimate friend. But if Christianity was incredible and offensive to them, men like Apollonius of Tyana were infinitely more offensive. Christianity was at most a delusion. Apollonius of Tyana they hated as a quack and a scoundrel. Besides the treatise which Origen answered, Celsus wrote a book against the magicians. Lucian speaks of Apollonius in a letter to Celsus as if they were both agreed about the character of the prophet of Tyana, and had this book survived we should have perhaps found a second picture there of Apollonius, which would have made impossible the rash parallels which have been attempted in modern times. The companion picture of Alexander of Abonotichus, by Lucian himself, happily remains. When the world was bowing down before this extraordinary rascal, Lucian traced out his history, and risked his own life in trying to explode the imposture. Though human folly proved too strong, and Alexander died like Apollonius, with the supernatural

aureole about him, Lucian, at the express desire of Celsus, placed on record a minute account of the man, lucid to the smallest detail. He describes him as a servant of the devil, in the most modern sense of the word—not of the prince of the power of the air, as a Christian Father would have described him, with evil genii at his bidding, but of the devil of lying and imposture with whom nowadays we are so sadly familiar. He commences with an apology for touching so base a subject ; he undertakes it only at his friend's request. Nor can he tell the entire story. Alexander of Abonotichus was as great in rascaldom as Alexander of Macedon in war and politics. His exploits would fill large volumes, and the most which Lucian could do was to select a few basketfuls from the dunghheap and offer them as specimens. Even thus much he feels a certain shame in attempting. If the wretch had received his true deserts, he would have been torn in pieces by apes and foxes in the arena, and the very name of him would have been blotted out of memory. Biographies, however, had been written, and had given pleasure, of distinguished highwaymen ; and an account of a man who had plundered, not a small district, but the whole Roman Empire, might not be without its uses.

With these few words of contemptuous preface Lucian tells his story ; and in a form still more abridged we now offer it to our readers.

Abonotichus was a small coast town on the south shore of the Black Sea, a few miles west of Sinope. At this place, at the beginning of the second century, the future prophet was brought into the world. His parents were in a humble rank of life. The boy was of unusual beauty ; and having no inclination to work and a very strong inclination for pleasure, he turned his advantages

to abominable account. By and by he was taken up by a doctor who had been one of Apollonius's disciples. The old villain had learned his master's arts. He understood medicine, could cure stomachaches and headaches, set a limb, or assist at a lying-in. But besides his legitimate capabilities, he had set up for a magician. He dealt in spells and love-charms; he could find treasures with a divining rod, discover lost deeds and wills, provide heirs for disputed inheritances, and, when well paid for it, he knew how to mix a poison. In these arts the young Alexander became an apt pupil, and was useful as a sort of *famulus*. He learned Apollonius's traditionary secrets, and at the age of twenty, when his master died, he was in a condition to practise on his own account.

He was now thrown on the world to shift for himself. But his spirits were light, and his confidence in himself was boundless: as long as there were fools with money in their pockets, he could have a well-founded hope of transferring part of it to his own. A provincial town was too small a theatre of operations. He set off for Byzantium, the great mart of ancient commerce, which was thronged with merchants from all parts of the world. Like seeks like. At Byzantium, Alexander made acquaintance with a vagabond named Cocconas, a fellow who gained a living by foretelling the winners at games and races, lounging in the betting rings, and gambling with idle young gentlemen. By this means he found entrance into what was called society. Alexander was more beautiful as a man than as a boy. Cocconas introduced him to a rich Macedonian lady, who was spending the season in the city. The lady fell in love with him, and, on her return to her country seat at Pella, carried Alexander and his friend along with

her. This was very well for a time ; but the situation, perhaps, had its drawbacks. Aspiring ambition is not easily satisfied ; and the young heart began to sigh for a larger sphere.

In the midst of pleasure he had an eye for business. In Macedonia, and especially about Pella, there was at this time a great number of large harmless snakes. They came into the houses, where they were useful in keeping down rats and mice ; they let the children play with them ; they crept into beds at night, and were never interfered with. From this local peculiarity the story, perhaps, originated of the miraculous birth of Alexander the Great. It occurred to the two adventurers that something might be made of one of these serpents. They bought a very handsome specimen, and soon after they left Pella, taking it with them.

For a while they lounged about together, carrying on Cocconas's old trade, and expanding it into fortune-telling. Fools, they observed, were always craving to know the future, and would listen to any one who pretended to see into it. In this way they made much money, and they found the art so easy that their views went higher. They proposed to set up an oracular shrine of their own, which would take the place of Delphi and Delos. The pythonesses on the old-established tripods were growing silent. Apollo, it seemed, was tired of attending them, and inquirers were often sent away unsatisfied. There was clearly a want in the world, and Alexander and his friend thought they saw their way toward supplying it.

The loss of oracles was not the whole of the misfortune. The world was beginning to feel that it had even lost God. The Greek mythology had grown incredible. The Epicureans were saying that there was no such thing as Providence, and never had been. The majority

of people were still of a different opinion ; but they were uneasy, and were feeling very generally indeed that if gods there were, they ought to make their existence better known. Here was an opportunity, not only of making a fortune, but of vindicating the great principles of religion and becoming benefactors of humanity.

They decided to try. Sleight of hand and cunning might succeed when philosophy had failed. Was it said there were no gods ? They would produce a god, a real visible god, that men could feel and handle, that would itself speak and give out oracles, and so silence forever the wicked unbelievers. So far they saw their way. The next question was, the place where the god was to appear. Cocconas was for Chaleedon, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. It was a busy town, almost as full of merchants as Byzantium, the population all engaged with speculation, and money in any quantity to be made there. This was good as far as it went. But Chaleedon was too much in the light. The pagan gods, as the shrewder Alexander knew, were not fond of commercial cities. Christianity might thrive there ; but caves, mountains, and woods, remote islands, retired provincial villages, suited better with Apollo and Æsculapius. Traders' wits were sharpened with business, and they might be unpleasantly curious. The simple inhabitants of the interior, Phrygians and Bithynians, Galatians and Cappadocians, would be an easier prey where a reputation had first to be created—and success depended upon a favorable beginning. At his own Abonotichus, he told Cocconas that a man had only to appear with a fife and drum before him, and clashing a pair of cymbals, and the whole population would be on their knees before him.

The better judgment of Alexander carried the day.

Abonotichus itself was decided on as the theatre of operations. Cocconas, however, was allowed to introduce Chalcedon into the first act of the drama. Æsculapius, the best believed in of the surviving divinities, was the god who was to be incarnated. Joe Smith must have read Lucian's story, and have taken a hint from it. In the temple of Apollo at Chalcedon the bold adventurers buried some brass plates, bearing an inscription that Apollo and Æsculapius were about to visit Pontus, and that Æsculapius would appear at Abonotichus in a bodily form. The plates were conveniently discovered, and became the talk of the bazaars. Merchants going and coming spread the story. Asia Minor was excited, as well it might be. At the favored Abonotichus the delighted people resolved to build a temple to receive the god at his coming, and they set to work at once, clearing the ground for the foundations.

The train being thus well laid, Alexander had no further need of a companion. Cocconas was a vulgar type of rogue, unfit for the decorous hypocrisies which were now to be acted. He was left behind on some pretext at Chalcedon, where he died, it was said from a snake-bite, and so drops out of sight. The supreme performer returned, with the field to himself, to his native town. Lucian describes him as he then appeared: tall, majestic, extremely handsome, hair long and flowing, complexion fair, a moderate beard, partly his own and partly false, but the imitation excellent, eyes large and lustrous, and a voice sweet and limpid. As to his character, says Lucian, "God grant that I may never meet with such another. His cunning was wonderful, his dexterity matchless. His eagerness for knowledge, his capacity for learning, and power of memory were equally extraordinary."

The simple citizens of Abonotichus, on the watch already for the coming of a god among them, had no chance against so capable a villain. They had not seen him since the wonderful days of his boyhood, when he had been known as the *fanulus* of an old wizard. He now presented himself among them, his locks wildly streaming, in a purple tunic, with a white cloak thrown over it. In his hand he bore a falchion like that with which Perseus had slain the Gorgon. He chanted a doggerel of Alexandrian metaphysics, with monads and triads, pentads and decads, playing in anagrams upon his own name. He had learned from an oracle, he said, that Perseus was his mother's ancestor, and that a wonderful destiny had been foretold for him. He rolled his beautiful soft eyes. With the help of soapwort he foamed at the mouth as if possessed. The poor people had known his mother, and had no conception of her illustrious lineage. But there was no disputing with an oracle. What an oracle said must be true. He was received with an ovation, all the town bowing down before him, and he then prepared for his next step.

The snake throughout the East was the symbol of knowledge and immortality. The serpent with his tail in his mouth represented the circle of eternity. The serpent in annually shedding its skin was supposed to renew its life forever. A sect even of Gnostic Christians were serpent-worshippers. From the time of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, it was the special emblem of the art of healing; and if the divine physician ever appeared on earth in visible shape, a snake's was the form which he might be expected to assume.

The snake which had been bought at Pella was now to be applied to its purpose. The monster, for it was of enormous size, had accompanied Alexander through his

subsequent adventures. It had become so tame that it would coil about his body, and remain in any position which he desired. He had made a human face out of linen for it, which he had painted with extreme ingenuity. The mouth would open and shut by an arrangement of horse-hair. The black forked tongue shot in and out, and the creature had grown accustomed to its mask and wore it without objection.

A full-grown divinity being thus ready at hand, the intending prophet next furnished himself with the egg of a goose, opened it, cleared out the contents, and placed inside a small embryo snake just born. This done he filled the cracks and smoothed them over with wax and white lead. Æsculapius's temple was meanwhile making progress. The foundations had been dug, and there were pits and holes, which a recent rain had filled with water. In one of these muddy pools Alexander concealed his egg, as he had done the plates at Chalcedon, and the next morning he rushed into the market-place in a state of frenzy, almost naked, a girdle of gold tissue about his waist, hair streaming, eyes flashing, mouth foaming, and the Persens falchion wheeling about his head. The crowd collected, at the sight of him, frantic as himself. He sprang upon some mound or bench. "Blessed," he cried, "be this town of Abonotichus, and blessed be they that dwell in it! This day the prophecy is fulfilled, and God is coming to take his place among us."

The entire population was out, old and young, men and women, quivering with hope and emotion. Alexander made an oration in an unknown tongue; some said it was Hebrew, some Phœnician, all agreed that it was inspired. The only words articulately heard were the names of Apollo and Æsculapius. When he had

done he set up the familiar Psalm of the Son of God, and moved, with the crowd singing in chorus behind him, to the site of the temple. He stepped into the water, offered a prayer to Æsculapius, and then, asking for a bowl, he scooped his egg out of the mud.

“ Æsculapius is here,” he said, holding it for a moment in the hollow of his hand. And then, with every eye fixed on him in the intensity of expectation, he broke it. The tiny creature twisted about his fingers. “ It moves, it moves !” the people cried in ecstacy. Not a question was asked. To doubt would have been impious. They shouted. They blessed the gods. They blessed themselves for the glory which they had witnessed. Health, wealth, all pleasant things which the god could give, they saw raining on the happy Abonotichus. Alexander swept back to his house, bearing the divinity in his bosom, the awe-struck people following. For a few days there was a pause, while the tale of what had happened spread along the shores of the Black Sea. Then on foot, on mules, in carts, in boats, multitudes flocked in from all directions to the birthplace of Æsculapius. The roads were choked with them ; the town overflowed with them. “ They had the forms of men,” as Lucian says, “ but they were as sheep in all besides, heads and hearts empty alike.” Alexander was ready for their reception. He had erected a booth or tabernacle, with a door at each end and a railed passage leading from one door to the other. Behind the rail, on a couch, in a subdued light, the prophet sat, visible to every one, the snake from Pella wreathed about his neck, the coils glittering amid the folds of his dress, the tail playing on the ground. The head was concealed : but occasionally the prophet raised his arm, and then appeared the awful face, the mouth

moving, the tongue darting in and out. There it was, the veritable traditionary serpent with the human countenance which appears in the mediæval pictures of the Temptation and the Fall.

The prophet told the spectators that into this mysterious being the embryo that was found in the egg had developed in a few days. The place was dark ; the crowd which was pressing to be admitted was enormous. The stream of worshippers passed quickly from door to door. They could but look and give place to others. But a single glance was enough for minds disposed to believe. The rapidity of the creature's growth, so far from exciting suspicion, was only a fresh evidence of its miraculous nature. The first exhibition was so successful that others followed. The first visitors had been chiefly the poor ; but as the fame of the appearance spread, the higher classes caught the infection. Men of fortune came with rich offerings ; and so confident was Alexander in their folly that those who gave most liberally were allowed to touch the scales and to look steadily at the moving mouth. So well the trick was done that Lucian says, "Epicurus himself would have been taken in." "Nothing could save a man but a mind with the firmness of adamant, and fortified by a scientific conviction that the thing which he supposed himself to see was a physical impossibility."

The wonder was still imperfect. The divinity was there, but as yet he had not spoken. The excitement, however, grew and spread. All Asia Minor was caught with it. The old stories were true then. There were gods, after all, and the wicked philosophers were wrong. Heavy hearts were lifted up again. From lip to lip the blessed message flew ; over Galatia, over Bithynia, away across the Bosphorus, into Thrace and Macedonia. A

god, a real one, had been born at Abonotichus, with a serpent's body and the face of a man. Pictures were taken of him. Images were made in brass or silver and circulated in thousands. At length it was announced that the lips had given an articulate sound.

"I am Glyeon, the sweet one," the creature had said, "the third in descent from Zeus, and the light of the world."

The temple was now finished. Proper accommodation had been provided for Æsculapins and his prophet priest; and a public announcement was made that the god, for a fit consideration, would answer any questions which might be put to him. There was a doubt at first about the tariff. Amphiloehus, who had migrated from Thebes to a shrine in Cilicia, and had been prophesying there for ten centuries, charged two obols, or three pence, for each oracle; but money had fallen in value, and answers directly from a god were in themselves of higher worth. Æsculapins, or Alexander for him, demanded eight obols, or a shilling. Days and hours were fixed when inquirers could be received. They were expected to send in their names beforehand, and to write their questions on a paper or parchment, which they might seal up in any way that they pleased. Alexander received the packets from their hands, and after a day, or sometimes two days, restored them with the answers to the questions attached.

People came, of course, in thousands. The seals being apparently unbroken, the mere fact that an answer was given of some kind predisposed them to be satisfied with it. Either a heated knife-blade had been passed under the wax, or a cast of the impression was taken in collyrium and a new seal was manufactured. The obvious explanation occurred to no one. People in

search of the miraculous never like to be disappointed. Either they themselves betray their secrets, or they ask questions so foolish that it cannot be known whether the answer is true or false. Most of the inquirers came to consult Æsculapius about their health, and Alexander knew medicine enough to be able generally to read in their faces what was the matter with them. Thus they were easily satisfied, and went away as convinced as when they arrived. The names being given in beforehand, private information was easily obtained from slaves or companions. Shrewd guesses were miracles, when they were correct, and one success outweighed a hundred failures. In cases of difficulty the oracular method was always in reserve, with the ambiguities of magniloquent nonsense. The real strength of Alexander was in his professional skill, which usually was in itself all-sufficient. He had a special quack remedy of his own, which he prescribed as a panacea, a harmless plaster made out of goat's fat. To aspiring politicians, young lovers, or heirs expectant, he replied that the fates were undecided, and that the event depended on the will of Æsculapius and the intercessions of his prophet.

Never was audacity greater or more splendidly rewarded. The gold ingots sent to Delphi were as nothing compared to the treasures which streamed into Abonotichus. Each question was separately paid for, and ten or fifteen were not enough for the curiosity of single visitors. The work soon outgrew the strength of a single man. The prophet had an army of disciples, who were munificently paid. They were employed, some as servants, some as spies, oracle manufacturers, secretaries, keepers of seals, or interpreters of the various Asiatic dialects. Each applicant received his answer in

his own tongue, to his overwhelming admiration. Success brought fresh ambitions with it. Emissaries were dispersed through the Empire spreading the fame of the new prophet; instigating fools to consult the oracle, and letting Alexander know who they were and what they wanted. If a slave had run away, if a will could not be found, if a treasure had been secreted, if a robbery was undiscovered, Alexander became the universal resource. The air was full of miracles. The sick were healed. The dead were raised to life, or were reported and were believed to have been raised, which came to the same thing. To believe was a duty, to doubt was a sin. A god had come on earth to save a world which was perishing in scepticism. Simple hearts were bounding with gratitude; and no devotion could be too extreme, and no expression of it in the form of offerings too extravagant. Æsculapius might have built a throne of gold for himself out of the pious contributions of the faithful. Being a god he was personally disinterested; "gold and silver," he said through the oracle, "were nothing to him; he commanded only that his servant the prophet should receive the honors due to him."

High favor such as had fallen upon Alexander could not be enjoyed without some drawbacks. The world believed, but an envious minority remained incredulous, and whispered that the prophet was a charlatan. The men of science persisted that miracles were against nature, and that a professing worker of miracles was necessarily a rogue. The Christians, to whom Lucian does full justice in the matter, regarded Alexander as a missionary of the devil, and abhorred both him and his works. Combinations were formed to expose him, traps were cleverly laid for him, into which all his adroit-

ness could not save him from occasionally falling. But he had contrived to entangle his personal credit in the great spiritual questions which were agitating mankind, and to enlist in his interest the pious side of paganism. The schools of philosophy were divided about him. The respectable sects, Platonists, Stoics, and Pythagoreans, who believed in a spiritual system underlying the sensible, saw in the manifestation at Abonotichus a revelation in harmony with the theories. If they did not wholly believe, they looked at it as a phenomenon useful to an age which was denying the supernatural.

Alexander, quick to catch at the prevailing influences, flattered the philosophers in turn. Pythagoras was made a saint in his calendar. He spoke of Pythagoras as the greatest of the ancient sages. He claimed to represent him ; at length he let it be known privately that he was Pythagoras. He gilt his thigh, and the yellow lustre was allowed to be seen. The wise man of Samos was again present unrecognized, like Apollo among the herdsmen of Admetus.

The philosophers of the second century, if Lucian can be believed, were not a lofty set of beings. They professed sublime doctrines, but the doctrines had little effect on their lives, and the different schools hated one another with genuine sectarian intensity. The Pythagoreans were little better than their rivals, but their teaching was more respectable. They insisted that men had souls as well as bodies. They believed in immortality and future retribution, and they had the sympathies with them of the decent part of society. Alexander's instinct led him to them as the best of friends he could have ; and they in turn were ready to play into his hands in their own interests. By their mystical theories they were the natural victims of illusion. Opinions

adopted out of superstition or emotion cannot be encountered by reason. They are like epidemic diseases which seize and subdue the mental constitution. They yield only when they have spent their force, and are superseded by other beliefs of an analogous kind. The spiritual world is ruled by homœopathy, and one disorder is only cured by a second and a similar one.

Thus supported, therefore, Pythagoras Alexander replied to attempts at exposure by open defiance. Pontus, he said, was full of blaspheming atheists and Christians; Æsculapius was displeased that, after he had condescended to come among his people, such wretches should be any longer tolerated; and he demanded that they should be stoned out of the province. A pious inquirer was set to ask after the soul of Epicurus. Æsculapius answered that Epicurus was in hell, lying in filth and in chains of lead. The Pythagoreans clapped their hands. Hell, they had always said, was the proper place for him; and in hell he was; the oracle had declared it.

It is very interesting to find two classes of men generally supposed to be so antagonistic as the men of science and the Christians, standing alone together against the world as the opponents of a lying scoundrel. The explanation of their union was that each of them had hold of a side of real truth, while the respectable world was given over to shadows. The Epicureans understood the laws of nature and the principles of evidence. The Christians had a new ideal of human life and duty in them, which was to regenerate the whole race of mankind. It was thus fit and right that they should work together against a wretch who understood nothing but human folly and the art of playing upon it, and against the gulls and idiots who were ready to

swallow any absurdity which surprised or flattered them.

The Epicureans were Alexander's most dangerous enemies ; for they had friends in the higher circles of society. Amestris, between Abonotichus and the Bosphorus, was the seat of the provincial administration. Lepidus, the Roman proprætor, was a man of sense and culture. The town took its intellectual tone from him, and was unfavorable to the prophet's pretensions. Ingenious tricks had been played upon him from that quarter with too much success ; and he had been driven to announce that for the future no inquiries sent from Amestris would be entertained. Some mockeries had followed. Alexander could not afford to let the public enthusiasm cool, and mistakes for the future must be avoided. Æsculapius had hitherto communicated with his worshippers in writing. When he uttered sounds, it was in private to the prophet. To silence doubt, the serpent was now to be heard directly speaking. A tube was fitted, through which articulate noises could be made to issue from the snake's mouth with the help of a confederate behind the curtain. Select visitors only were admitted to this especially sacred performance, and a high price had to be paid for it. But the experiment was tried with perfect success ; and the method was found to have its conveniences. The word-of-mouth oracles were taken down and were given afterward to the world ; but if mistakes had been made, they could be altered before publication. An accident of the kind happened shortly after, which might have been disastrous if the original practice had been followed, but which Alexander was able to turn into a brilliant success.

Severian, a Roman general, had been sent by the Emperor Verus to invade Armenia. He called at

Abonotichus on his way, to learn if he was likely to succeed, and Æsculapius encouraged him with his own lips in bad Homeric verse. He had told Severian that he would subdue the Armenians, and return in glory to Rome with the bay wreath on his temples and wearing the golden circle of Apollo. Severian, whether he believed Æsculapius or not, went his way, lost his army, and was himself killed. The oracle was immediately reversed. The line which appeared in the published record was: "Go not against the Armenians, where death and disaster await thee." Thus out of "the nettle danger" Alexander "had plucked the flower safety." The death of Severian was explained by his neglect or defiance of the warning. In another way, too, he showed his prudence. He made friends at the rival shrines. Monopolies, he knew, were odious and dangerous. If Æsculapius spoke through him, Apollo spoke now and then elsewhere. He would sometimes tell a patient that he had no message for him, and that he must go for advice to Claros or to the cave of the Branchidæ.

Thus he continued to baffle his detractors, and to rise from glory to glory. His fame reached the Imperial Court, and to consult Alexander became the fashion in high Roman society. Ladies of rank, men of business, intriguing generals or senators, took into their counsels the prophet of Abonotichus. Some who had perilous political schemes on hand were rash enough to commit their secrets to paper, and to send them, under the protection of their seals, for the opinion of Æsculapius. The prophet, when he discovered matter of this kind, kept the packets by him without returning them. He thus held the writers in his power, and made them feel that their lives were in his hands.

And there were others in high position, men of thought who were waiting for some kind of revelation, that sought him out from purer motives. Rutilian, a senator, in favor with the Emperor, a man of ability, who had passed his life in the public service, and still held an important office, adopted Alexander for his spiritual father. Rutilian was a Pythagorean of most devout temperament, assiduous in prayers to the Invisible Being or Beings of whose existence he was assured. When he heard that Esculapius had come into the world, he had already a predisposition to believe, and was prevented only by public duties from flying to learn if the news was true. He could not go to Pontus himself, but he sent friends on whom he could rely, and whose temperament resembled his own. The majestic appearance of the prophet, the inspired eyes, the rich, sweet voice, awed them into immediate conviction. They were shown wonders; but they had believed before they had been seen, and they returned to Rome to exaggerate what they had witnessed. Rutilian, receiving their report into his own eager imagination, brought it out of the crucible again transfigured yet more gloriously. He was a man of known piety and veracity, incapable of conscious falsehoods, true and just in all his dealings. Astonished Rome could not yet wholly surrender itself. Officers of the imperial household hastened over to see with their own eyes. It had not occurred to them that they might see things which they could not explain, yet that what they saw might be no more than a trick. Men without scientific training who trust their own judgment in such matters are the natural prey of charlatans. These gentlemen came to Abonotichus. They were received with the highest honors. Alexander displayed his miracles to them,

made them handsome presents, and sent them home open-mouthed to glorify Æsculapius and his prophet in the fullest confidence that they were speaking nothing but the truth. Rutilian was triumphant. He was now either relieved from office, or he obtained leave of absence, and at last was able to throw himself in person at the apostle's feet. He was sixty years old at the time when the acquaintance began. His wife was dead, and he had one only son. The first question which he asked Alexander was about his boy's education. Alexander told him that his teachers were to be Pythagoras and Homer. The child died, and went to his tutors in Hades ; and the prophet at the first step had given a convincing proof of his inspiration. Lucian, in his contempt of folly, half pardons Alexander when such a man as Rutilian was so eager to be his dupe. The new disciple, being a Pythagorean, believed in pre-existence. He asked through what personalities he had himself passed already. Alexander told him that he had been no less a person than Achilles. After Achilles he had been Menander, and when his present life was over he was to become immortal, and live thenceforward as a sunbeam. Rutilian believed it all. No absurdity was too monstrous for him ; while he on his part was infinitely useful to Alexander. Few sceptics were hardy enough thenceforward to question the character of the friend of the Emperor's favorite.

Among his female adorers or connections, of whom Alexander had as many as Brigham Young, there was a girl whom he called his daughter, on the mother's side of exalted parentage. Selene, or the Moon, had seen Alexander sleeping like Endymion, had become enamored of him, and had descended to his embraces. The young lady he declared to be the offspring of this celestial union.

Rutilian, being a widower, was informed that Selene and Æsculapius had selected him to be her husband. He was delighted. He believed the marriage to be an adoption into heaven. Like Menelaus, he would never die, being the son-in-law of a god, and the nuptials were celebrated with august solemnity.

Abonotichus after this became a holy city, a Mecca, a place of pilgrimage. The prophet was a power in the Empire, and began to surround himself with pomp and display. Among other ceremonies he instituted a public service in the temple in imitation of the mysteries of Eleusis. That he was able to present such scenes with impunity is a most curious illustration of the mental condition of the time.

The service commenced with a procession of acolytes, carrying torches, the prophet at their head, like the priests of Ceres, giving notice to the profane to keep aloof, and inviting the believers in Æsculapius to approach and take part in the holy mystery. The profane whom he specially meant were the Christians and the atheists. The prophet spoke; the congregation answered. The prophet said, "Away with the Christians!" The people replied, "Away with the atheists!" Those who presented themselves for communion were examined first by Alexander to ascertain their fitness. If found unorthodox, they were excluded from the temple. The ceremonial then commenced. It consisted of a series of tableaux. The first day was given to representations of the lying-in of Latona, the birth of Apollo, the marriage of Apollo and Coronis, with the issue of it in the generation of Æsculapius. On the second day there was the incarnation of "the sweet one," with the Chalcedon plates, the goose egg, and the snake. Alexander himself was the hero of the third.

A new revelation, it seems, had informed him of mysterious circumstances attending his own coming into the world. His mother had been visited by Podalirius, Æsculapius's mythical son. The temple was then brilliantly illuminated. The prophet, after some preliminary gesticulations, laid himself down, as Endymion, to sleep upon a couch. Selene, the Moon, personated by the beautiful wife of an officer of the imperial court, who was the prophet's mistress, descended upon him from the roof and covered him with kisses, the husband looking on, delighted with the honor which had fallen upon him. In the final scene, Alexander reappeared in his priestly dress. A hymn was sung to the snake, the congregation accompanying or responding. The choir then formed into a circle and went through a mystic dance, the prophet standing in the centre.

The miraculous birth of Alexander, after being thus announced, was made into an article of faith, which the disciples were bound to receive. A difficulty arose which had not been foreseen. If he was the son of a god, how could he be Pythagoras? and how came he by the golden thigh? He was equal to the occasion; he was not Pythagoras, he said, and yet he was. He had the same soul with Pythagoras; for that soul was the Spirit of God, which waned and was renewed like the moon. The Spirit descended from heaven at special times and on special persons, and again ascended when its purpose was attained. The gold thigh was perhaps explained as its accompanying symbol.

Having identified himself with the Pythagoreans, he announced with authority the general truth of their doctrines. He insisted on an elevated morality, and directed his disciples to abstain from sensual vices. The rules, however, had no application to himself, and

behind the veil he created a Cyprian paradise. His reputation being so well established, the privilege of admission to the temple rites was eagerly sought after.

The oracle, meanwhile, was active as ever, and now and then by its mistakes produced frightful injustice. A Paphlagonian gentleman had sent his son to be educated at Alexandria. The boy had joined an expedition up the Nile, where he fell in with some merchants on their way to the Red Sea and India. Curiosity led him to accompany them ; and his household in the city, who had charge of him, after waiting for a while and finding that he did not come back, concluded that he had been drowned in the river, and returned to Paphlagonia with the news that the boy was dead. The father consulted the seer of Abonotichus. Alexander informed him that his son had been made away with by the servants. The Roman governor was appealed to. The word of Alexander, supported as he was by Rutilian, was conclusive, and the unfortunate wretches were thrown to the wild beasts. Soon after, the boy appeared, none the worse for his journey ; and an indignant friend of the family went to Abonotichus to expose the impostor before his worshippers. Unfortunately, a superstition once established is proof against commonplace evidence. Alexander only answered by telling the congregation to stone the blasphemer, who was rescued when nearly dead by the interposition of a casual traveller.

Another adventure into which he fell might have been more dangerous. The war of Marcus Aurelius with the Marcomanni was the occasion of the celebrated story in Christian mythology of the Thundering Legion. It is difficult, and even impossible, to reconcile the account of the war in the Christian legend with Lucian's description of it ; but Lucian was alive at the time, and when

he says that the Emperor was disastrously defeated, he is unlikely to have been mistaken. Lucian says that Marcus Aurelius, before he began the campaign, applied to Alexander. Alexander told him that if he devoted two lions to the gods and threw them into the Danube, there would be a glorious victory and a happy peace. The lions swam the river, landed on the opposite bank, and were immediately killed. The Emperor lost a battle and many thousand men. Aquileia itself nearly escaped being taken.

This catastrophe tried the faith even of Rutilian. Alexander, however, told him that the gods had foretold a victory, but had not allowed him to know on which side the victory would be. Rutilian resisted temptation and continued to believe.

Affairs, however, had become serious, when such a man was allowed to play with the interests of the Empire. Intelligent Romans went to Abonotichus to make inquiries, and were so troublesome that Æsculapius had to interfere. When a stranger arrived, the god decided whether he was to be admitted to reside in the town. A suspicious visitor was ordered to depart under penalties. At last, as a public warning against the dangerous spirit of scepticism, Alexander burned a copy of the writings of Epicurus in the market square, and threw the ashes into the sea. Lepidus of Amestris, the Roman governor, made another effort. The prophet was on his guard against laymen : but a priest, it was thought, might be more fortunate. A priest was sent, but unluckily the priest was a fool and gave Alexander a new triumph. He was granted an interview with "the sweet one," and conversation followed which Lucian saw hung up in a temple at Tium, written in letters of gold :

Priest. Tell me, Lord Glycon, who art thou?

Glycon. I am the young Æsculapius, the second and not the first. This is a mystery, which may not be revealed.

Priest. How long wilt thou remain with us?

Glycon. My time is a thousand years and three. Then I go to the East to the barbarians. They also must hear my word.

Priest. What will become of me after this life?

Glycon. First thou wilt be a camel, and then a prophet like Alexander.

The dialogue ended with a curse on Lepidus for his inquisitiveness and unbelief.

Other means failing, the adventure was next undertaken by Lucian himself. Lucian was a friend of Rutilian. He had many times remonstrated with him. He had endeavored to prevent his marriage. He had protested against the countenance which Rutilian was lending to a lying rogue. Rutilian pitied Lucian's hardness of heart, and perhaps advised him to go to Abonotichus and examine for himself. Lucian, at any rate, went. Rutilian's friendship secured him respectful treatment. Alexander received him with extreme courtesy, and he admits that the prophet's manners and appearance surprised and struck him. But Lucian was fortified with a conviction that all pretenders to supernatural powers were enthusiasts or impostors, that miracles had never been and could not be. He tried Æsculapius with unusual questions. He asked him first if the prophet wore false hair. He sealed his envelope so skilfully that it could not be opened, and he received an answer in an "unknown tongue." He discovered next that the prophet had been sounding his valet as to Lucian's object in coming to him. The valet was faithful, and Lucian bade him tell Alexander that he was suffering from a pain in his side. He then

wrote, himself, on two slips of paper, "What was the birthplace of Homer? inclosed them in two packets, and sealed them as before. The valet informed the prophet that one referred to the pain, and that the other was to ask whether his master should return to Italy by land or sea. The replies were, first, an advice to try Alexander's plaster; secondly, an intimation that a voyage would prove dangerous. These experiments would have been enough for Lucian, but his object was rather to convince his friend than himself, and he tried again.

This time he wrote, "When will the villainies of Alexander be exposed?" At the back of the envelope he made a note that it contained eight questions, all of which he paid for. The prophet was completely caught; he returned eight answers, the whole of them unintelligible; and with demonstration, as he thought, in his hands, Lucian went to his friend.

He found his labor thrown away. Belief in the marvellous does not rise from evidence and will not yield to it. There is the easy answer, that infidels are answered according to the impiety of their hearts, that the gods will not and perhaps cannot work miracles in the presence of sceptics. Nothing came of this first visit except that Lucian lost the regard of his friend whom Alexander warned against him. But he had become interested in the matter; he determined to probe the mystery to the bottom. He went to the governor and offered, if he could have security for his life, to furnish him with proofs of the imposition which would justify the interference of the police.

The governor gave him a guard of soldiers, and thus attended he went to Abonotichus a second time. The prophet was holding his levee. Lucian presented him-

self, neglecting to make an obeisance, to the general scandal. The prophet took no notice, but gave him his hand to kiss, and Lucian bit it to the bone. The believers shrieked, and Lucian would have been strangled but for his guard. Alexander, however, to his surprise and real admiration, bore the pain manfully. He told his friends that he and his god had tamed ruder spirits than Lucian's ; he bade them all retire, and leave him and his visitor together.

When they were alone, he asked Lucian quietly why a person whose acquaintance he had valued, was determined to be his enemy. Calmness is always agreeable. Lucian never doubted for a moment Alexander's real character, but the prophet interested him in spite of himself. That he might study him at leisure, he accepted his overtures, and even entered into some kind of intimacy with him. He stayed for some days at Abonotichus. The worshippers were astonished to find an open blasphemer admitted to confidential intercourse with their chief ; and Alexander undoubtedly succeeded, if not in disarming his guest's suspicions, yet in softening the vehemence of his dislike. He was so clever, so well informed, apparently so frank and open, that, as Lucian said, he would have taken in Epicurus himself. The search for evidence against him was dropped, the governor's guard was sent home, and Lucian after a prolonged visit accepted an offer from Alexander to send him by water to the Bosphorus. The prophet placed at his disposition one of his finest vessels, saw him on board, loaded him with presents, and so dismissed him.

Keener-witted man than Lucian was not alive on earth ; yet his wit had not saved him from being to some extent deceived, and he had a near escape of paying with his

life for his credulity. He had not been long at sea when he observed the pilot and crew consulting together. The crew were insisting upon something to which the pilot would not consent. The pilot at length came to him and said that "Alexander's orders were that Lucian was to be thrown overboard; he had a wife and children, he had lived respectably for sixty years, and did not wish in his old age to stain his conscience with a murder. He could not go on to the Bosphorus, but he would put his passenger on shore."

Lucian was lauded in Bithynia. He was a person of considerable public influence. He had powerful friends in the province and at Rome. He was looked on favorably by Marcus Aurelius himself. He laid his story before the governor, not Lepidus, but another; and Lucian, if any one, might be assured that what he said would receive attention. But in an era of belief, reason and fact are powerless; the governor told him that if he could convict Alexander on the clearest evidence it would be impossible to punish him. Prophet he was in the opinion of the whole country, and prophet he would remain. Lucian was as little successful as his predecessors, and his interference had gained him nothing except materials for the singular account which he has left behind. Rutilian was abandoned to fate and to the daughter of the Moon, and the glories of the prophet of Abonotichus were established above the reach of calumny. The emperor bestowed distinctions on him. The name of his town was changed. Coins were struck, and now are extant, with "the sweet one's" face on one side and Alexander's on the other. He lived to be an old man, and died with his fame undimmed and the belief in him unabated. What became of the snake, history omits to tell.

The superstition did not break in pieces at once. The oracle continued to prophecy after Alexander's death, and there was a competition among the disciples as to which of them was to succeed him. The favorite candidate was an old physician, who, Lucian says, ought not to have been found in such company. The dispute was referred at last to Rutilian, who decided that no successor was needed. Alexander was not dead, but was translated merely into a better world, from which he still watched over his faithful followers.

So ends this singular story, valuable for the light which it throws on a critical epoch in human history, and especially on the disposition of the people among whom Paul and Barnabas were taken for gods, and among whom Paul founded his seven churches. Christianity exactly met what they were searching for in an ennobling and purifying form, and saved those who accepted it from being the victims of sham prophets like Alexander. To persons so circumstanced, men of intellect like Lucian addressed themselves in vain. The science of Epicurus was merely negative. He might insist that miracles were an illusion, and that the laws of nature were never broken; but to the human heart craving for light from heaven, and refusing to be satisfied without it, Epicurus had not a word to say, not a word of what lay behind the veil, not a word which would serve for a guidance in the paths of ordinary duty. Intellect and experience may make it probable to thoughtful persons that morality and happiness go together; but when all is said, clever men are found of a different opinion; and if the human race had waited to recognize the sanctions of moral obligation till science had made out on what they rested to its own satisfaction, the first steps out of barbarism would never

have been taken. Knowledge is a plant which grows but slowly. Those who gather knowledge must live before they can learn. How to live, therefore, how to distinguish good from evil, press first for an immediate answer. And the answer was given by conscience whole æons before reflecting intellect had constructed its theories of expediency and the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Out of conscience grows religion ; but religion when St. Paul came was dead, and the educated multitudes in the Empire were sitting by the body of it, unable to believe that it was gone, and still passionately hoping that the silent gods would again speak to them out of heaven. So intense was the longing, that reason had abdicated its proper function ; any plausible pretender could collect disciples in millions ; and to an audience thus prepared to receive it, Christianity was originally offered. Independent of philosophy, the better sort of men hate evil and impurity ; their instincts were recognized and justified in the new creed, and they welcomed it as a reviving principle of moral life. It did not save them from illusions which men of science would have escaped. Holiness of life is no protection against freaks of imagination ; God is so near to the believer that he sees His action everywhere, and the hagiology of the early Church is as full of legend as the pagan mythology. The apocryphal gospels breathe a spirit to the full as credulous as the story of the incarnation of Glycon at Abonotichus ; with this essential and enormous difference, however, *that the credulity of the Christians was dominated by conscience, and they detected a polluted impostor with as sure an instinct as the most cultivated Epicurean.**

* The italics are not Mr. Froude's.—EDITOR.

IV.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF ENGLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN periods like the present, when knowledge is every day extending, and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves back into a time in which for centuries the European world grew upon a single type, in which the forms of the father's thoughts were the forms of the son's, and the late descendant was occupied in treading into paths the footprints of his distant ancestors. So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health ; to cease to change is to lose place in the great race ; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it, is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist.

It has been, however, with the race of men as it has been with the planet which they inhabit. As we look back over history, we see times of change and progress alternating with other times when life and thought have settled into permanent forms ; when mankind, as if by common consent, have ceased to seek for increase of knowledge, and, contented with what they possess, have endeavored to make use of it for purposes of moral

* From "History of England."

cultivation. Such was the condition of the Greeks through many ages before the Persian war ; such was that of the Romans till the world revenged itself upon its conquerors by the introduction among them of the habits of the conquered ; and such again became the condition of Europe when the Northern nations grafted the religion and the laws of the Western empire on their own hardy natures, and shaped out that wonderful spiritual and political organization which remained unshaken for a thousand years.

The aspirant after sanctity in the fifteenth century of the Christian era found a model which he could imitate in detail in the saint of the fifth. The gentleman at the court of Edward IV. or Charles of Burgundy could imagine no nobler type of heroism than he found in the stories of King Arthur's knights. The forms of life had become more elaborate, the surface of it more polished ; but the life itself remained essentially the same ; it was the development of the same conception of human excellence ; just as the last orders of Gothic architecture were the development of the first, from which the idea had worked its way till the force of it was exhausted.

A condition of things differing alike both outwardly and inwardly from that into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves, is necessarily obscure to us. In the alteration of our own character, we have lost the key which would interpret the characters of our fathers, and the great men even of our own English history before the Reformation seem to us almost like the fossil skeletons of another order of beings. Some broad conclusions as to what they were are at least possible to us, however ; and we are able to determine, with tolerable certainty, the social condition of the people of this country, such as it was before the movements of the

sixteenth century, and during the process of those movements.

The extent of the population can only be rudely conjectured. A rough census was taken at the time of the Armada, when it was found to be something under five millions ; but anterior to this I can find no authority on which I can rely with any sort of confidence. It is my impression, however, from a number of reasons—each in itself insignificant, but which taken together leave little doubt upon my mind—that it had attained that number by a growth so slow as to be scarcely perceptible, and had nearly approached to it many generations before. Simon Fish, in “The Supplication of Beggars,” says that the number of households in England in 1531 was 520,000. His calculation is of the most random kind ; for he rates the number of parishes at 52,000, with ten households on an average in each parish. A mistake so preposterous respecting the number of parishes shows the great ignorance of educated men upon the subject. The ten households in each parish may, probably (in some parts of the country), have been a correct computation ; but this tells us little with respect to the aggregate numbers, for the households were very large—the farmers and the gentlemen also, usually having all the persons whom they employed residing under their own roof. Neither from this, therefore, nor from any other positive statement which I have seen, can I gather any conclusion that may be depended upon. But when we remember the exceeding slowness with which the population multiplied in a time in which we can accurately measure it—that is to say, from 1588 to the opening of the last century—under circumstances in every way more favorable to an increase, I think we may assume that the increase was not so great between 1500 and 1588, and

that, previous to 1500, it did not more than keep pace with the waste from civil and foreign war. The causes, indeed, were wholly wanting which lead to a rapid growth of numbers. Numbers now increase with the increase of employment and with the facilities which are provided by the modern system of labor for the establishment of independent households. At present, any able-bodied unskilled laborer earns, as soon as he has arrived at man's estate, as large an amount of wages as he will earn at any subsequent time; and having no connection with his employer beyond the receiving the due amount of weekly money from him, and thinking himself as well able to marry as he is likely to be, he takes a wife, and is usually the father of a family before he is thirty. Before the Reformation, not only were early marriages determinately discouraged, but the opportunity for them did not exist. A laborer living in a cottage by himself was a rare exception to the rule; and the work of the field was performed generally, as it now is in the large farms in America and Australia, by servants who lived in the families of the squire or the farmer, and who, while in that position, commonly remained single, and married only when by prudence they saved a sufficient sum to enable them to enter some other position.

Checked by circumstances of this kind, population would necessarily remain almost stationary, and a tendency to an increase was not of itself regarded by the statesmen of the day as any matter for congratulation or as any evidence of national prosperity. Not an increase of population, which would facilitate production and beat down wages by competition, but the increase of the commonwealth, the sound and healthy maintenance of the population already existing, were the chief objects

which the government proposed to itself ; and although Henry VIII. carefully nursed his manufactures, there is sufficient proof in the grounds alleged for the measures to which he resorted, that there was little redundancy of occupation.

In a statute, for instance, for the encouragement of the linen manufactures, it is said, that—"The King's Highness, calling to his most blessed remembrance the great number of idle people daily increasing throughout this his Reahn, supposeth that one great cause thereof is by the continued bringing into the same the great number of wares and merchandize made, and brought out from, the parts beyond the sea into this his Realm, ready wrought by manual occupation ; amongst the which wares one kind of merchandize in great quantity, which is linen cloth of divers sorts made in divers countries beyond the sea, is daily conveyed into this Realm ; which great quantity of linen cloth so brought is consumed and spent within the same ; by reason whereof not only the said strange countries where the said linen cloth is made, by the policy and industry of making and vending the same are greatly enriched ; and a marvellous great number of their people, men, women, and children, are set on work and occupation, and kept from idleness, to the great furtherance and advancement of their commonwealth ; but also contrarywise the inhabitants and subjects of this Realm, for lack of like policy and industry, are compelled to buy all or most part of the linen cloth consumed in the same, amounting to inestimable sums of money. And also the people of this Reahn, as well men as women, which should and might be set on work, by exercise of like policy and craft of spinning, weaving, and making of cloth, lies now in idleness and otiosity, to the high displeasure of Almighty God, great diminution

of the King's people, and extreme ruin, decay, and impoverishment of this Realm. Therefore, for reformation of these things, the King's most Royal Majesty intending, like a most virtuous Prince, to provide remedy in the premises ; nothing so much coveting as the increase of the Commonwealth of this his Realm, with also the virtuous exercise of his most loving subjects and people, and to avoid that most abominable sin of idleness out of the Realm, hath, by the advice and consent of his Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, ordained and enacted that every person occupying land for tillage, shall for every sixty acres which he hath under the plough, sow one quarter of an acre in flax or hemp."

This Act was designed immediately to keep the wives and children of the poor in work in their own houses ; but it leaves no doubt that manufactures in England had not of themselves that tendency to self-development which would encourage an enlarging population. The woollen manufactures similarly appear, from the many statutes upon them, to have been vigorous at a fixed level, but to have shown no tendency to rise beyond that level. With a fixed market and a fixed demand, production continued uniform.

A few years subsequent, indeed, to the passing of the Act which I have quoted, a very curious complaint is entered in the statute book, from the surface of which we should gather, that, so far from increasing, manufactures had alarmingly declined. The fact mentioned may bear another meaning, and a meaning far more favorable to the state of the country ; although, if such a phenomenon were to occur at the present time, it could admit of but one interpretation. In the 18th and 19th of the 32d of Henry VIII., all the important towns in

England, from the Tweed to the Land's End, are stated, one by one, to have fallen into serious decay. Usually when we meet with language of this kind, we suppose it to mean nothing more than an awakening to the consciousness of evils which had long existed, and which had escaped notice only because no one was alive to them. In the present instance, however, the language was too strong and too detailed to allow of this explanation; and the great body of the English towns undoubtedly were declining in wealth and in the number of their inhabitants. "Divers and many beautiful houses of habitation," these statutes say, "built in tyme past within their walls and liberties, now are fallen down and decayed, and at this day remain unre-edified, and do lie as desolate and vacant grounds, many of them nigh adjoining to the High-streets, replenished with much uncleanness and filth, with pits, sellars, and vaults lying open and uncovered, to the great perill and danger of the inhabitants and other the King's subjects passing by the same; and some houses be very weak and feeble, ready to fall down, and therefore dangerous to pass by, to the great decay and hinderance of the said boroughs and towns."

At present, the decay of a town implies the decay of the trade of the town; and the decay of all towns simultaneously would imply a general collapse of the trade of the whole country. Walled towns, however, before the Reformation, existed for other purposes than as the centre points of industry: they existed for the protection of property and life: and although it is not unlikely that the agitation of the Reformation itself did to some degree interrupt the occupation of the people, yet I believe that the true account of the phenomenon which then so much disturbed the parliament is, that

one of their purposes was no longer required ; the towns flagged for a time because the country had become secure. The woollen manufacture in Worcestershire was spreading into the open country, and, doubtless, in other counties as well ; and the “ beautiful houses ” which had fallen into decay, were those which, in the old times of insecurity, had been occupied by wealthy merchants and tradesmen, who were now enabled, by a strong and settled government, to dispense with the shelter of locked gates and fortified walls, and remove their residences to more convenient situations. It was, in fact, the first symptom of the impending social revolution. Two years before the passing of this Act, the magnificent Hengrave Hall, in Suffolk, had been completed by Sir Thomas Kitson, “ mercer of London,” and Sir Thomas Kitson was but one of many of the rising merchants who were now able to root themselves on the land by the side of the Norman nobility, first to rival, and then slowly to displace them.

This mighty change, however, was long in silent progress before it began to tell on the institutions of the country. When city burghers bought estates, the law insisted jealously on their accepting with them all the feudal obligations. Attempts to use the land as “ a commodity ” were, as we shall presently see, angrily repressed ; while again, in the majority of instances, such persons endeavored, as they do at present, to cover the recent origin of their families by adopting the manners of the nobles, instead of transferring the habits of the towns to the parks and chases of the English counties. The old English organization maintained its full activity ; and the duties of property continued to be for another century more considered than its rights.

Turning, then, to the tenure of land—for if we would

understand the condition of the people, it is to this point that our first attention must be directed—we find that through the many complicated varieties of it there was one broad principle which bore equally upon every class, that the land of England must provide for the defence of England. The feudal system, though practically modified, was still the organizing principle of the nation, and the owner of land was bound to military service for his country whenever occasion required. Further, the land was to be so administered, that the accustomed number of families supported by it should not be diminished, and that the state should suffer no injury from the carelessness or selfishness of the owners. Land never was private property in that personal sense of property in which we speak of a thing as our own, with which we may do as we please; and in the administration of estates, as indeed in the administration of all property whatsoever, duty to the state was at all times supposed to override private interest or inclination. Even tradesmen, who took advantage of the fluctuations of the market, were rebuked by parliament for “their greedy and covetous minds,” “as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit than the commonweal of the Realm;” and although in an altered world, neither industry nor enterprise will thrive except under the stimulus of self-interest, we may admire the confidence which in another age expected every man to prefer the advantage of the community to his own. All land was held upon a strictly military principle. It was the representative of authority, and the holder or the owner took rank in the army of the state according to the nature of his connection with it. It was first broadly divided among the great nobility holding immediately under the crown, who, above and beyond the ownership

of their private estates, were the Lords of the Fee throughout their presidency, and possessed in right of it the services of knights and gentlemen who held their manors under them, and who followed their standard in war. Under the lords of manors, again, small freeholds and copyholds were held of various extent, often forty shilling and twenty shilling value, tenanted by peasant occupiers, who thus, on their own land, lived as free Englishmen, maintaining by their own free labor themselves and their families. There was thus a descending scale of owners, each of whom possessed his separate right, which the law guarded and none might violate; yet no one of whom, again, was independent of an authority higher than himself; and the entire body of the English free possessors of the soil was interpenetrated by a coherent organization which converted them into a perpetually subsisting army of soldiers. The extent of land which was held by the petty freeholders was very large, and the possession of it was jealously treasured; the private estates of the nobles and gentlemen were either cultivated by their own servants, or let out, as at present, to free tenants; or (in earlier times) were occupied by villains, a class who, without being bondmen, were expected to furnish further services than those of the field, services which were limited by the law, and recognized by an outward ceremony, a solemn oath and promise from the villain to his lord. Villanage, in the reign of Henry VIII., had practically ceased. The name of it last appears upon the statute book in the early years of the reign of Richard II., when the disputes between villains and their liege lords on their relative rights had furnished matter for cumbrous lawsuits, and by general consent the relation had merged of itself into a more liberal form. Thus serfdom had

merged or was rapidly merging into free servitude ; but it did not so merge that laboring men, if they pleased, were allowed to live in idleness. Every man was regimented somewhere ; and although the peasantry, when at full age, were allowed, under restrictions, their own choice of masters, yet the restrictions both on masters and servants were so severe as to prevent either from taking advantage of the necessities of the other, or from terminating through caprice or levity, or for any insufficient reason, a connection presumed to be permanent.

Through all these arrangements a single aim is visible, that every man in England should have his definite place and definite duty assigned to him, and that no human being should be at liberty to lead at his own pleasure an unaccountable existence. The discipline of an army was transferred to the details of social life, and it issued in a chivalrous perception of the meaning of the word duty, and in the old characteristic spirit of English loyalty.

From the regulations with respect to land, a coarser advantage was also derived, of a kind which at the present time will be effectively appreciated. It is a common matter of dispute whether landed estates should be large or small ; whether it is better that the land should be divided among small proprietors, cultivating their own ground, or that it should follow its present tendency, and be shared by a limited and constantly diminishing number of wealthy landlords. The advocates for a peasant proprietary tell us truly, that a landed monopoly is dangerous ; that the possession of a spot of ground, though it be but a few acres, is the best security for loyalty, giving the state a pledge for its owner, and creating in the body of the nation a free, vigorous, and manly spirit. The advocates for the large estate tell us that the masses are too ill-educated to be trusted with

independence ; that without authority over them, these small proprietors become wasteful, careless, improvident ; that the free spirit becomes a democratic and dangerous spirit ; and finally, that the resources of the land cannot properly be brought out by men without capital to cultivate it. Either theory is plausible. The advocates of both can support their arguments with an appeal to experience ; and the verdict of fact has not as yet been pronounced emphatically.

The problem will be resolved in the future history of this country. It was also nobly and skilfully resolved in the past. The knights and nobles retained the authority and power which was attached to the lordships of the fees. They retained extensive estates in their own hands or in the occupation of their immediate tenants ; but the large proportion of the lands was granted out by them to smaller owners, and the expenditure of their own incomes in the wages and maintenance of their vast retinues, left but a small margin for indulgence in luxuries. The necessities of their position obliged them to regard their property rather as a revenue to be administered in trust, than as a "fortune" to be expended in indulgence. Before the Reformation, while the differences of social degree were enormous, the differences in habits of life were comparatively slight, and the practice of men in these things was curiously the reverse of our own. Dress, which now scarcely suffices to distinguish the master from his servant, was then the symbol of rank, prescribed by statute to the various orders of society as strictly as the regimental uniform to officers and privates ; diet also was prescribed, and with equal strictness ; but the diet of the nobleman was ordered down to a level which was then within the reach of the poorest laborer. In 1336, the following law was

enacted by the Parliament of Edward III. : “Whereas, heretofore through the excessive and over-many sorts of costly meats which the people of this Reahn have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened to the people of this Realm—for the great men by these excesses have been sore grieved ; and the lesser people, who only endeavor to imitate the great ones in such sort of meats, are much impoverished, whereby they are not able to aid themselves, nor their liege lord, in time of need, as they ought ; and many other evils have happened, as well to their souls as their bodies—our Lord the King, desiring the common profit as well of the great men as of the common people of his Reahn, and considering the evils, grievances, and mischiefs aforesaid, by the common assent of the prelates, earls, barons, and other nobles of his said Realm, and of the commons of the same Realm, hath ordained and established that no man, of what estate or condition soever he be, shall cause himself to be served, in his house or elsewhere, at dinner, meal, or supper, or at any other time, with more than two courses, and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of flesh or fish, with the common sorts of pottage, without sauce or any other sorts of victuals. And if any man choose to have sauce for his mess, he may, provided it be not made at great cost ; and if fish or flesh be to be mixed therein, it shall be of two sorts only at the utmost, either fish or flesh, and shall stand instead of a mess, except only on the principal feasts of the year, on which days every man may be served with three courses at the utmost, after the manner aforesaid.”

Sumptuary laws are among the exploded fallacies which we have outgrown, and we smile at the unwisdom which could expect to regulate private habits and man-

ners by statute. Yet some statutes may be of moral authority when they cannot be actually enforced, and may have been regarded, even at the time at which they were issued, rather as an authoritative declaration of what wise and good men considered to be right, than as laws to which obedience could be compelled. This act, at any rate, witnesses to what was then thought to be right by "the great persons" of the English realm; and when great persons will submit themselves of their free will to regulations which restrict their private indulgence, they are in little danger of disloyalty from those whom fortune has placed below them.

Such is one aspect of these old arrangements; it is unnecessary to say that with these, as with all other institutions created and worked by human beings, the picture admits of being reversed. When by the accident of birth men are placed in a position of authority, no care in their training will prevent it from falling often to singularly unfit persons. The command of a permanent military force was a temptation to ambition, to avarice, or hatred, to the indulgence of private piques and jealousies, to political discontent on private and personal grounds. A combination of three or four of the leading nobles was sufficient, when an incapable prince sat on the throne, to effect a revolution; and the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster to the crown, took the form of a war unequalled in history for its fierce and determined malignancy, the whole nation tearing itself in pieces in a quarrel in which no principle was at stake, and no national object was to be gained. A more terrible misfortune never befell either this or any other country, and it was made possible only in virtue of that loyalty with which the people followed the standard, through good and evil, of their

feudal superiors. It is still a question, however, whether the good or the evil of the system predominated ; and the answer to such question is the more difficult because we have no criterion by which, in these matters, degrees of good and evil admit of being measured. Arising out of the character of the nation, it reflected this character in all its peculiarities ; and there is something truly noble in the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity. Fidelity of man to man is among the rarest excellences of humanity, and we can tolerate large evils which arise out of such a cause. Under the feudal system men were held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings ; and in the frequent forms of the language in which the oaths were sworn we cannot choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest.

“ When a freeman shall do fealty to his lord,” the statute says, “ he shall hold his right hand upon the book, and shall say thus :—Hear you, my lord, that I shall be to you both faithful and true, and shall owe my faith to you for the land that I hold, and lawfully shall do such customs and services as my duty is to you, at the times assigned, so help me God and all his saints.”

“ The villain,” also, “ when he shall do fealty to his lord, shall hold his right hand over the book, and shall say :—Hear you, my lord, that I from this day forth unto you shall be true and faithful, and shall owe you fealty for the land which I hold of you in villanage ; and that no evil or damage will I see concerning you, but I will defend and warn you to my power. So help me God and all his saints.”

Again, in the distribution of the produce of land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other ; and in the material condition of the bulk of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well. It worked well for the support of a sturdy, high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which, under the stimulus of those "great shins of beef," their common diet, were the wonder of the age. "What comyn folke in all this world," says a state paper in 1515, "may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity ? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England ?" The relative numbers of the French and English armies which fought at Cressy and Agincourt may have been exaggerated; but no allowance for exaggeration will affect the greatness of those exploits ; and in stories of authentic actions under Henry VIII., where the accuracy of the account is undeniable, no disparity of force made Englishmen shrink from enemies wherever they could meet them. Again and again a few thousand of them carried dismay into the heart of France. Four hundred adventurers, vagabond apprentices, from London, who formed a volunteer corps in the Calais garrison, were for years the terror of Normandy. In the very frolic of conscious power they fought and plundered, without pay, without reward, except what they could win for themselves ; and when they fell at last they fell only when surrounded by six times their number, and were cut to pieces in careless desperation. Invariably, by friend and enemy alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe (the English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them) ; and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance

in which they lived, and to the soldier's training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.

The state of the working classes can, however, be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were regulated, so far as regulation was possible, by act of parliament, and we have therefore data of the clearest kind by which to judge. The majority of agricultural laborers lived, as I have said, in the houses of their employers; this, however, was not the case with all, and if we can satisfy ourselves as to the rate at which those among the poor were able to live who had cottages of their own, we may be assured that the rest did not live worse at their masters' tables.

Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century tenpence the bushel; barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuation was excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eighteenpence the quarter to twenty shillings; the average, however, being six and eightpence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets. The same scale, with a scarcely appreciable tendency to rise, continued to hold until the disturbance in the value of the currency. In the twelve years from 1551 to 1562, although once before harvest wheat rose to the extraordinary price of forty-five shillings a quarter, it fell immediately after to five shillings and four. Six and eightpence continued to be considered in parliament as the average; and on the whole it seems to have been maintained for that time with little variation.

Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound, mutton was

three farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3d of the 24 of Hen. VIII. But the act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stow says : " It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three farthings ; which being devised for the great commodity of the realm (as it was thought), hath proved far otherwise : for at that time fat oxen were sold for six and twenty shillings and eightpence the piece ; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece ; fat calves at a like price ; and fat lambs for twelpence. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor—every piece two pound and a half, sometimes three pound for a penny ; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelpence ; mutton eightpence the quarter, and an hundred weight of beef for four shillings and eightpence." The act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef sold in the gross could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570. Other articles of food were in the same proportion. The best pig or goose in a country market could be bought for fourpence ; a good capon for threepence or fourpence ; a chicken for a penny ; a hen for twopenne.

Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteenpence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon ; and table-beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence a gallon ; Spanish and Portuguese wines a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold ; and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the

amount. Rent, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. "My father," says Latimer, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own ; only he had a *farm of three or four pounds by the year* at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor ; and all this he did of the said farm." If "three or four pounds at the uttermost" was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of laborers' cottages is not likely to have been considerable.

Some uncertainty is unavoidable in all calculations of the present nature ; yet after making the utmost allowance for errors, we may conclude from such a table of prices that a penny, in terms of the laborer's necessities, must have been nearly equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the laborer could buy as much bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do as much toward finding lodging for himself and his family—as the laborer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3d of the 6th of Henry VIII. it was enacted that master

carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tylers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for the half year, fivepence a day for the other half ; or fivepence-half-penny for the yearly average. The common laborers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half, threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more ; so that, in fact (and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated), the day laborer, if in full employment, received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Allowing a deduction of one day in a fortnight for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of something near to twenty shillings a week, the wages at present paid in English colonies ; and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. Except in rare instances, the agricultural laborer held land in connection with his house, while in most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese ; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it ; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

It will, perhaps, be supposed that such comparative prosperity of labor was the result of the condition of the market in which it was sold, that the demand for labor was large and the supply limited, and that the state of England in the sixteenth century was analogous to that of Australia or Canada at the present time. And so long as we confine our view to the question of wages alone, it is undoubted that legislation was in favor of the employer. The Wages Act of Henry VIII. was unpopular with the laborers, and was held to deprive them of an opportunity of making better terms for themselves. But we shall fall into extreme error if we translate into the language of modern political economy the social features of a state of things which in no way corresponded to our own. There was this essential difference, that labor was not looked upon as a market commodity ; the government (whether wisely or not, I do not presume to determine) attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity. Statesmen did not care for the accumulation of capital ; they desired to see the physical well-being of all classes of the commonwealth maintained at the highest degree which the producing power of the country admitted ; and population and production remaining stationary, they were able to do it. This was their object, and they were supported in it by a powerful and efficient majority of the nation. On the one side parliament interfered to protect employers against their laborers ; but it was equally determined that employers should not be allowed to abuse their opportunities ; and this directly appears from the 4th of the 5th of Elizabeth, by which, on the most trifling appearance of a depreciation in the currency, it was declared that the laboring man could no longer live on

the wages assigned to him by the act of Henry ; and a sliding scale was instituted by which, for the future, wages should be adjusted to the price of food.

The same conclusion may be gathered also, indirectly, from other acts, interfering imperiously with the rights of property where a disposition showed itself to exercise them selfishly. The city merchants, as I have said, were becoming landowners ; and some of them attempted to apply the rules of trade to the management of landed estates. While wages were ruled so high, it answered better as a speculation to convert arable land into pasture ; but the law immediately stepped in to prevent a proceeding which it regarded as petty treason to the commonwealth. Self-protection is the first law of life ; and the country relying for its defence on an able-bodied population, evenly distributed, ready at any moment to be called into action, either against foreign invasion or civil disturbance, it could not permit the owners of land to pursue for their own benefit a course of action which threatened to weaken its garrisons. It is not often that we are able to test the wisdom of legislation by specific results so clearly as in the present instance. The first attempts of the kind which I have described were made in the Isle of Wight, early in the reign of Henry VII. Lying so directly exposed to attacks from France, the Isle of Wight was a place which it was peculiarly important to keep in a state of defence, and the following act was therefore the consequence :

“ Forasmuch as it is to the surety of the Realm of England that the Isle of Wight, in the county of Southampton, be well inhabited with English people, for the defence as well of our antient enemies of the Realm of France as of other parties ; the which Isle is late decayed of people by reason that many towns and villages

have been let down, and the fields dyked and made pasture for beasts and cattle, and also many dwelling-places, farms, and farmholds have of late time been used to be taken into one man's hold and hands, that of old time were wont to be in many several persons' holds and hands, and many several households kept in them ; and thereby much people multiplied, and the same Isle thereby well inhabited, which now, by the occasion aforesaid, is desolate and not inhabited, but occupied with beasts and cattle, so that if hasty remedy be not provided, that Isle cannot long be kept and defended, but open and ready to the hands of the king's enemies, which God forbid. For remedy hereof, it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what estate, degree, or condition soever, shall take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks ; and if any several leases afore this time have been made to any person or persons of divers and sundry farmholds, whereof the yearly value shall exceed that sum, then the said person or persons shall choose one farmhold at his pleasure, and the remnant of his leases shall be utterly void."

An act, tyrannical in form, was singularly justified by its consequences. The farms were rebuilt, the lands reploughed, the island repeopled ; and in 1546, when a French army of sixty thousand men attempted to effect a landing at St. Helen's, they were defeated and driven off by the militia of the island and a few levies transported from Hampshire and the adjoining counties.

The money-making spirit, however, lay too deep to be checked so readily. The trading classes were growing rich under the strong rule of the Tudors. Increasing numbers of them were buying or renting land ; and the symptoms complained of broke out in the following

reign in many parts of England. They could not choose but break out indeed ; for they were the outward marks of a vital change which was undermining the feudal constitution, and would by and by revolutionize and destroy it. Such symptoms it was impossible to extinguish ; but the government wrestled long and powerfully to hold down the new spirit ; and they fought against it successfully, till the old order of things had finished its work, and the time was come for it to depart. By the 1st of the 7th of Henry VIII., the laws of feudal tenure were put in force against the landed traders. Wherever lands were converted from tillage to pasture, the lords of the fee had authority to seize half of all profits until the farm-buildings were reconstructed. If the immediate lord did not do his duty, the lord next above him was to do it ; and the evil still increasing, the act, twenty years later, was extended further, and the king had power to seize. Nor was this all. Sheep-farming had become an integral branch of business ; and falling into the hands of men who understood each other, it had been made a monopoly, affecting seriously the prices of wool and mutton. Stronger measures were therefore now taken, and the class to which the offenders belonged was especially pointed out by parliament.

“Whereas,” says the 13th of the 25th of Henry VIII., “divers and sundry persons of the king’s subjects of this Realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of moveable substance, now of late, within few years, have daily studied, practised, and invented ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial, sheep, putting such lands as they can get to pasture and not to tillage ; whereby they have not only

pulled down churches and towns and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this Realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it, but also have raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other commodities, almost double above the prices which hath been accustomed, by reason whereof a marvellous multitude of the poor people of this realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or pitifully die for hunger and cold; and it is thought by the king's humble and loving subjects, that one of the greatest occasions that moveth those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the lands of this Realm from the occupying of the poor husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is the great profit that cometh of sheep which be now come into a few persons' hands, in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects; it is hereby enacted, that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than 2000 sheep; that no person shall occupy more than two farms; and that the 19th of the 4th of Henry VII., and those other acts obliging the lords of the fees to do their duty, shall be re-enacted and enforced."

By these measures the money-making spirit was for a time driven back, and the country resumed its natural course. I am not concerned to defend the economic wisdom of such proceedings; but they prove, I think, conclusively, that the laboring classes owed their advantages not to the condition of the labor market, but to

the care of the state ; and that when the state relaxed its supervision, or failed to enforce its regulations, the laborers being left to the market chances, sank instantly in the unequal struggle with capital.

The government, however, remained strong enough to hold its ground (except during the discreditable interlude of the reign of Edward VI.) for the first three quarters of the century ; and until that time the working classes of this country remained in a condition more than prosperous. They enjoyed an abundance far beyond what in general falls to the lot of that order in long-settled countries ; incomparably beyond what the same class were enjoying at that very time in Germany or France. The laws secured them ; and that the laws were put in force we have the direct evidence of successive acts of the legislature justifying the general policy by its success ; and we have also the indirect evidence of the contented loyalty of the great body of the people at a time when, if they had been discontented, they held in their own hands the means of asserting what the law acknowledged to be their right. The government had no power to compel submission to injustice, as was proved by the fate of an attempt to levy a "benevolence" by force, in 1525. The people resisted with a determination against which the crown commissioners were unable to contend, and the scheme ended with an acknowledgment of fault by Henry, who retired with a good grace from an impossible position. If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances, we should not have failed to have heard of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press those grievances forward. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just, under the Somerset protectorate.

The incomes of the great nobles cannot be determined. for they varied probably as much as they vary now. Under Henry IV. the average income of an earl was estimated at £2000 a year. Under Henry VIII. the great Duke of Buckingham, the wealthiest English peer, had £6000. And the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury was rated at the same amount. But the establishments of such men were enormous, their ordinary retinues in time of peace consisting of many hundred persons ; and in war, when the duties of a nobleman called him to the field, although in theory his followers were paid by the crown, yet the grants of parliament were on so small a scale that the theory was seldom converted into fact, and a large share of the expenses was paid often out of private purses. The Duke of Norfolk, in the Scotch war of 1523. declared (not complaining of it, but merely as a reason why he should receive support) that he had spent all his private means upon the army ; and in the sequel of this history we shall find repeated instances of knights and gentlemen voluntarily ruining themselves in the service of their country. The people, not universally, but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice ; by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves ; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors. The expenses of the court under Henry VII. were a little over £14,000 a year, out of which were defrayed the whole cost of the king's establishment, the expenses of entertaining foreign ambassadors, the wages and maintenance of the yeomen of the guard, the retinues of servants, and all necessary outlay not incurred for public business. Under Henry VIII., of

whose extravagance we have heard so much, and whose court was the most magnificent in the world, these expenses were £19,894 16s. 8d., a small sum when compared with the present cost of the royal establishment, even if we adopt the relative estimate of twelve to one, and suppose it equal to £240,000 a year of our money. But indeed it was not equal to £240,000 ; for, although the proportion held in articles of common consumption, articles of luxury were very dear indeed.

Passing down from the king and his nobles, to the body of the people, we find that the income qualifying a country gentleman to be justice of the peace was £20 a year, and if he did his duty, his office was no sinecure. We remember Justice Shallow and his clerk Davy, with his novel theory of magisterial law ; and Shallow's broad features have so English a cast about them that we may believe there were many such, and that the duty was not always very excellently done. But the Justice Shallows were not allowed to repose upon their dignity. The justice of the peace was required not only to take cognizance of open offences, but to keep surveillance over all persons within his district, and over himself in his own turn there was a surveillance no less sharp, and penalties for neglect prompt and peremptory. Four times a year he was to make proclamation of his duty, and exhort all persons to complain against him who had occasion.

Twenty pounds a year, and heavy duties to do for it, represented the condition of the squire of the parish. By the 2d of the 2d of Henry V., "the wages" of a parish priest were limited to £5 6s. 8d., except in cases where there was special license from the bishop, when they might be raised as high as £6. Priests were probably something better off under Henry VIII., but

the statute remained in force, and marks an approach at least to their ordinary salary. The priest had enough, being unmarried, to supply him in comfort with the necessaries of life. The squire had enough to provide moderate abundance for himself and his family. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep difference in outward advantages between himself and the commons among whom he lived.

The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal. There are two expressions corresponding one to the other, which we frequently meet with in old writings, and which are used as a kind of index, marking whether the condition of things was or was not what it ought to be. We read of "merry England"—when England was not merry, things were not going well with it. We hear of "the glory of hospitality," England's pre-eminent boast—by the rules of which all tables, from the table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory, were open at the dinner-hour to all comers, without stint or reserve, or question asked : to every man according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free fare and free lodging ; bread, beef, and beer for his dinner ; for his lodging, perhaps, only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow, but freely offered and freely taken, the guest probably faring much as his host fared, neither worse nor better. There was little fear of an abuse of such license, for suspicious characters had no leave to wander at pleasure ; and for any man found at large, and unable to give a sufficient account of himself, there were the ever-ready parish stocks or town jail. The "glory of hospitality" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time ; and then, as Camden says, "came in great bravery of building, to the mar-

vellous beautifying of the realm, but to the decay" of what he valued more.

In such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts : idleness, want, and cowardice ; and for the rest, carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the laborers went to work, and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little. In the country every unknown face was challenged and examined — if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice ; if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the village cobbler made "unhonest" shoes, if servants and masters quarrelled, all was to be looked to by the justice : there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined ; after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but colored with a broad, rosy, English health.

Of the education of noblemen and gentlemen we have contradictory accounts, as might be expected. The universities were well filled, by the sons of yeomen chiefly. The cost of supporting them at the colleges was little, and wealthy men took a pride in helping forward any boys of promise. It seems clear also, as the Reformation drew nearer, while the clergy were sinking lower and lower, a marked change for the better became perceptible in a portion at least of the laity. The more old-fashioned of the higher ranks were slow in moving ; for as late as the reign of Edward VI. there were peers of parliament unable to read ; but on the whole, the invention of printing, and the general ferment which was commencing all over the world, had produced marked effects in all classes. Henry VIII. himself

spoke four languages, and was well read in theology and history ; and the high accomplishments of More and Sir T. Elliott, of Wyatt and Cromwell, were but the extreme expression of a temper which was rapidly spreading, and which gave occasion, among other things, to the following reflection in Erasmus: "Oh, strange vieissitudes of human things," exclaims he. "Heretofore the heart of learning was among such as professed religion. Now, while they for the most part give themselves up, *ventri luxui pecunioæque*, the love of learning is gone from them to secular princes, the court, and the nobility. May we not justly be ashamed of ourselves? The feasts of priests and divines are drowned in wine, are filled with scurrilous jests, sound with intemperate noise and tumult, flow with spiteful slanders and defamation of others; while at princes' tables modest disputations are held concerning things which make for learning and piety."

A letter to Thomas Cromwell from his son's tutor will not be without interest on this subject; Cromwell was likely to have been unusually careful in his children's training, and we need not suppose that all boys were brought up as prudently. Sir Peter Carew, for instance, being a boy at about the same time, and giving trouble at the High School at Exeter, was led home to his father's house at Ottery, coupled between two foxhounds. Yet the education of Gregory Cromwell is probably not far above what many young men of the middle and higher ranks were beginning to receive. Henry Dowes was the tutor's name, beyond which fact I know nothing of him. His letter is as follows:

"After that it pleased your mastership to give me in charge, not only to give diligent attendance upon Master Gregory, but also to instruct him with good letters,

honest manners, pastyme of instruments, and such other qualities as should be for him meet and convenient, pleaseth it you to understand that for the accomplishment thereof I have endeavoured myself by all ways possible to excogitate how I might most profit him. In which behalf, through his diligence, the success is such as I trust shall be to your good contentation and pleasure, and to his no small profit. But for cause the summer was spent in the service of the wild gods [and] it is so much to be regarded after what fashion youth is brought up, in which time that that is learned for the most part will not be wholly forgotten in the older years, I think it my duty to ascertain your mastership how he spendeth his time. And first after he hath heard mass he taketh a lecture of a dialogue of Erasmus' 'Colloquies,' called *Pietus Puerilis*, wherein is described a very picture of one that should be virtuously brought up; and for cause it is so necessary for him, I do not only cause him to read it over, but also to practise the precepts of the same. After this he exerciseth his hand in writing one or two hours, and readeth upon Fabyan's 'Chronicle' as long. The residue of the day he doth spend upon the lute and virginals. When he rideth, as he doth very oft, I tell him by the way some history of the Romans or the Greeks, which I cause him to rehearse again in a tale. For his recreation he useth to hawk and hunt and shoot in his long bow, which frameth and succeedeth so well with him that he seemeth to be thereunto given by nature."

I have spoken of the organization of the country population, I have now to speak of that of the towns, of the trading classes and manufacturing classes, the regulations respecting which are no less remarkable and no less illustrative of the national character. If the tendency

of trade to assume at last a form of mere self-interest be irresistible, if political economy represent the laws to which in the end it is forced to submit itself, the nation spared no efforts, either of art or policy, to defer to the last moment the unwelcome conclusion.

The names and shadows linger about London of certain ancient societies, the members of which may still occasionally be seen in quaint gilt barges pursuing their own difficult way among the swarming steamers ; when on certain days, the traditions concerning which are fast dying out of memory, the Fishmongers' Company, the Goldsmiths' Company, the Mercers' Company, make procession down the river for civic feastings at Greenwich or Blackwall. The stately tokens of ancient honor still belong to them, and the remnants of ancient wealth and patronage and power. Their charters may be read by curious antiquaries, and the bills of fare of their ancient entertainments. But for what purpose they were called into being, what there was in these associations of common trades to surround with gilded insignia, and how they came to be possessed of broad lands and church preferments, few people now care to think or to inquire. Trade and traders have no dignity any more in the eyes of any one, except what money lends to them ; and these outward symbols scarcely rouse even a passing feeling of curiosity. And yet these companies were once something more than names. They are all which now remain of a vast organization which once penetrated the entire trading life of England—an organization set on foot to realize that most necessary, if most difficult, condition of commercial excellence under which man should deal faithfully with his brother, and all wares offered for sale, of whatever kind, should honestly be what they pretend to be. I spoke of the

military principle which directed the distribution and the arrangements of land. The analogy will best explain a state of things in which every occupation was treated as the division of an army ; regiments being quartered in every town, each with its own self-elected officers, whose duty was to exercise authority over all persons professing the business to which they belonged ; who were to see that no person undertook to supply articles which he had not been educated to manufacture ; who were to determine the prices at which such articles ought justly to be sold ; above all, who were to take care that the common people really bought at shops and stalls what they supposed themselves to be buying ; that cloth put up for sale was true cloth, of true texture and full weight ; that leather was sound and well tanned ; wine pure, measures honest ; flour unmixed with devil's dust—who were generally to look to it that in all contracts between man and man for the supply of man's necessities, what we call honesty of dealing should be truly and faithfully observed. An organization for this purpose did once really exist in England, really trying to do the work which it was intended to do, as half the pages of our early statutes witness. In London, as the metropolis, a central council sate for every branch of trade, and this council was in communication with the Chancellor and the Crown. It was composed of the highest and most respectable members of the profession, and its office was to determine prices, fix wages, arrange the rules of apprenticeship, and discuss all details connected with the business on which legislation might be required. Further, this council received the reports of the searchers—high officers taken from their own body, whose business was to inspect, in company with the lord mayor or some other city dignitary, the shops of the respective traders ;

to receive complaints, and to examine into them. In each provincial town local councils sate in connection with the municipal authorities, who fulfilled in these places the same duties ; and their reports being forwarded to the central body, and considered by them, representations on all necessary matters were then made to the privy council ; and by the privy council, if requisite, were submitted to parliament. If these representations were judged to require legislative interference, the statutes which were passed in consequence were returned through the Chancellor to the mayors of the various towns and cities, by whom they were proclaimed as law. No person was allowed to open a trade or to commence a manufacture, either in London or the provinces, unless he had first served his apprenticeship ; unless he could prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that he was competent in his craft ; and unless he submitted as a matter of course to their supervision. The legislature had undertaken not to let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted, of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity ; of compelling every man to do his duty in an honest following of his proper calling, securing to him that he in his turn should not be injured by his neighbor's misdoings.

The state further promising for itself that all able-bodied men should be found in work, and not allowing any man to work at a business for which he was unfit, insisted as its natural right that children should not be allowed to grow up in idleness, to be returned at mature age upon its hands. Every child, so far as possible, was to be trained up in some business or calling, idleness "being the mother of all sin," and the essential duty of every man being to provide honestly for himself and his family. The educative theory, for such it was, was

simple but effective : it was based on the single principle that, next to the knowledge of a man's duty to God, and as a means toward doing that duty, the first condition of a worthy life was the ability to maintain it in independence. Varieties of inapplicable knowledge might be good, but they were not essential ; such knowledge might be left to the leisure of after-years, or it might be dispensed with without vital injury. Ability to labor could not be dispensed with, and this, therefore, the state felt it to be its own duty to see provided ; so reaching, I cannot but think, the heart of the whole matter. The children of those who could afford the small entrance fees were apprenticed to trades, the rest were apprenticed to agriculture ; and if children were found growing up idle, and their fathers or their friends failed to prove that they were able to secure them an ultimate maintenance, the mayors in towns and the magistrates in the country had authority to take possession of such children, and apprentice them as they saw fit, that when they grew up "they might not be driven" by want or incapacity "to dishonest courses."

In the brief review of the system under which England was governed, we have seen a state of things in which the principles of political economy were, consciously or unconsciously, contradicted ; where an attempt, more or less successful, was made to bring the production and distribution of wealth under the moral rule of right and wrong ; and where those laws of supply and demand, which we are now taught to regard as immutable ordinances of nature, were absorbed or superseded by a higher code. It is necessary for me to repeat that I am not holding up the sixteenth century as a model which the nineteenth might safely follow. The population has become too large, employment has become too com-

plicated and fluctuating, to admit of external control ; while, in default of control, the relapse upon self-interest as the one motive principle is certain to ensue, and when it ensues is absolute in its operations. But as, even with us, these so-called ordinances of nature in time of war consent to be suspended, and duty to his country becomes with every good citizen a higher motive of action than the advantages which he may gain in an enemy's market, so it is not unecheering to look back upon a time when the nation was in a normal condition of militancy against social injustice—when the government was enabled by happy circumstances to pursue into detail a single and serious aim at the well-being—well-being in its widest sense—of all members of the commonwealth. The world, indeed, was not made particularly pleasant. Of liberty, in the modern sense of the word, of the supposed right of every man “to do what he will with his own” or with himself, there was no idea. To the question, if ever it was asked, May I not do what I will with my own ? there was the brief answer, No man may do what is wrong, either with that which is his own or with that which is another's. Workmen were not allowed to take advantage of the scantiness of the labor market to exact extravagant wages. Capitalists were not allowed to drive the laborers from their holdings, and destroy their healthy independence. The antagonism of interests was absorbed into a relation of which equity was something more than the theoretic principle, and employers and employed were alike amenable to a law which both were compelled to obey. The workingman of modern times has bought the extension of his liberty at the price of his material comfort. The higher classes have gained in luxury what they have lost in power. It is not for the historian to balance advantages. His duty is with the facts.

V.

THE CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.*

QUEEN ANNE was at Greenwich, but according to custom, the few preceding days were to be spent at the Tower; and on the 19th of May she was conducted thither in state by the lord mayor and the city companies, with one of those splendid exhibitions upon the water which in the days when the silver Thames deserved its name, and the sun could shine down upon it out of the blue summer sky, were spectacles scarcely rivalled in gorgeousness by the world-famous wedding of the Adriatic. The river was crowded with boats; the banks and the ships in the pool swarmed with people; and fifty great barges formed the procession, all blazing with gold and banners. The queen herself was in her own barge, close to that of the lord mayor; and, in keeping with the fantastic genius of the time, she was preceded up the water by a "foyst or wafter full of ordinance, in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting wildfire, and round about the foyst stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and making hideous noise." So, with trumpets blowing, cannon pealing, the Tower guns answering the guns of the ships, in a blaze of fireworks and splendor, Anne Boleyn was borne along to the great archway of the Tower, where the king was waiting on the stairs to receive her.

* From "History of England."

And now let us suppose eleven days to have elapsed, the welcome news to have arrived at length from Dunstable, and the fair summer morning of life dawning in treacherous beauty after the long night of expectation. No bridal ceremonial had been possible; the marriage had been huddled over like a stolen love-match, and the marriage feast had been eaten in vexation and disappointment. These past mortifications were to be atoned for by a coronation pageant which the art and the wealth of the richest city in Europe should be poured out in the most lavish profusion to adorn. *

On the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen, and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order." Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue, and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. Two states only permitted their representatives to grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was, perhaps, to make the most of this isolated countenance, that the French ambassador's train

formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surecoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purpled with miniver like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitred in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. Then came alone Audeley, lord chancellor, and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crosier. Next, the lord mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat of arms; and then Lord William Howard—Belted Will Howard, of the Scottish Border, Marshal of England. The officers of the queen's household succeeded the marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable, with his silver wand. It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendor which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of color, gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for

another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favored perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round" of that coronet—

"Kept death his court, and there the antick sate
Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp.
Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
To monarchize, he feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
As if the flesh which walled about her life
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
Bored through her castle walls; and farewell, Queen."

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought; and nations are in the throes of revolution—when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the

victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendor, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies ; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness ?

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch Street she was met by the children of the city schools ; and at the corner of Gracechurch Street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Stylyard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining Muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch Street the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste,

of the old English Catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again a "little mountain," which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the queen appeared, a white falcon was made to "descend as out of the sky," "and then incontinent came down an angel with great melody, and set a close crown of gold upon the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the queen, of the fruitfulness of St. Anne, trusting that like fruit should come of her."

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand by Charing Cross, to Westminster Hall. The king was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the king's manor house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she

returned to the hail, where the lord mayor, the city council, and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high dais at the top of the stairs under the cloth of state; while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the abbey gates, and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing." The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were despatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catherine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre, and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind

would have been taught by the thought of it, that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present ; and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later she was able to exult over Catherine's death ; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

VI.

JOHN BUNYAN.*

HE was happy in his family. His blind child, for whom he had been so touchingly anxious, had died while he was in prison. His other children lived and did well; and his brave companion, who had spoken so stoutly for him to the judges, continued at his side. His health, it was said, had suffered from his confinement; but the only serious illness which we hear of was an attack of "sweating sickness," which came upon him in 1687, and from which he never thoroughly recovered. He was then fifty-nine, and in the next year he died.

His end was characteristic. It was brought on by exposure when he was engaged in an act of charity. A quarrel had broken out in a family at Reading with which Bunyan had some acquaintance. A father had taken offence at his son, and threatened to disinherit him. Bunyan undertook a journey on horseback from Bedford to Reading in the hope of reconciling them. He succeeded, but at the cost of his life. Returning by London, he was overtaken on the road by a storm of rain, and was wetted through before he could find shelter. The chill, falling on a constitution already weakened by illness, brought on fever. He was able to

* Part of the last chapter of "John Bunyan," in the series of "English Men of Letters."

reach the house of Mr. Strudwick, one of his London friends ; but he never left his bed afterward. In ten days he was dead. The exact date is uncertain. It was toward the end of August, 1688, between two and three months before the landing of King William. He was buried in Mr. Strudwick's vault, in the Dissenters' burying-ground at Bunhill Fields. His last words were, " Take me, for I come to Thee."

So ended, at the age of sixty, a man who, if his importance may be measured by the influence which he has exerted over succeeding generations, must be counted among the most extraordinary persons whom England has produced. It has been the fashion to dwell on the disadvantages of his education, and to regret the carelessness of nature which brought into existence a man of genius in a tinker's hut at Elstow. Nature is less partial than she appears, and all situations in life have their compensations along with them.

Circumstances, I should say, qualified Bunyan perfectly well for the work which he had to do. If he had gone to school, as he said, with Aristotle and Plato ; if he had been broken in at a university and been turned into a bishop ; if he had been in any one of the learned professions, he might easily have lost, or might have never known, the secret of his powers. He was born to be the Poet-apostle of the English middle classes, imperfectly educated like himself ; and, being one of themselves, he had the key of their thoughts and feelings in his own heart. Like nine out of ten of his countrymen, he came into the world with no fortune but his industry. He had to work with his hands for his bread, and to advance by the side of his neighbors along the road of common business. His knowledge was scanty, though of rare quality. He knew his Bible

probably by heart. He had studied history in Foxe's "Martyrs," but nowhere else that we can trace. The rest of his mental furniture was gathered at first hand from his conscience, his life, and his occupations. Thus, every idea which he received falling into a soil naturally fertile, sprouted up fresh, vigorous, and original. He confessed to have felt (as a man of his powers could hardly have failed to feel) continued doubts about the Bible and the reality of the Divine government. It has been well said that when we look into the world to find the image of God, it is as if we were to stand before a looking-glass, expecting to see ourselves reflected there, and to see nothing. Education scarcely improves our perception in this respect ; and wider information, wider acquaintance with the thoughts of other men in other ages and countries, might as easily have increased his difficulties as have assisted him in overcoming them. He was not a man who could have contented himself with compromises and half-convictions. No force could have subdued him into a decent Anglian divine—a "Mr. Two Tongues, parson of the parish." He was passionate and thorough-going. The authority of conscience presented itself to him only in the shape of religious obligation. Religion once shaken into a "perhaps," would have had no existence to him ; and it is easy to conceive a university-bred Bunyan, an intellectual meteor, flaring uselessly across the sky and disappearing in smoke and nothingness.

Powerful temperaments are necessarily intense. Bunyan, born a tinker, had heard right and wrong preached to him in the name of the Christian creed. He concluded after a struggle that Christianity was true, and on that conviction he built himself up into what he was. It might have been the same, perhaps, with Burns

had he been born a century before. Given Christianity as an unquestionably true account of the situation and future prospects of man, the feature of it most appalling to the imagination is that hell-fire—a torment exceeding the most horrible which fancy can conceive, and extending into eternity—awaits the enormous majority of the human race. The dreadful probability seized hold on the young Bunyan's mind. He shuddered at it when awake. In the visions of the night it came before him in the tremendous details of the dreadful reality. It became the governing thought in his nature.

Such a belief, if it does not drive a man to madness, will at least cure him of trifling. It will clear his mind of false sentiment, take the nonsense out of him, and enable him to resist vulgar temptation as nothing else will. The danger is that the mind may not bear the strain, that the belief itself may crack and leave nothing. Bunyan was hardly tried, but in him the belief did not crack. It spread over his character. It filled him first with terror ; then with a loathing of sin, which entailed so awful a penalty ; then, as his personal fears were allayed by the recognition of Christ, it turned to tenderness and pity.

There was no fanaticism in Bunyan, nothing harsh or savage. His natural humor perhaps saved him. His few recorded sayings all refer to the one central question ; but healthy seriousness often best expresses itself in playful quaintness. He was once going somewhere disguised as a wagoner. He was overtaken by a constable, who had a warrant to arrest him. The constable asked him if he knew that devil of a fellow Bunyan. " Know him ! " Bunyan said. " You might call him a devil if you knew him as well as I once did."

A Cambridge student was trying to show him what a

divine thing reason was—"reason, the chief glory of man, which distinguishes him from a beast," etc., etc. Bunyan growled out, "Sin distinguishes man from beast. Is sin divine?"

He was extremely tolerant in his terms of Church membership. He offended the stricter part of his congregation by refusing even to make infant baptism a condition of exclusion. The only persons with whom he declined to communicate were those whose lives were openly immoral. His chief objection to the Church of England was the admission of the ungodly to the Sacraments. He hated party titles and quarrels upon trifles. He desired himself to be called a Christian or a Believer, or "any name which was approved by the Holy Ghost." Divisions, he said, were to churches like wars to countries. Those who talked most about religion cared least for it; and controversies about doubtful things, and things of little moment, ate up all zeal for things which were practicable and indisputable.

"In countenance," wrote a friend, "he appeared to be of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable; not given to loquacity or to much discourse in company unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself or his parts, but rather to seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just, in all that lay in his power, to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile differences and make friendships with all. He had a sharp, quick eye, with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit." "He was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip; his hair reddish, but in his

later days time had sprinkled it with gray ; his nose well set, but not declining or bending ; his mouth moderate large, his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest."

He was himself indifferent to advancement, and he did not seek it for his family. A London merchant offered to take his son into his house. "God," he said, "did not send me to advance my family, but to preach the Gospel." He had no vanity—an exemption extremely rare in those who are personally much before the public. The personal popularity was in fact the part of his situation which he least liked. When he was to preach in London, "if there was but one day's notice the meeting-house was crowded to overflowing." Twelve hundred people would be found collected before seven o'clock on a dark winter's morning to hear a lecture from him. In Zoar Street, Southwark, his church was sometimes so crowded that he had to be lifted to the pulpit stairs over the congregation's heads. It pleased him, but he was on the watch against the pleasure of being himself admired. A friend complimented him once, after service, on "the sweet sermon" which he had delivered. "You need not remind me of that," he said. "The devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

VII.

LEAVES FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN JOURNAL.*

IN the summer of 1874 I paid a visit to South Africa. Having leisure on my hands, I wished to use it to study the working of an English colony. I had been interested in the exertions of Miss Rye to carry the waifs and strays of our swarming population of children to countries where their chances in after life would be more favorable than here, and I desired to ascertain how far the colonial authorities would be willing to assist in carrying out a systematic emigration of such children on a larger scale. My attention had been drawn especially to South Africa, through what is known as the Langa-balele disturbance in Natal, in which two large native tribes had been destroyed. The head of one of them, Langabalele himself, had been tried and condemned by Kafir law, the Governor presiding in the capacity of supreme chief. The proceeding appeared to have been arbitrary and violent, and I desired to know the truth about it. I resolved at the same time to extend my tour to the neighboring republics. Between these republics and the Imperial Government a quarrel had arisen in consequence of the British occupation of the lately discovered Diamond Fields, which had previously formed

* The political remarks of Mr. Froude have been omitted in this collection.—EDITOR.

part of the territory of the Orange Free State. The dispute had interested me from the contradictory statements which I had read about it. I wished to learn the history of the transaction from disinterested parties upon the spot, and to learn especially how far the annexation had been approved by colonial opinion.

The following pages contain extracts from the journal which I carried with me. A few light sketches of the society and the scenery of a country in which England is beginning to be interested, may serve as a relief to the serious subjects with which this volume is chiefly occupied. I leave them almost as they were first written. What merit they possess—if they possess any merit at all—will be due to the freshness of impressions which were noted down as they were formed.

1874, *August 23.*—Left Dartmouth in the *Walmer Castle*. Full complement of passengers. Africanders all, or most of them, with whom I shall in time make acquaintance. Before I left the harbor I was introduced to a Natal judge, who was on his way home. The judge had been out of the colony when Langabalele was tried, but answered readily any questions which I asked. He said that in his opinion there had been no intention of rebellion. It was a mere police case, and ought to have been treated so; still, naturally enough, he endeavored to excuse the authorities. A youth at dinner, reflecting, I suppose, colonial opinion, insisted that but for the timely vigor, etc., which had been displayed, all Africa would have been on fire.

August 25.—Weather fine. Sea smooth. Air growing rapidly hot. The passengers with whom I fall into conversation speak of the Kafirs not unkindly. They describe them as having splendid natural qualities, but as being ruined by the mistaken treatment which Eng-

land insists upon. If the Dutch and the English of the colony were allowed to deal with them in their own way, they conceive that the native character might be really improved; as it is they look to rum and brandy as the probable solution of the problem. If rum and brandy, why not strychnine at once?

August 29.—Exquisite weather. The sea calm as Torbay in stillest summer. The water violet color. One thinks of Homer's

ιοεῖδεα πόντον.

Last night we had a remarkable sunset. The disk, as it touched the horizon, was deep crimson. As the last edge of the rim disappeared there came a flash, lasting for a second, of dazzling green—the creation I suppose of my own eyes. The trades now beginning. The judge and I talk and smoke, and gradually the condition of the colony comes out. Colored men do not serve on juries in Natal, and the result is what might be expected. He once himself tried a white man who had murdered a Kafir, and was caught red-handed. The jury brought a verdict of not guilty, and the audience in the court cheered. The judge said he could hardly speak for shame. I do not yet make out the Boers, who are described as lazy, indifferent to progress or money-making, thinking little of politics, and only resenting English interference with them; yet most people to whom I talk seem to agree that in the Orange Free State the natives are better managed than in any other part of Africa. Such a business as that of Langabalele could not possibly have happened there.

August 31.—Yesterday was Sunday; the sky overcast and the air close. The Captain read prayers in the cabin in the morning. In the evening the quarter-deck

was cleared for chapel. Lamps were hung under the awning and a Wesleyan "conducted a service." Several hymns were sung, "Oh Paradise! oh Paradise!" and "Rock of Ages," among them. The choir was composed of young ladies, whose week-day performances I had thought vulgar and underbred. It was strange to observe how completely the vulgarity disappeared under the constraint of forms with which they were unable to take liberties. The sermon reminded me of the motion of a squirrel in a cage: the repetition of a single idea with scarcely a variation of words, without natural beginning and without natural end, and capable, if necessary, of going on forever.

September 2.—Reached St. Vincent at noon yesterday. The approach to the harbor lies between the islands of St. Vincent and San Antonio. San Antonio is a mountain ridge, 7000 feet high and thirty miles long, the sloping sides split into chasms, in which, so far as I could see, not so much as a blade of grass was growing. St. Vincent, on the left, is naked rock, sharp, jagged, and precipitous, the highest point of it under 3000 feet. The harbor is land-locked. Talk of the sunny south, the land of cypress and myrtle and orange grove! At St. Vincent grows nothing but a dusky scrub, in a hollow into which the wind has blown the sand. The rest of the island is sterile, stern, and savage. No kindly rain or frost here pulverizes the stone into soil. The peaks stand out sharp, like the teeth of some primeval dragon, huge molars and incisors, with here and there a gap where a tusk has decayed with age. There are no springs, no streams. Throughout the year scarcely a shower falls there, and therefore not a green blade of grass can show itself. The town is a coaling station, much frequented by passing steamers. The inhabitants

are chiefly blacks or half-castes, whose business is to prey on visitors. Naked nigger boys swim round the ship diving for sixpences. Black sirens, handsome and immodest, tempt the passengers into the dancing saloons, which are opened when a steamer comes in. What a notion must these wretched creatures have of the outer world, from the glimpses which they are thus able to get of its passing occupants. I went over the jail, which is attached to the Governor's house, and the nigger turnkey showed me with a grin a special ward reserved for the English. The talk of the colonists on board ranges between wool, ostrich feathers, and ten per cent on freightage. Colonial politics they regard as avowedly nothing but a scramble for the plunder of office. They bet every day on the number of the miles which the ship will have run at noon in the past twenty-four hours, and are as eager about it as Yankees.

September 4.—To-day we are exactly under the sun. Fresh stars come into sight every night, and Sirius shines grandly like a planet. I have been feeding hitherto on Greek Plays: this morning I took Homer instead, and the change is from a hothouse to the open air. The Greek dramatists, even Æschylus himself, are burdened with a painful consciousness of the problem of human life, with perplexed theories of Fate and Providence. Homer is fresh, free, and salt as the ocean. Ulysses and Agamemnon are once more living and breathing men. Religion is simple and unconscious, and the gods, rough and questionable as they may be, are without the malignity of later centuries. Achilles, when he sacrifices the Trojan youths at the tomb of Patroclus, is rather censured for his cruelty than praised for his devotion. The notion of human sacrifice as a means of propitiating the anger of the gods must have

been imported from Phœnicia, perhaps with the Phœnician alphabet, progress, and the march of intellect !

September 6.—We are now in the south-east trade, the sun to the north of us, and the heat less oppressive. I hear much of the Cape Dutch. The English colonists seem not to like them, and see their characters askew. The judge says a Boer's religion is like the Kafir Obeah. He is afraid of doing wrong, because he expects to be damned for it. Perhaps, substantially, this is the most valuable part of all religions—so long as it is really believed.

September 7.—Sunday, a day of weariness : rest when there has been no toil to rest from—rest only from amusement, and therefore not rest at all. Captain W. read the morning service. The divines (we have two on board) were both sick, and unequal to an evening function. Another ten days ought to bring us to the Cape. The stars are changed. The pole-star is under the horizon. Already a new heaven ; in a few days there will be a new earth. The sea is no longer violet, but brilliantly transparent bluish green. It is spring this side of the line. At the Cape I shall find the almonds coming into flower.

September 18.—The south-east trade dead in our teeth. The air grows colder and colder, for a week past we have gone back to our pea-jackets. The sea increases daily, and the rolling becomes more violent. This morning three distinct sets of waves, one set from the south-east, in the line of our course, another from the south, another from the south-west. They did not neutralize each other, but continued to propagate themselves, each in their own direction, producing shapes entirely new to me. The cabins are in confusion : books tumbling off the shelves, portmanteaus slipping on the floor, boots

and shoes dancing in wild disorder. Every day I grow more convinced that colonial and all other political questions resolve themselves into one: What object do the ruling powers set before themselves? Is it to produce a noble race of men, or is it to produce what they call wealth? If they aim chiefly at the second they will not have the first. Every wise man, whether Solomon or Plato, Horace or Shakespeare, has but one answer on this subject: where your treasure is, there will your heart be. Let wealth be the sublime end of our existence, and no new English nations will be born in the Cape or in Australia. England itself will be a huge grazing farm, managed on economical principles, and the people, however rich they may appear, will be steadily going down to what used to be called the Devil.

September 19.—Four weeks out. Still rolling, with a fierce sea and a head wind. I have given up serious books, and have taken instead to “Little Dorrit.” Dickens’ wine has an excellent flavor, but it is watered for present consumption, and I doubt if it will keep. Captain W. tells me that with S.E. winds in this latitude, a high barometer indicates that the wind will rise, and that if the mercury reaches 30·2 (it has been standing for the last fortnight at 30·1), I shall see a heavier gale than I have yet experienced in my life.

September 21.—Running into Table Bay. The mountain magnificent, 4000 feet high, and hanging over the town, with cliffs so sheer that a revolver would send a bullet from the edge of the precipice into the principal street.

September 25.—At sea again. The three days, which was all that I could at present afford to Cape Town, have been extremely interesting, and have already opened my eyes to much which I did not anticipate.

The town itself, which was built by the Dutch, is a curious old-fashioned place, with a modern skin imperfectly stretched over it. You see great old mansions in bad repair, with stiff gardens overrun with weeds, and old gateways flanked by couching lions. The Dutch, among their many merits, introduced pine and oak here. The pine forests now cover the sides of the mountain. The oak grows rapidly to an enormous size, being in leaf for nine months in the year. Everywhere you see the marks of the stiff, stubborn, Calvinistic Holland. The hotel in which I stayed was once the house of some wealthy citizen. The floors up-stairs are of stone. The walls are panelled, the ceilings carved. The sash windows are huge, heavy, and close-fitting. The dinner-room is so stiff of aspect that the pert modern waiter seems subdued by the atmosphere of it into old-fashioned politeness. Cape Town has twice had its day of splendor. Once under the Dutch government, and again when it was the sanatorium of Bombay and Bengal and the East Indian magnates used to come there to recruit their livers. Now, even now, it was a pleasant thing to see the English flag flying over a spot which, whatever might be its fortunes, was still the most important naval station in the world.

Among other persons I called on Mr. Saul Solomon, whom I had often heard of as the advocate of the Exeter Hall policy toward the natives. Nature has been unkind to Mr. Solomon. He is scarcely taller than Tom Thumb. It is the more honorable to him that, with such disadvantages, he has made himself one of the most useful, as well as one of the most important persons in the Cape colony. The Colonial Parliament and Ministry having approved of the operations in Natal against Langabalele and his tribe, having indeed taken

charge of Langabalele as a state prisoner, I thought I should learn from Mr. Solomon what was really to be said in defence of the Natal government. Mr. Solomon spoke, on the contrary, in terms of the strongest reprobation of what had been done; but he was shy of promising any help in the Cape Parliament should the Imperial Government desire Langabalele to be released. He seemed satisfied to think that the Imperial Government was in a mess, and must get out of it as well as it could. He was cold also about emigration. White and black laborers, he said, never worked well together, and he seemed generally afraid that if the white race became more numerous, the natives might be handled less scrupulously.

The day following I accompanied the still more eminent Mr. — to his country house near Constantia. The road lay through groves of oak. The house itself is a hundred and fifty years old, and is well built, with large airy rooms, strong, warm, and enduring. The solidity of everything here contrasts strangely with the showy flimsiness of the mansions run up by contract in more modern settlements. Mr. — is an extremely interesting person. He drove me through the Constantia country, among pine and oak forests, opening into exquisite vineyards, about the slopes of the great mountain. Leaving the forests, we then struck across the natural plains, clothed with silver trees and sugar bushes, and carpeted with wild heather and wild geraniums, the sea in the distance soft and beautiful as the Mediterranean. The peninsula of Table Mountain, cut off from the rest of Africa, would certainly make one of the most precious possessions in the world. It could be made impregnable at a moderate expense. It is about the size of Madeira, and of infinite fertility. It contains the

only harbor available for ships of war either on the east or west coast for many thousand miles. Whoever holds this peninsula commands the ocean commerce round the Cape. The peninsula commands South Africa, for it commands its harbors. Were England wise in her generation, a line of forts from Table Bay to False Bay would be the northern limit of her Imperial responsibilities.

September 27.—We arrived yesterday at Port Elizabeth, on Algoa Bay, after a rapid run of thirty-nine hours, distance 500 miles from Cape Town. Port Elizabeth is a handsome modern town, the chief port of the eastern provinces, lying on an open hill-side as Brighton does. There is no harbor, but the roadstead is sheltered on the dangerous quarter, and is crowded with vessels of all sizes. The loading and discharging is by lighters, and managed as expeditiously as if the ship was in dock. The beach is flat; the available extent of it has been much reduced by an attempted basin, inclosed by wooden piers, which was no sooner made than it filled in with sand. The bales and boxes are landed through the surf on the backs of natives; splendid fellows, with the shape of an Antinous, stark naked, and shining from the water as if they were oiled. The black skin, which is of the texture of hippopotamus hide, seems to answer the purposes of modesty. These fellows earn six shillings a day; they live on one, save the rest, and when they have enough, they go inland, buy cattle, and two or three wives to work for them, and do nothing the rest of their lives. They all have the franchise. I asked one of the members for the town how they managed at election times. "Oh," he said, "we send a few barrels of brandy into the native location."

The Florence, September 30, 7 A.M. — Running

along the African coast. Yesterday, we called at East London, and lay all day there with a fearful roll discharging cargo. East London lies at the mouth of the Buffalo River, at the most exposed point of the continent. The shore is strewn with the wrecks of miserable vessels which have gone to pieces there. By and by I am told that it is to be the finest port in the colony, and so sanguine is the Colonial Government that extensive railway works are already in progress in connection with it. Inside the river is like the Dart, and is about the same size, with a fair depth of water for a couple of miles. The banks are high and wooded with Mimosa, prickly pear, the giant Euphorbia Candelabra, and other trees which I did not know. The mouth, unfortunately, is at present closed with a sandbar, over which, by watching our opportunity, the day being exceptionally fine for East London, we contrive to pass in a life-boat. The engineers are hard at work narrowing the entrance, which they conclude that the scour of the tide will then keep open. But the rise and fall even at the springs is only six feet, a small force for so large an enterprise, and the Indian Ocean is a formidable enemy. Mr. Leicester, the chief engineer, is certain of success. I should have felt more sanguine if he had been himself less enthusiastic.

We are now off Kreli's country—independent Kafir-land—a strip two hundred miles long, which divides Natal from the Colony. We pass within half a mile of the shore to avoid the current which sets outside steadily to the west. From the sea it seems as if Kreli was king of Paradise itself. A series of exquisite English parks succeed one after the other; undulating grassy lawns, interspersed with woods and divided every four or five miles by rivers, the course of which we trace by the pro-

jeeting crags and the rich verdure of the ravines. Each of these streams is unhappily blocked by sand as East London is. The surf roars at their mouths with monotonous thunder, never resting, never perhaps to rest while the globe continues to revolve. The people of the nation to come, who will by and by fill this beautiful country, will never sail in either ship or boat on the water which they will see so near them. The steamers will go by their windows almost within hailing distance, but the passengers must be carried on for a hundred miles before they can set foot on shore. The skilfullest crew that ever launched a life-boat would be dashed in pieces in a moment in those tremendous rollers.

We had excellent fresh fish for breakfast this morning. Gigantie mackerel, twenty to thirty pounds weight, follow the steamer. The passengers are fishing for them with halyard rope for lines, and flies constructed of strips of scarlet cloth fastened on sharp hooks. The mackerel rise in the wake like salmon. We are going ten knots. Four out of five break off from the speed, a fifth catches tight hold, and three or four of the men are required to haul him in. We had nine of these monsters on the deck in half an hour this morning. So far as my experience goes, they are the only fish worth eating that the Indian Ocean produces.

On shore there are few signs of life and less of cultivation. A few herds of Kafir cattle, a few kraals (native villages) at long intervals, here and there a black figure slowly moving along the sands, seem the solitary human occupants of a land as fair as Homer's Island of the Blest.

We have a distinguished journalist on board. I scandalized him by saying that I thought that in a hundred years newspapers would be abolished by general consent

as a nuisance. A gazette of authentic news would be published by authority, and that would be all.

I was told a characteristic story of a Dutch farmer to-day. His estate adjoined the Diamond Fields. Had he remained where he was, he could have made a large fortune. Milk, butter, poultry, eggs, vegetables, fruit, ran up to fabulous prices. The market was his own to demand what he pleased. But he was disgusted at the intrusion upon his solitude. The diggers worried him from morning to night demanding to buy, while he required his farm produce for his own family. He sold his land, in his impatience, for a tenth of what he might have got had he cared to wait and bargain, mounted his wife and children into his wagon, and moved off into the wilderness. Which was the wisest man? the Dutch farmer or the Yankee Englishman who was laughing at him? The only book that the Dutchman had ever read was the Bible, and he knew no better. The whole talk among these people is of diamond fields, and gold fields, and diamonds and gold never made the material of a nation, and never will.

Durban, October 2.—The harbor at Durban, named after Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the most popular governor who ever ruled at the Cape, is the spot where Vasco da Gama landed on Christmas Day, in 1498. The country of which Durban is the port, acquired in this way the name of Natal. After an interval of 400 miles nature has relaxed in her monotony, and has created of herself a channel of the same kind as that which Mr. Leicester is attempting to make at East London. A high wooded ridge or bluff, curved and narrow, juts out from the coast-line, stretches parallel to it for two miles toward the east, and then bends round and terminates, forming a natural breakwater. A long point runs out to meet it,

and thus inside is formed a land-locked basin ten or twelve miles in circumference, the sea entering through a single narrow passage, and the scour from so large a body of water being thus considerable. Even here there is a bar which the engineers in their attempts at improvement have made rather worse, but in moderate weather vessels of 1000 tons can enter without much difficulty. The scene as we run in is singularly beautiful. The sky is cloudless. The sun, just risen, is faintly veiled by a soft Italian haze. The ships in the bay are dressed out in flags, white puffs of smoke break from a battery as the guns are fired in honor of the arrival of the steamer. We bring up in a deep channel close under the bluff, in the shade of tropical trees, among which the monkeys skip to and fro, and from which occasionally a too-curious python makes his way along the cable by which ships are moored to the shore. We land at the custom-house, among a group of Natalians, who have hurried down to meet their friends. I am struck, as at Port Elizabeth, with the florid fleshy look of the settlers. The climate of the Cape suits well the lymphatic Teuton. The Dutch, who have been there for two centuries, have expanded into the dimensions of Patagonians. I walked with one of the latter along the sands to the town. We had to cross a stream, and a Kafir undertook to carry us over. He staggered under the Dutchman, and had nearly fallen with him. With me he trotted away as if I had been a child. But I had as nearly dropped from him from another cause. It was my first experience of the smell in such close proximity.

October 3.—The South African colonists are proud of their country, and are pleased to show it. I should have liked a day to look about me at leisure, but I was in the

suite of a great person, to whom it was necessary to show the sugar plantations with the least possible delay, and I have this moment returned from a thirty miles drive over roads as rough as Browning's poetry, having been jolted into idiocy, and having three times fainted (or very near it), from the combined odor of negroes and molasses. But the country is pretty enough, undulating in rounded hills, the soil red and rich, the sugar plantations most extensive, and considering the difficulty of the labor question, most creditable to Natal energy. The forest, when uncleared, is rich with a variety of trees, all new to me, and the varieties of wild creepers which I admired at East London. The planters' houses are prettily surrounded with orange and lemon trees.

The climate of Natal is exquisite. The days are brilliant and not overpoweringly hot. The nights are cool and fragrant with orange blossoms. The stars shine with a steady lustre. The fire-flies gleam. The moth-hawk hunts his fluttering prey. The Indian Ocean moans on the shore, and will moan on till the day which Tintoret has painted, when the ships shall drift deserted on the waves, and the human inhabitants of the earth shall have passed away from it forever.

October 8.—The people are most kind. I have been staying for a day or two with a clever planter who has an estate and a sugar-mill outside the town. His house—a very handsome one—is finely situated on a brow overlooking the harbor; it is itself of wood, and was brought out complete from Paris. My host talks much and rather bitterly on the Nigger question. If the Kafir would work, he could treble his profits. As matters are he depends mainly on coolies. If liberality and personal kindness would bring the Kafir into his service he would not find the difficulty which he does. There could not

be a better master. It is an intricate problem. Here in Natal are nearly 400,000 natives, who have come in under shelter of the British Government, to escape the tyranny of their own chiefs. They are allowed as much land as they want for their locations. They are polygamists, and treat their women as slaves, while they themselves idle, or do worse. Of whites in the colony there are but 18,000 all told. It is too natural that the whites should feel uneasy.

There are large pythons in the woods here. My host told me (perhaps he was playing with my credulity) that one moonlight night he was cantering down his avenue, meaning to sleep at his place of business in the town, when he saw, as he thought, a tree left lying on the road. He got off to remove it, when the tree became alive and attacked him. He was in evening dress, and had no weapon of any kind. The engagement lasted for twenty minutes, when, getting tired of it, he made a slip-knot in his silk pocket-handkerchief, passed it over the python's neck, and then drawing it tight, he jumped on to his horse, and dragged the monster behind him into Durban. There, as it seemed dead, he thrust it into a warehouse for the night. When he went to look at it in the morning, it had recovered from its adventure, but not wishing to renew the battle, dashed past him into the street and rolled away into the forest. I tell the tale as X. Y—— told it to me.

Last night we had a native musical exhibition on the lawn. Forty or fifty Kafirs were brought in for my amusement. A large fire was made of pressed sugarcane; and then in the distance we heard a long low monotonous cry, growing louder as it approached, with a bugle breaking in absurdly at intervals. The ladies of our party arranged themselves in chairs in the veranda.

Presently a naked figure, with feathers in his hair, ran in on all-fours like a baboon, capered round the fire dangling an assegai and disappeared. More howling followed, and the procession came out from behind the bushes, chanting something which was like the baying of hounds at the moon, and stamping violently in time. The creatures ranged themselves round the fire and squattered on their haunches. Two or three had shirts, the rest had a thin short wisp of goat's hair round their loins, and that was all. In the uncertain light, in which they looked horribly apelike, they continued their song, or whatever it was. "Ho ha yah, ho ha yah," growing gradually louder and more guttural into "Hogh ha, hung ha," till their chests began to heave and work, and fifty human beings were grunting like so many mad pigs inspired suddenly with an ambition to become musicians. They sweated, they steamed, they swung their clubs over their heads, pausing at intervals to gaze in each other's faces with rolling eyes and shining teeth, as if in rapt admiration of each other's loveliness. Notwithstanding their exertions, they were not exhausted. They continued, eternally repeating the same movements and the same words. I asked what the words meant. It was no more than what a wolf intends by his howl. "I like killing. I like killing bull. I like killing buck." The sole variation being a grunt of praise to the chief of the tribe. "Hrunch, hrunch, hrunch!" and at the end a prolonged "Haugh!" in honor of me as an English stranger.

Such is the free Kafir of Natal, as he lives at his own sweet will under the shelter of the British dominion. Under his chief in the forest he is at least a man. Trained and disciplined under European authority, he might become as fine a specimen of manhood as an English or

Irish policeman. Left at liberty to do as he pleases, this is what he becomes. Do we think the black races so *superior* to Europeans that they can improve without training? Our grandfathers treated them as cattle; we treat them as if it were a sin to lay them under the same restraint as our own children. Our cruelty and our tenderness are alike fatal to them; the second, perhaps, is the most fatal of the two.

Maritzburg, October 17.—Arrived here a week ago, after a picturesque drive of fifty miles on the mail-cart. After leaving the coast and the sugar plantations, signs of cultivation disappear almost wholly. There are a few farms scattered along the roadside, but with little sign of work upon them. The energy of the colony has gone into the transport department. The enormous wealth suddenly developed at the Diamond Fields has revolutionized South Africa. Horses, men, and cattle are out upon the roads wagon-driving between the Fields and the ports. The poor Kafirs must have many merits. The farmers go away, leaving their houses and their families and property undefended. No outrage is ever heard of. The wagons are sent many hundred miles through a country almost uninhabited. They are loaded with a thousand articles which the natives much covet, and highway robbery is unknown. Yet the whites are afraid of them. No wonder, considering the disproportion of numbers. If they could be induced to work they would be manageable; but the settlers legitimately dread the effects of deliberate idleness supported by polygamy and female slavery, on the native character.

At Maritzburg I am occupied in preparing for my journey into the Free States. My equipage will be a strong African cart, six mules, a tent, a gun and a rifle, a black driver, and a young Dutchman, son of a member

of the Natal Council, who goes with me to interpret and be otherwise useful. Maritzburg being the seat of Government, I find an unexpectedly cultivated and agreeable society there, and my friend the judge, who has accompanied me from Dartmouth, is the most charming of hosts.

The country round is at present a mere desert. How beautiful it will one day be, when it is irrigated and planted, a single specimen of what the soil can produce will suffice to show.

Six years ago the judge, who understands gardening, purchased forty-five acres of perfectly open moor. The spot which he selected was well situated, and sheltered by a mountain, down which falls a stream of water. He fenced his ground in, and round the borders he sowed the seeds of a variety of coniferæ and the Australian eucalyptus. In this short interval the seeds have shot up into trees forty or fifty feet high. Passing through them you find yourself among groves of oranges, and lemons, and citrons, and limes, figs, peaches, apricots, and almonds. On a favorable slope are a few acres of coffee-trees loaded with fruit. You leave the coffee and you are among flowering trees and shrubs. In a hollow is a sheet of water, fringed with roses, azaleas, and geraniums. There is so much shade that you never feel the heat oppressive. If you require refreshment, you can stroll among the strawberry beds, or if you prefer it, among pineapples and melons. Whatever of rare or beautiful, either of the Old World or the New, European, African, or American, will flourish in this climate and soil, the judge has here cultivated, and so admirable are both that each plant contends with its neighbor which shall spring the soonest to the highest perfection.

We had our luncheon in a dripping cave, festooned

with ferns, at the edge of a waterfall. A fairer haunt was never seen for legendary spirit, and I had poured a silent libation to the nymph of the grotto before I remembered that I was in a land where there was neither nymph nor fairy, faun nor saint. These airy beings do not thrive in English colonies under constitutional governments.

Bushman's River, October 24.—The road through Natal is a gradual ascent from the sea level to the high plateau of the interior. From the summit of the Drachenberg range, the fall on the eastern side is marked by all the characters of mountain scenery ; sharp precipices, abrupt ravines, and rivers leaping down in a succession of cascades. When I pass the crest, I am told that I shall find myself on a boundless plain, sloping westward imperceptibly for a thousand miles to the Atlantic. The roadside is fringed with the skeletons of the wretched mules and oxen, which, overdriven and brutally treated, have dropped out of the wagon teams and have fallen down and died. In a few hours their bones are cleaned by the vultures. We are now 5000 feet above the sea. The Drachenberg is right in front of us, looking like the Pyrenees from Dax, the colors only softer and more Italian. The farms appear more and more neglected. I have not seen one laborer working in the fields since I left Maritzburg. Horse, man, and ox are on the roads. It is all right, economically, I suppose. More money is to be made in this way. And the remains of the miserable cattle which have been flogged to death ? Well, they must have died some time.

The camping places are strewn with broken tins and fragments of Hennessy's brandy bottles. The Kafir costume varies with the climate. Down at Durban it

was a hat and shoes, or more often neither. Up here the air is colder, and a cast-off soldier's jacket is in fashion, lower garments being dispensed with everywhere. In the park at Maritzburg I saw a dandy Kafir groom holding the horses of a currie. He had a short smartly cut groom's coat, a hat with cockade, and nothing else. His lower limbs shone so brightly that they appeared to be polished with blacking. The hotels on the road are tolerable, but the manners of the colonists since I left Maritzburg do not improve. In the English colonies—in South Africa at any rate—there are a set of people who answer to the mean whites of the Southern States of America. A large part of our emigrants are more or less vagabonds, whom their friends have got rid of. When they see out here any one who looks like a gentleman they make it their business to teach him at once that he is not in England by a rudeness which they mistake for independence. They suppose this country to be virtually a republic, and they consider courtesy to be a bad tradition of the Old World.

Tugeld River, October 25.—A lovely evening, with a full moon, and a soft east wind blowing. I have been sitting in the veranda of the hotel, reluctant to go in. The landscape, the great forms of which are always beautiful, can here be best enjoyed at night, when the dead oxen are no longer visible, or the nakedness to which the country is doomed by the laziness of man. The land here, as elsewhere, is boundlessly fertile. A large river runs through it with abundant fall. Irrigation is perfectly easy, yet nothing is done. At this hotel we drink the dirty drain water. I asked the landlord if he had no well. Within twenty feet of the surface there was obviously pure water in abundance. "A well!" he said, indignantly; "and who is to dig it?"

The Government won't make the Kafirs work, and if they want wells, they must make them themselves."

Hotel under the Drachenberg, frontier of the Free State, October 27. — Here at least in the mountains, where the hill-sides and valleys are watered by nature, I hoped that I should at last taste fresh milk. But I could get only the eternal tinned milk from Switzerland, and they are out of vegetables, for an expected cargo of potatoes has not arrived from Limerick. My landlord at the Drachenberg, however, is not of the idle sort. He is a Boer, the first that I have seen, large-boned, healthy, and good-humored. He is a cattle and horse breeder, and being on the border, has a farm on the edge of it, where, under the Free State laws, the Kafir servants can be better depended on.

I leave Natal with unhopeful feelings. The settlers themselves are not to blame. In the presence of a vast and increasing native population, encouraged in idleness by the indulgence of those detestable systems of polygamy and female slavery, it is impossible to expect white men to exert themselves for the genuine improvement of the colony. But the fact remains, that a country which seems to have been made by nature to be covered with thriving homesteads and a happy and prosperous people, is given over to barrenness and desolation. Before there can be a change, some authority must be introduced there which will control both blacks and whites, and bring the relations between them into a more natural condition. The sole remedy thought of here is more freedom, and what they call a "'sponsible ministry.'" They look to America, and they fancy the colonies have only to be free to grow as the United States have grown. America was colonized *before the aloe had blossomed*. The grain of the old oak is in New England.

The English in South Africa are pulpy endogens. They may make a nation some day, but they have a long journey to travel first.

One would like to know the reflections which the aloe makes upon itself when it throws up its flowering stem. Did ever plant make such unexampled progress? and progress so sure, too; for is not the flower the promise of the seed of future aloes, the heart of the aloe's life? One splendid leap and bound, and a dull prickly shrub has shot into a tree, which is fringed with pendant bells. Each infant aloe colony at its side, blossoms too in tiny mimicry, saying to its parent, "Am not I as good as you? or possibly better?" How little either of them know the price which must be paid for their burst of vanity! America was not established in this way. The price is death.

Harrismith, Orange Free State, October 29.—Crossed into the Free State yesterday. The top of the pass is 1800 feet above the hotel. Our cart was dragged up by oxen. The mules walked. The road on the Natal side winds up against the face of the mountain. We arrive at the top, and find, as I was led to expect, a plain level and boundless as the sea. Harrismith, the first place we come to, is named after Sir Harry Smith, of Aliwal and Kafir war notoriety, and is a growing, well-conditioned town. The change of government is already apparent in the absence of loafing natives. The Free State laws against vagrancy are strict. Every man found wandering about may be called on to show how he is gaining his subsistence, and if he can give no satisfactory account of himself, he is set to work on the roads.

Leokof (Lion-head), Saturday, October 31.—I was in luck at Harrismith. I fell in with Sir M. B——, an English baronet, ex-captain of dragoons, who after some

years of service in India, was obliged by bad health to leave the army, and not wishing to idle away the remainder of his life in England, determined to settle as a farmer in South Africa. He entered into partnership with another Englishman, Mr. —, an extreme Radical, but as Sir M. — said, with apparent surprise at the possibility of such a thing, “a gentleman to the heels of his boots.” They bought two tracts of land, one in the Transvaal, one in the Free State, and five years ago Sir M. — was set down on the estate which was to be his future home, sixty miles east of Harrismith. It consisted of 19,000 acres of grassy wilderness, without so much as a shed or Kafir hut upon it, with a round kopf or hill, flat at top, with steep sides, rising out of the middle of it, which a few years since was a noted lion preserve. The plains were still covered with infinite herds of antelopes. His nearest neighbor was a Boer, twelve miles distant. He was unmarried and alone.

Up to this time Sir M. — had lived in the luxury of a smart cavalry regiment, and had never had less than three or four servants to anticipate every want. In South Africa at starting he had nothing to depend on but himself. He built his house with his own hands, with only a native or two to help him. He made fences and sheds and farm-buildings. He gathered cattle, sheep, and horses about him. He drove his own plough, he sheared his own lambs, he was his own mason, house carpenter, cook, and housemaid. Gradually he gathered servants and laborers about him, as a man who will work himself is sure to do. The hardest part of the business is over. His farming prospers, and he is steadily and surely making a fortune.

I met Sir M. — at dinner at Harrismith. He was to return to Leokof the next day, and he invited me to

go with him. It lay on my own road to Pretoria, so it was settled that my cart and mules should follow at leisure. Sir M.— took charge of me in his dog-cart, and we started with four half-broken horses, which he drove splendidly. We slept on the road at a *winkel*, or roadside store, where Sir M.— had an enthusiastic welcome. In the morning we started early, and were here to breakfast. Sir M.— is a tall handsome man about forty, with a hooked nose, a gray soldier's eye, a well-cut chin ; and in face, figure, and mind a thoroughbred aristocrat. By courtesy, uprightness, and natural superiority he commands the respect of the Boers. He accepts his situation, not cheerfully, but without complaint, sustained by the consciousness of success, and too proud to quarrel with a lot which he has made for himself. Nature is hard up here 6000 feet above the sea. No more orange groves and rose gardens ; but the treeless, shelterless plain, with the fierce sun by day and frosts at night, and thunder-storms beyond the worst I have ever witnessed in Europe. Sir M.— is showing what an Englishman can still be. It is a relief to me after what I saw in Natal, and I admire the character that has fought through so rude a trial. At meals he has but one table, and he sits himself at the head of it, with his white servants on each side of him, well mannered and respectful. So it was in England for many centuries, while the feudal loyalty, which democracy has not yet wholly worn away, made its way into the blood of our race. So old Cato dined with his serfs in the farm kitchen, probably on just such fare as we had before us to-day : soup, mutton, bread, and a glass or two of wine of the country.

November 4.—On the road to the Vaal River—First experience of camping out. I am alone in my tent with

a glaring sun raising the temperature inside to 90 degrees. The mules have strayed, being insufficiently hobbled. I sent Charley, my black driver, in search of them in the early morning. He returned with his face as near white as nature permitted, declaring that the devil had jumped out of the ground at his feet with four young ones. I suppose it was an ant-bear. Any way the mules are lost. He has gone back to our last halting-place to look for them. My other youth has started with a rifle to shoot buck, which are round us in tens of thousands, and here am I by the side of a pond which is trampled by the antelopes into mud soup, the only stuff in the shape of water which we have to depend on for our coffee, and, alas ! for our washing. To add to the pleasure of the situation the season of the thunderstorms has set in. The lightning was playing round us all yesterday afternoon, and we shall now have a storm daily. Whole teams of oxen are often killed. To a white man, they say, there is no danger while he has a black at his side, the latter being the better conductor. When one is struck another must be immediately substituted.

The Boers are shooting on the hills round me. They ride up to the herds and fire into the middle of them, a cart follows to carry the game, and the vultures wheel in hundreds overhead on the watch for the wounded. These antelopes consume the grass, and must be exterminated before sheep and cattle can be reared.

Heidelberg, November 7.—A young Boer brought in the mules, which he found fifteen miles off, making their way back to Natal. We were soon on the road again, and yesterday evening crossed the Vaal River. We are now in the Transvaal Republic, the Alastia of South Africa, where every runaway from justice, every

broken-down speculator, every reckless adventurer finds an asylum ; while the gold just discovered is tempting stray Californians and Australians to try their fortune there as well.

Pretoria, November 12.—At the farthest point of my journey. Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal and the seat of government of its famous President, lies in a basin surrounded by rocky hills, at the rise of the Limpopo River. Springs of abundant and beautifully clear water break out in the adjoining valleys. The Dutch, who have a genius for irrigation, have carried open conduits along the streets. The trees in the moistened soil flourish with the greatest luxuriance. We have descended 2000 feet from Harrismith ; and although the place is not yet a quarter of a century old, you seem as you come down into the hollow of Pretoria, to be entering a forest of eucalyptus and oleander.

Potscheffstroom, November 20.—On the road once more. On my way to this place from Pretoria I spent a night at the house of a representative Transvaal Boer, Oberholster by name. Camping out has grown disagreeable. The forenoons are clear and hot. About two o'clock flecks of cloud begin to show. By sunset the horizon is black all round, distant lightning flashing in every direction. The air becomes deathly still, and by this time your tent must be pitched, and a trench dug round it ; your cart must be secured, and your belongings lashed as tight as ropes can bind them. Suddenly, with a loud roar, comes a hurricane, sending dust, sand, gravel, whisking past, as if the bags of Æolus had burst. This lasts five minutes or so. Again a pause, and then the artillery of heaven opens out upon you, a crash as if from a thousand cannon, east, west, north, south, overhead and everywhere. The forked lightning blazes with-

out interval, red, white, blue, green The rain happily pours in cataracts along with it, or the trees and animals exposed would fare worse than they do. This sort of thing continues six or seven hours, and is repeated almost every day while the wet season lasts, so that a tent, notwithstanding the superior cleanliness of it, no longer forms the most comfortable of night lodgings.

My old Boer host on this occasion is a patriarch of sixty. His farm is large, well planted, and well cultivated, and inside his house and outside there is an appearance of rude abundance. On his hall table stands a huge clamped Bible of 1750, with a register of the family for 120 years. His sons and daughters are married, and live with their wives and husbands in cottages on the estate at no great distance. With each new family another hundred acres have been fenced in and brought under the plough. Children and grandchildren dropped in for the evening meal at the common table, young giants, handsome, grave, and ponderous, and bright-eyed girls dashing through the doors out of the storm, and flinging off their dripping hoods. Our supper consisted of cold venison, eggs, bread, and Indian corn, with—here at any rate—fresh milk. The old man said a long grace before and after. I glanced at the youths. There was not a sign of weariness about them. Their manners were perfectly simple and reverent.

My bed was rough, but clean, and I was not disturbed by intruders. In the morning I was awoke by a psalm, with which the day's work always begins on a Boer's farm. The breakfast was like the supper overnight. The old lady and two young ones, who alone appeared of the party of the evening before, looked as stiff and prim as if they had walked out of one of Van Eyck's pictures.

The Diamond Fields, November 28.—The storms put an end to my gypsy life. I sold my cart, mules, and guns at Potscheffstrom, sent my two lads home by a wagon to Natal, and took to the mail-cart. The roads are mere tracks, littered with stones the size of thirty-two-pound cannon-balls. The mail travels night and day, with ten mules or horses, and plunges on with supreme disregard either of rock or hole. The cart is roofed and curtained with leather, the brass buttons by which the curtains are fastened being so conveniently arranged that at each jolt you are likely to have your temple cut or your cheek laid open. The distance from Potscheffstrom to this place is from four to five hundred miles. I had several fellow-passengers, all characteristic of the spot for which I was bound. One was a Jew diamond dealer, another a storekeeper, another a digger, another a land shark or speculator. A fifth amused and instructed me. "When I first came to this country, sir," he said, "I tried industry; but it didn't pay, and I took to scheming and did better." His scheming consisted in going to England when the Diamond diggings were opened, buying a gambling and drinking saloon with all necessary fittings, securing the services of half a dozen young ladies from the Haymarket to attend, and carrying it all out and setting it going. With this contrivance he made thirty or forty thousand pounds in one year, but he lost it the next in gambling. "Alas!" he said, all that I touch turns to gold. Any fool can make a fortune here, but it requires a wise man to keep it."

On the evening of the third day after leaving Potscheffstrom, we came down to the Vaal River, intending to cross in a ferry-boat an hour before sunset. The thunder-clouds unfortunately had gathered up that afternoon blacker than I had yet seen them. Between four

and five o'clock the storm began, and between the darkness and the blinding effects of the lightning, in the intervals of the flashes we could scarcely see ten yards from us. Even in South Africa I never saw such a display of celestial fireworks. The lightning was rose color, deepening at times to crimson. Each flash appeared like a cross, a vertical line seeming to strike the earth, a second line crossing it horizontally. The air was a blaze of fire. The rain fell in such a deluge that the plain in a few minutes was like a lake. Of course we could not move. The horses stood shivering up to their fetlocks in water. At one time there was no interval between the flash and the report, so that we were in the very centre of the storm. The sense of utter helplessness prevented me from being nervous; I sat still and looked at it in mere amazement. In two hours it was over. The sky cleared almost suddenly, and, with the dripping landscape shining in the light of a summer sunset, we splashed on to the river, here about as broad as the Thames at Westminster. We crossed with some trouble, the ferry-boat being half full of water. Night being now on us in earnest, we had to wait at the ferryman's hut till the moon rose. He had caught some barbel (so he called them) in the river with night lines. One of these monsters, as big as a moderate-sized pig, with an enormous head and long horns, the conductor bought, to take on and sell at the Diamond Fields. The diggers are open-handed, and the price of anything at Kimberley (as my speculating friend told me) is whatever the owner likes to ask. I objected to this addition to our company in the wagon, so it was lashed to the pole underneath, the tail flapping on the sands. At 10.30 we started (having lost time to make up) with ten half-broken horses. I asked how the road was, and got

a shrug for an answer. In a few minutes we were bounding at full speed over a track littered with cannon-balls, and our bodies flying like shuttlecocks between our seats and the roof. I for one felt as if I should go to pieces. At intervals the conductor looked in, coolly saying, "Well, gentlemen, how do you feel yourselves?" He knew by experience, I suppose, that we should be none the worse for it, and people do not go to South Africa to be comfortable. Enough that at ten this morning we arrived at the spot which has caused so much heart-burning in South African society, and disturbed the market for jewels all over the world.

The town of Kimberley, so called because Lord Kimberley was the Colonial Minister who is responsible for the annexation of this precious possession, is like a squalid Wimbledon Camp set down in an arid desert. The houses are of iron, wood, and canvas, every particle of which has been brought out from England, and has been carried up on wagons from the sea. The streets are axle deep in what is either mud or dust according to the season. The inhabitants, who are of all nations and colors, number at the present time between twenty and thirty thousand, and may be described as the Bohemians of the four continents. By Bohemian I do not mean to be uncomplimentary. I mean merely a class of persons who prefer adventure and speculation to settled industry, and who do not work well in the harness of ordinary life. Here are diggers from America and Australia, German speculators, Fenian head-centres, traders, saloon-keepers, professional gamblers, barristers (I heard one of these say it was a lawyer's Eldorado), ex-officers of the army and navy, younger sons of good family, who have not taken to a profession or have been obliged to leave it. A marvellous motley assemblage, among whom money flows

like water from the amazing productiveness of the mine ; and in the midst of them a hundred or so keen-eyed Jewish merchants, who have gathered like eagles over their prey, and a few thousand natives who have come to work for wages, to steal diamonds, and to lay their earnings out in rifles and powder.

There are three pits out of which the diamonds are taken. One of them, two miles off, is comparatively unproductive ; one better, but still negligently worked ; the third is the famous Koppe, about which the town has formed itself. This Koppe was once a rounded hillock, swelling out of the plain and covered with mimosa trees, under the shade of which passing wagons stopped to rest. Eyes negligently looking round one day saw something shining in the grass ; a tuft was pulled up, and more sparks were seen about the roots. Digging began, and it was discovered that through the level shale which forms the ordinary surface an oval hole had been cut, as if by some elliptical boring tool, working with singular evenness. The length of the opening is about 1200 feet, the breadth, 900, the sides perpendicular ; the depth unknown, for they are afraid to bore. A discovery that the bottom is near would destroy the value of the property. A discovery that there is no bottom would convulse the diamond market. At present they have cut down about 120 feet.

Four or five thousand blacks are picking into the blue crumbling substance, neither clay nor stone, in which the diamonds are imbedded. The area is divided into claims, or quadrilateral sections, thirty feet by twenty, which are held as freeholds, and again are subdivided into half and quarter claims. Each owner works by himself or with his own servants. He has his own wire rope, and his own basket, by which he sends his stuff to

the surface to be washed. The rim of the pit is fringed with windlasses. The descending wire-ropes stretch from them thick as gossamers on an autumn meadow. The system is as demoralizing as it is ruinous. The owner cannot be ubiquitous : if he is with his washing-^{cradle}, his servants in the pit steal his most valuable stones and secrete them. Forty per cent of the diamonds discovered are supposed to be lost in this way. The sides fall in from the strain of so much weight on the brink. A company working the mine systematically with a couple of steam-engines could produce the same results with a tenth of the labor, and so obviously is the interest of the claim-owners in making the change, that if left to themselves they would form into a company tomorrow. The Government, however, forbids it ; for the natural reason that the vagabond population would disappear, the army of gamblers, keepers of saloons and drink-shops ; a single magistrate would then suffice for peace and order, and the Governor and his staff and the £100,000 a year which is now raised and spent out of the produce of the pit would disappear together.

The Governor himself, Mr. Southey, is one of the most remarkable men in South Africa. He won his spurs in the Kafir war of 1834. He was with Sir Harry Smith when Hintza, the Kafir chief, was killed, and he so much recommended himself that he rose fast in the public service. He was for many years Colonial Secretary, and held that office when, in opposition to his protests, responsible government was thrust upon the colony. He could not believe that it would work successfully. His desire was and is to see South Africa British up to the Zambesi River, the native chiefs taken everywhere under the British flag, and the whole country governed by the Crown. When the Diamond Fields

were annexed as a Crown colony, he accepted the governorship, with a hope that, north of the Orange River, he might carry out his own policy, check the encroachments of the Transvaal Republic, and extend the empire internally.

It has been the one mistake of Mr. Southey's life. Being without a force of any kind, he could only control the republics by the help of the native chiefs, and the coercion of the republics in any way became impossible from the moment that the control of the Cape Colony was passed over to its own people. Otherwise I have rarely met a man whom I have more admired. Mr. Southey is over seventy. He drove me one day seventy miles in a cart with as wild a team as I ever sat behind, and he went to a party in the evening. I said to myself as I looked at him, "If some one came in and told you that you were to be taken out and shot in five minutes, you would finish what you were about with perfect deliberation, and not a muscle of your face would alter."

Bloemfonteine, December 6.—After a week at the Diamond Fields, I started again in the mail-cart for this place. The distance is but ninety miles. The roads, I was told, were good, and that we should do it in a single day. Alas! between the Diamond Fields and Bloemfonteine lies the Modder or Mud River, fitly so named, especially if it be in flood, as it was when we came up to it. Dense volumes of turbid filth were rolling along at the level of the banks, and the passage seemed impossible. We spent the night at a shanty. In the morning the water did not seem to have fallen. "It was stark," the driver said, but he had seen it worse, and we must go any way. He took us three miles higher up, to a place where he said the river was broader and not so deep. Passing through the fringe of bush we had the

Modder again before us, perhaps 200 yards wide. The bank on which we stood was twenty-five feet above the river, with a steep track cut through it, down which the carts could go. The horses were taken out, as they cannot be trusted to draw steadily in deep water, and they are once plunged in and struggled across half swimming. A dozen heavy oxen then appeared on the opposite side, led by Kafirs, who were to come over and take charge of us. The stream was violent. The Kafirs were up to their necks, and sometimes slipped and rolled under. The oxen and they reached us undrowned, however, and were "inspanned" to our cart. We put our boxes on the seats, and ourselves climbed to the top of them, and commended ourselves to Providence. The slide down the bank was the first and worst danger, for the pole was crazy, and bent and twisted as the weight fell upon it. It held, however, and in we went, and with the driver swearing, the Kafirs yelling, and the water pouring through the cart within an inch of the seats, we scrambled across somehow, and found brandy and hot coffee ready, prepared for us in case we had met with a misadventure.

Without further misfortune we arrived at Bloemfontaine, a pretty town 4500 feet above the sea, clustered round the foot of the old British fort on which the Free State flag is now flying. It is now the Dutch capital, the stronghold of Dutch politics and Dutch religion, the central object of the pride and hope of Dutch nationality.

For some reason unknown to me, Bloemfontaine has been selected also as a special scene of missionary exertion by the extreme High Church party in England. There is a bishop here whose vestments would look gorgeous on a Greek archimandrite, there is an Anglo-Cath

olic nunnery, in the neighborhood there is a college of Anglo-Catholic monks, and attached to the nunnery an excellent girls' school, of which the Dutch themselves speak in terms of high admiration.

The day after my arrival was Sunday. I went to the cathedral, when the bishop preached. Being in a republic, he had caught something of its spirit. He told us that we lived in days of democracy, when the principle of loyalty had no longer any earthly object to which it could attach itself. But every natural principle must have some object, and loyalty would therefore instinctively turn to Christ, and to the Bishop. I thought the anticipation rather sanguine. But the Bishop is an accomplished and even superior person. I dined with him afterward, and heard much that interested me on the state of the country. He tells me that the price of everything is five times what it was before the diamond discovery. Living is three times as expensive as in England. The country is flooded with money; but with butter at seven shillings a pound, and milk a shilling a pint—the present prices in Bloemfonteine market—no one is much the better for it. The English trade and speculate, but do not care to cultivate the soil. The Dutch grow what they require for their own households, but being indifferent about money they will not go out of their way to raise supplies for others; and yet we are told that the Diamond Fields have saved the country. Politically, socially, and economically they appear to me to have been a mere nuisance.

Friday, December 13.—We started yesterday in a cart with four horses for Trabanchu. It is thirty-five miles off, the mountain being clearly visible from Bloemfonteine.

The drive was of the usual kind. It is hot summer,

the rain has stopped for a while, and the mud in the roads is baked as hard as brick. We had again to cross the Modder River. The leaders bolted as we were going down into it, and we were swinging for a moment over the edge of a precipice. As we scrambled up the other side the wheelers jibbed; we were saved from rolling back into the water only by the depth of the clay in which the wheels were buried. These adventures pass for nothing in South Africa. The Bishop's archdeacon was upset in a river a week ago, and lost his cope and chasuble.

At four o'clock we reached our destination, and drove to the Wesleyan Missionary Station, a long straggling house with a chapel and school-room attached. Across a ravine stands the new Anglican monastery. Between the station and the monks there is little or no communication. It was a lovely summer evening, and the missionary and his family being out, we strolled up to call on the King. In the South African towns generally the natives are relegated to the suburbs. At Trabancheo the King and his court have the post of honor. The white traders and clergy are in the back premises. The city is composed of about 1500 beehive huts, thatched with reeds, each surrounded with a stone wall. Swarms of children were playing in the sunshine, necklaces of beads being their chief or only covering, and the little stomachs blown out till they shone, with mealies or buckwheat porridge. A flagstaff denoted the royal residence. We made for it, and presently the eldest of the princes came out, a middle-aged thick-set man, dressed in a Methodist parson's cast-off suit of clothes, followed by other chiefs in skins. We shook hands, and immediately after the old King himself came up, handsomely dressed in leopard-skins, and walking slowly with

a knob-stick. Chairs were placed for the King and the visitors. The Prime Minister and the court jester sat on the ground on each side of his Majesty, and a circle of thirty or forty of the principal people squatted round, some of the youngsters wearing military caps. All were covered more or less, and had at least a blanket.

The King asked after the Queen, whom he professed to hold in high respect, and then made some minute inquiries into the Diamond Field business. Having satisfied his curiosity, I asked him if he had heard of the Langabalele affair. He looked surprised, affected ignorance, and appealed to his minister. The minister seemed to know no more than he. I discovered afterward that they had been watching the whole business with the intensest interest. At that moment a party from Langabalele's tribe were in Trabanchu, and were probably in the suite listening to the conversation.

Two of the princes are Christians, and are anxious for their father's conversion. But he sticks to his heathenism. "My sons," he said, "want me to be baptized. I say to them, Christians here," pointing to the Wesleyan Station, "and Christians there," pointing to the Anglean monks. "Christians there won't speak to Christians here. When one of them has converted the other, it will be time to come to me."

Trabanchu is maintained by the Free State, partly to show the world how good a Dutch state can be to the natives, and partly as a nursery for laborers; but it was not a pretty sight to me. Food of course has to be supplied for so many people, and a certain quantity of ground is cultivated; but the work here as elsewhere is almost wholly done by the women. The men are not allowed to fight, and fighting being the only labor they understand, they are hopelessly idle.

When we returned to the station the missionary had come in. He entertained us to the best of his ability. He gave us a supper, which, if plain, was abundant. Hunger was the best of sauces, and his conversation was instructive if not amusing. To lodge us was the chief difficulty. There was one spare bed, and there was a sofa in the sitting-room. The Chief Justice and the Secretary of State took the bed and gave the sofa to me. My mind misgave me. I remembered my experience with a sofa at the Vaal River. There were neither matches nor candles, so I prudently did not extinguish the lamp when I lay down. Five minutes were all that I could bear. I bounded back into my clothes, turned up the lamp again, and settled into a chair. What was I to do? On the table lay a history of Methodism in seven volumes, a commentary on St. Paul in five volumes. Happily on a distant shelf, concealed modestly behind a curtain, I discovered a pile of novels, and read myself to sleep with "Modern Accomplishments."

I have now learned as much as I am likely to learn, and may make my way back to Port Elizabeth. I am tired of knocking about. I have still 500 miles of Cape roads before me. The rivers in the colony are reported to be in flood, and the bridges to be broken. Mr. H——, an exceptionally agreeable English gentleman, who is here, undertakes to drive me in his cart to Faure-smith, seventy-two miles of the way. There I shall fall in with "Cobb's coach" from Kimberley to Algoa Bay. I have tried to point out to people here how absurd it is for them to talk of South African independence. In the towns they import everything which they consume. They import their flour; they import Australian meat; they import milk, butter, tinned vegetables; they import their furniture, their clothes, and even timber to

floor and roof their houses. They manufacture nothing except wagons and harness. They are dependent on Europe for their commonest necessities of life. They produce, to buy these things, wool, diamonds, gold, copper, and ostrich feathers. But they cannot live on these. Three frigates could close their harbors, and they would be at once upon their knees.

We saw a curious sight on the way : a locust swarm, a great brown cloud sweeping through the air, pursued by an army of locust-birds, large flycatchers, like swallows, but twice the size. These birds sweep up and down the swarm clipping off the wings of the locusts, which then fall like rain to the ground, when the birds alight and devour them at leisure. There are all the plagues of Egypt in this country except one. The flies blacken your breakfast table. The frogs have given me many a sleepless night. Lice there are none, but change the translation slightly, and you are provided to your skin's discontent. The locusts desolate the fields and gardens. The hail is so violent that in Natal and the Transvaal it will pierce holes through roofs of corrugated iron. Under a thunder-cloud there is the darkness of midnight. Red-water and horse-sickness are an equivalent for murrain, and if the rivers are not turned to blood, they come down after rain with the consistency of red soup.

Colesberg, December 19.—Again in the Cape Colony. Cobb's coach hanging fire, and there being some doubt whether any coach would run again till the floods had gone down, I found a friend to drive me to the Orange River. At the passage I was told that I should find a ferry and a carriage which would take me on to Colesberg. The Orange River, though it has still 800 miles to run, is even here an impressive stream—600 feet

across, deep and rapid. The ferryman, a Dutchman, and therefore never in a hurry, was slowly transporting vast droves of oxen to the colonial border. Would he send me over? He would. He would not. He did not know. Why could I not go by the mail-cart? It was then noon. He promised me an answer at three. I sat down with a cigar and a drawing-book. Three hours passed. I again applied, and again found myself treated with phlegmatic indifference. The alternative before me was to sleep supperless on the sands. I said nothing, lighted another cigar, reseated myself, and sketched on. He approved of my composure, relented, and told me I should go. There was really not the slightest difficulty. There was a carriage with a pair of horses on the other side, which was ready in a few minutes, and in two hours I was again in a British colonial town. The best hotel is full. I have to take up with a place kept by a drunken lout from High Wickham, whose wife, however, has sense and cleanliness. The bad specimens of colonists copy the Kafirs, and leave their wives to work while they drink and sleep. This poor woman slaves to keep things straight, but with imperfect success. The diamonds, she says, have turned everybody's head. There is more money, but living is ruinously expensive, and no one is the better for it.

I passed a farm on my way here which was a model in its way. The owner was an Englishman, and when an Englishman will work at agriculture, he shows the Dutchman how to do it.

Colesberg itself lies in a rocky valley, more than 4000 feet above the sea, and is geologically the strangest place I ever saw. A huge flat-topped mountain rises over it, formed of alternate layers of stratified rock and iron-stone, the horizontal beds perfectly even, as if they had

never been disturbed, yet beds of igneous rock, many hundred feet thick, lying on the top of them.

New Bedford, December 24.—We are descending from the highlands at last, and are again among the jessamines and the orange-trees. Five days ago I left Colesberg with a cart and pair of horses to make my way down the colony, and I have travelled at the rate of about fifty miles a day. The first evening after sunset I passed a handsome house belonging to a Dutchman. He was sitting in the twilight outside his door with his wife, a middle-aged lady, but still handsome, and with beautiful eyes. I stopped to give the horses some water. We fell into conversation. I asked for fresh milk. They sent a boy to the stable with a tumbler to milk the cow for me. They invited me to stay there for the night, with a courtesy and repose of manner which no English lord and lady could have outdone. The Dutch having been long settled in the country have a dignity about them which contrasts favorably with Anglo-colonial smartness. I regretted to leave them, but it was moonlight, and we pushed on. The roads, which are bad enough by day, are horrible at night. They are mere wheeltracks, the ruts a foot or two deep, and the baked clay through which they are cut now as hard as stone. The road commissioners are the country farmers. I said to some one that I met on the way, that I supposed the Dutch rarely left their homes, and so did not care. I was told that if I could choose a road that led to a church I should always find it good. The farmers will go with their families fifty miles to a church, and never miss a church festival. The ministers are better paid than average state officials, and the Dutch meeting-houses are the handsomest buildings in South Africa. I saw, in passing through Cradock, a church which would have

been called fine anywhere in Europe. The Dutch farmers of the neighborhood had built it entirely. The news about the floods is too true. Although it is summer there has been a heavy fall of snow on the mountains. It has melted suddenly. Violent rain falling at the same time has burst simultaneously a number of ill-made reservoirs, and the Great Fish River has risen to forty feet above its natural level. The banks are wooded. The torrent rushing over them tears out the trees by the roots, and the river rolls along, carrying with it enormous masses of floating timber. No imaginable bridge can stand such a strain, and it is a serious problem how the railways are by and by to be carried over these rivers. A druggist at Cradoek, whose son is at a Scotch university, kindly took charge of me as an ex-Lord Rector. He placed me in the hands of an experienced young Dutchman who knew the points where the Fish River could be crossed, and, after less serious difficulties than befell me at the Modder, I am now within 120 miles of Port Elizabeth. New Bedford is one of the prettiest towns which I have seen, nestled among densely wooded mountains, and luxurious with the wild variety of sub-tropical vegetation. Half a mile distant, among orange groves, and approached through vast oak avenues, lie the remains of the ruined house of Sir Andrew Stockenstrom, who was so honorably distinguished in the last generation by his endeavors to protect and raise the native tribes on the borders. The house was burned in one of the Kafir wars, and has not been restored. The trees which were planted round it would be splendid even in an English park. All else is desolate. Wild jessamines creep among the broken casements. A dismounted cannon of the last century, with a Dutch inscription, lies half-buried under leaves, and as a practi-

cal comment on the owner's chivalrous efforts to elevate the Kafir race by mere benevolence, the town to-day is full of black creatures of both sexes and all ages, who have come in to drink, and are lying about in the sun idle and masterless.

Tunbridge, December 26.—Only thirty miles left. Saw the sea to-day from the final ridge over which we crossed, and, after my long battering journey, I cried out like the vanguard of the ten thousand when they looked down on Trebizond. For the last two days we have been descending through picturesque ravines, studded with the African aloe. The open hills blaze with mesembryanthemums. The ivy-leaf geranium runs like a creeper up the stems of the trees on the riversides, and pours its flowers in cascades over the branches. The banks of the streams are fringed with the fronds of giant ferns. This afternoon we took our last leap, 1200 feet, down into the plain, through winding glens, once the scenes of our most desperate battles with the Kafirs, now warm and glowing in the soft light of a summer sunset, fragrant with the million blossoms of the wild Cape jessamine, and with no more formidable animals concealed among the thickets than armies of gray baboons, which were playing on the grassy lawns that opened in the intervals of the forest. One very large fellow, with white whiskers and sharp twinkling eyes, stood half hidden in a bush to watch us as we passed. My negro driver, silent and solemn hitherto, burst into shouts of delight at the sight of his relation. I begged him to be silent, that I might get a nearer view, but he understood the matter better than I did. He addressed Jock, as he called him, in terms of affectionate greeting. Jock chattered, slipped round the bush, and waved his paw. I had just seen worse manners at the last hotel

which I had passed, where the innkeeper boasted to me that, when the late Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, called there he had made Sir Philip know that he, in his own house, was as good a governor as the other. A free Africander was not going to humble himself before the best Excellency that could be sent from England.

Tunbridge, Sunday Evening, December 27.—The last day of my singular journey. I have travelled 1500 miles on the roughest roads that I have ever been jolted over, amid thunder-storms and hard living and nights without sleep. Had I been thirty, it would have been the most delightful of adventures. When one is near sixty, adventures cease to be exhilarating. When I was leaving Maritzburg, plunging into the heart of an unknown wilderness, I thought of Faust descending to “the Mothers” and Mephistopheles’s

“Ich bin neugierig wenn er wiederkommt.”

I am a stone lighter than when I was last at Port Elizabeth. In a Potchefstrom newspaper I saw myself described as “a lean gray old gentleman,” but I am strong and well, and none the worse for what I have gone through.

VIII.

A DAY'S FISHING AT CHENEYS.*

THE village stands on a chalk-hill rising from the little River Ches, four miles from Rickmansworth, on the road to Amersham. The estate belongs to the Duke of Bedford, and is pervaded by an aspect of serene good manners, as if it was always Sunday. No vulgar noises disturb the general quiet. Cricket may be played there, and bowls and such games as propriety allows ; but the oldest inhabitant can never have heard an oath spoken aloud, or seen a drunken man. Dirt and poverty are equally unknown. The houses, large and small, are solid and substantial, built of red brick, with high chimneys and pointed gables, and well trimmed gardens before the doors. A Gothic fountain stands in the middle of the village green, under a cluster of tall elms, where picturesque, neatly dressed girls go for the purest water. Beyond the green a road runs, on one side of which stands the church and the parsonage, on the other the remains of the once spacious manor house, which was built by the first Earl of Bedford, on the site of an old castle of the Plantagenet kings. One wing of the manor house only survives, but so well constructed, and of material so admirable, that it looks as if it had been com-

* This sketch contains the descriptive part of the Author's Essay on "Cheneys and the House of Russell."

pleted yesterday. In a field under the window is an oak which tradition says was planted by Queen Bess. More probably it is as old as the Conquest. The entire spot, church, mansion, cottages, and people, form a piece of ancient England artificially preserved from the intrusion of modern ways. No land is let on building lease in Cheneys to be disfigured by contractors' villas. No flaring shops, which such villas bring behind them, make the street hideous. A single miscellaneous store supplies the simple wants of the few inhabitants—the bars of soap, the bunches of dip candles, the tobacco in ounce packets, the tea, coffee, and sugar, the balls of twine, the strips of calico. Even the bull's-eyes and gingerbread for the children are not unpermitted, if they are honestly made and warranted not to be poisonous. So light is the business that the tidy woman who presides at the counter combines with it the duties of the post-office, which again are of the simplest kind. All is old-fashioned, grave, and respectable. No signs are to be found of competition, of the march of intellect, of emancipation, of the divine right of each man and woman to do what is good in their own eyes—of the blessed liberty which the House of Russell has been so busy in setting forward. The inhabitants of Cheneys live under authority. The voice of the Russells has been the voice of the emancipator—the hand has been the hand of the ruling noble.

The Manor House contains nothing of much interest. In itself, though a fragment, it is a fine specimen of the mason work of the Tudor times, and if not pulled down will be standing strong as ever when the new London squares are turned to dust heaps. With its high-pitched roofs and its clusters of curiously twisted chimneys it has served as a model for the architecture of the village,

the smallest cottages looking as if they had grown from seeds which had been dropped by the central mansion.

All this is pretty enough, but the attraction of the place to a stranger is the church and what it contains. I had visited it before more than once, but I wished to inspect the monuments more closely. I ran down from London, one evening in June, to the village inn, and in the morning, soon after sunrise, when I was in less danger of having the officious assistance thrust upon me of clerk or sexton, I sauntered over to see if I could enter. The keys were kept at an adjoining cottage. The busy matron was already up and at her work. When I told her that I had special permission, she unlocked the church door and left me to myself. Within, as without, all was order. No churchwardens, it was plain enough, had ever been allowed to work their will at Cheneys. Nay, the unchallenged loyalty of the Bedford family to constitutional liberty must have saved the church from the visits of the Commissioners of the Long Parliament. On the walls are old Catholic brasses, one representing a parish priest of the place with the date of 1512, and a scroll praying for mercy on his soul. Strange to think that this man had said mass in the very place where I was standing, and that the memory of him had been preserved by the Russells, till the wheel had come round again and a Catholic hierarchy had been again established in England, with its Cardinals and Archbishops and Bishops. Will mass be ever said in Cheneys again?—not the sham mass of the Ritualists, but the real thing? Who that looks on England now can say that it will not? And four miles off is Amersham, where John Knox used to preach, and Queen Mary's inquisitors gathered their batches of heretics for Smithfield. On the pavement against the wall lies the stone figure of an old knight,

finished only from the waist upward. The knight is in his armor, his wife rests at his side ; the hands of both of them reverently folded. Opening from the church on the north side, but private, and not used for service, is the Russell Chapel. Below is the vault where the remains lie of most of the family who have borne the name for three centuries and a half.

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It is worth while to spend a day at Cheneys, if only for the breakfast—breakfast on fresh pink trout from the Ches, fresh eggs, fresh yellow butter, cream undefiled by chalk, and home-made bread untouched with alum. The Russells have been the apostles of progress, but there is no progress in their own dominion. The ducal warranty is on everything which is consumed here.

The sun was shining an hour ago. It is now raining ; it rained all yesterday ; the clouds are coming up from the south and the wind is soft as oil. The day is still before us, and it is a day made for trout fishing. The chapel is not the only attraction at Cheneys. No river in England holds finer trout, nor trout more willing to be caught. Why fish will rise in one stream and not in another is a problem which we must wait to understand, as Bret Harte says, in “another and a better world.” The Ches at any rate is one of the favored waters. Great, too, is the Duke of Bedford—great in the millions he has spent on his tenants’ cottages—great in the remission of his rents in the years when the seasons are unpropitious—great in the administration of his enormous property ; but greater than all in the management of his fishing, for if he gives you leave to fish there, you have the stream for the day to yourself. You are in no danger of seeing your favorite pool already flogged by

another sportsman, or of finding rows of figures before you fringing the river bank, waving their long wands in the air, each followed by his boy with basket and generally useless landing net. "Competition" and "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" are not heard of in this antique domain. A day's fishing at Cheney's means a day by the best water in England in the fisherman's paradise of solitude.

Such a day's privilege had been extended to me if I cared to avail myself of it, when I was coming down to see the chapel, and though my sporting days were over, and gun and rod had long lain undisturbed in their boxes, yet neither the art of fly-fishing, nor the enjoyment of it when once acquired and tasted, will leave us except with life. The hand does not forget its cunning, and opportunity begets the inclination to use it. I had brought my fishing case along with me. Shall I stay at the inn over the day and try what can be done? The rain and the prospect of another such breakfast decide it between them. The water-keeper is at the window—best of keepers—for he will accept a sandwich perhaps for luncheon, a pull from your flask, and a cigar out of your case, but other fee on no condition. The rain, he tells me, has raised the water, and the large fish are on the move, the May-fly has been down for two days. They were feeding on it last evening. If the sky clears they will take well in the afternoon; but the fly will not show till the rain stops.

The Cheney's fishing is divided in the middle by a mill. Below the mill the trout are in greatest numbers, but comparatively small; above them is a long, still deep pool where the huge monsters lie, and in common weather never stir till twilight. The keeper and I remember a summer evening some years ago, when at

nightfall, after a burning day, the glittering surface of the water was dimpled with rings, and a fly thrown into the middle of these circles was answered more than once by a rush and scream of the reel ; and a struggle which the darkness made more exciting. You may as well fish on the high road as in the mill-pool when the sun is above the horizon, and even at night you will rarely succeed there ; but at the beginning of the May-fly season these large fish sometimes run up to the rapid stream at the pool head to feed. This the keeper decides shall be tried if the fly comes down. For the morning he will leave me to myself.

Does the reader care to hear of a day's fishing in a chalk stream fifteen miles from London ? As music to the deaf, as poetry to the political economist, as a mountain landscape to the London cockney, so is chalk stream trout fishing to those who never felt their fingers tingle as the line whistles through the rings. For them I write no further ; let them leave the page uncut and turn on to the next article.

Breakfast over, I start for the lower water. I have my boy with me, home for the holidays. He carries the landing net, and we splash through the rain to the mill. The river runs for a quarter of a mile down under hanging bushes. As with other accomplishments when once learned, eye and hand do the work in fly-fishing without reference to the mind for orders. The eye tells the hand how distant the bushes are, how near the casting line approaches them. If a gust of wind twists it into a heap, or sweeps it toward a dangerous bough, the wrist does something on the instant which sends the fly straight and unharmed into the water. Practice gives our different organs functions like the instinct of animals, who do what their habits require, yet know not what they do.

The small fish take freely—some go back into the water, the few in good condition into the basket, which, after a field or two, becomes perceptibly heavier. The governor, a small humble bee, used to be a good fly at Cheney's, and so did the black alder. Neither of them is of any use to-day. The season has been cold and late. The March brown answers best, with the never-failing red-spinner. After running rapidly through two or three meadows, the river opens into a broad smooth shallow, where the trout are larger, and the water being extremely clear, are specially difficult to catch. In such a place as this, it is useless to throw your fly at random upon the stream. You must watch for a fish which is rising, and you must fish for him till you either catch him or disturb him. It is not enough to go below him and throw upward, for though he lies with his head upstream, his projecting eye looks back over his shoulders. You must hide behind a bunch of rushes. You must crawl along the grass with one arm only raised. If the sun is shining and the shadow of your rod glances over the gravel, you may get up and walk away. No fish within sight will stir then to the daintiest cast.

I see a fish close to the bank on the opposite side, lazily lifting his head as a fly floats past him. It is a long throw, but the wind is fair and he is worth an effort—once, twice, three times I fail to reach him. The fourth I land the fly on the far bank, and draw it gently off upon his very nose. He swirls in the water like a salmon as he sweeps round to seize it. There is a splash—a sharp jerk, telling unmistakably that something has given way. A large fish may break you honestly in weeds or round a rock or stump, and only fate is to blame, but to let yourself be broken on the first strike is unpardonable. What can have happened? Alas, the

red-spinner has snapped in two at the turn—a new fly bought last week at——'s, whose boast it has been that no fly of his was ever known to break or bend.

One grumbles on these occasions, for it is always the best fish which one loses ; and as imagination is free, one may call him what weight one pleases. The damage is soon repaired. The basket fills fast as trout follows trout. It still rains, and I begin to think that I have had enough of it. I have promised to be at the mill at mid-day, and then we shall see.

Evidently the sky means mischief. Black thunder-clouds pile up to windward, and heavy drops continue falling. But there is a break in the south as I walk back by the bank—a gleam of sunshine spans the valley with a rainbow, and an actual May-fly or two sails by, which I see greedily swallowed. The keeper is waiting ; he looks scornfully into my basket. Fish—did I call these herrings fish ? I must try the upper water at all events. The large trout were feeding, but the fly was not yet properly on—we can have our luncheon first.

How pleasant is luncheon on mountain-side or river's bank, when you fling yourself down on fern or heather after your morning's work, and no daintiest *entrée* had ever such flavor as your sandwiches, and no champagne was ever so exquisite as the fresh stream water just tempered from your whiskey flask. Then follows the smoke, when the keeper fills his pipe at your bag, and old adventures are talked over, and the conversation wanders on through anecdotes and experiences, till, as you listen to the shrewd sense and kindly feeling of your companion, you become aware that the steep difference which you had imagined to be created by education and habits of life had no existence save in your own conceit. Fortune is less unjust than she seems, and true hearts and

clear-judging healthy minds are bred as easily in the cottage as the palace.

But time runs on, and I must hasten to the end of my story. The short respite from the wet is over. Down falls the rain again—rain not to be measured by inches, but by feet ; rain such as has rarely been seen in England before this “*æstas mirabilis*” of 1879. It looks hopeless, but the distance by the road to the top of the water is not great. We complain if we are caught in a shower ; we splash along in a deluge, in boots and waterproof, as composedly as if we were seals or otters. The river is rising, and, as seldom happens with a chalk stream, it is growing discolored. Every lane is running with a brown stream, which finds its way at last into the main channel. The highest point is soon reached. The first hundred yards are shallow, and to keep the cattle from straying a high iron railing runs along the bank. Well I knew that iron railing. You must stand on the lower bar to fish over it. If you hook a trout you must play him from that uneasy perch in a rapid current among weeds and stones, and your attendant must use his landing-net through the bars. Generally it is the liveliest spot in the river, but nothing can be done there to-day. There is a ford immediately above, into which the thick road-water is pouring, and the fish cannot see the fly. Shall we give it up ? Not yet. Farther down the mud settles a little, and by this time even the road has been washed clean, and less dirt comes off it. The flood stirs the trout into life and hunger, and their eyes, accustomed to the transparency of the chalk water, do not see you so quickly.

Below the shallow there is a pool made by a small weir, over which the flood is now rushing ; on one side there is an open hatchway, with the stream pouring

through. The banks are bushy, and over the deepest part of the pool the stem of a large ash projects into the river. Yesterday, when the water was lower, the keeper saw a four-pounder lying under that stem. Between the weir and the trees it is an awkward spot, but difficulty is the charm of fly-fishing. The dangerous drop fly must be taken off; a drop fly is only fit for open water, where there is neither weed nor stump. The March brown is sent skimming at the tail of the casting-line, to be dropped, if possible, just above the ash, and to be carried under it by the stream. It has been caught in a root, so it seems; or it is foul somewhere. Surely no fish ever gave so dead a pull. No; it is no root. The line shoots under the bank. There is a broad flash of white just below the surface, a moment's struggle, the rod springs straight, and the line comes back unbroken. The March brown is still floating at the end of it. It was a big fish, perhaps the keeper's very big one; he must have been lightly hooked, and have rubbed the fly out of his mouth.

But let us look closer. The red-spinner had played false in the morning; may not something like it have befallen the March brown? Something like it, indeed. The hook has straightened out as if, instead of steel, it had been made of copper. A pretty business! I try another, and another, with the same result. The heavy trout take them, and one bends and the next breaks. Oh ———! Well for Charles Kingsley that he was gone before he heard of a treason which would have broken his trust in man. You, in whose praise I have heard him so often eloquent! You who never dealt in shoddy goods. You who were faithful if all else were faithless, and redeemed the credit of English tradesmen! You had not then been in the school of progress and

learned that it was the buyer's business to distinguish good from bad. You never furnished your customers with cheap and nasty wares, fair looking to the eye and worthless to the touch and trial. In those days you dealt with gentlemen, and you felt and traded like a gentleman yourself. And now you, too, have gone the way of your fellows. You are making a fortune, as you call it, out of the reputation which you won honorably in better days. You have given yourself over to competition and semblance. You have entered for the race among the sharpers and will win by knavery and tricks like the rest. I will not name you for the sake of the old times, when C. K. and I could send you a description of a fly from the farthest corner of Ireland, and by return of post would come a packet tied on hooks which Kendal and Limerick might equal, but could not excel. You may live on undenounced for me ; but read C. K.'s books over again ; repent of your sins, go back to honest ways, and renounce the new gospel, in which whosoever believes shall not be saved.

But what is to be done ? Spite of the rain the river is now covered with drowned May-flies, and the trout are taking them all round. I have new May-flies from the same quarter in my book, but it will be mere vexation to try them. Luckily for me there are a few old ones surviving from other days. The gut is brown with age—but I must venture it. If this breaks I will go home, lock away my rod, and write an essay on the effects of the substitution of Political Economy for the Christian faith.

On, then, goes one of these old flies. It looks well. It bears a mild strain, and, like Don Quixote with his helmet, I will not put it to a severe trial. Out it shoots over the pool, so natural-looking that I cannot distin-

guish it from a real fly which floats at its side. I cannot, nor can that large trout in the smooth water above the fall. He takes it, springs into the air, and then darts at the weir to throw himself over. If he goes down he is lost. Hold on. He has the stream to help him, and not an inch of line can be spared. The rod bends double, but the old gut is true. Down the fall he is not to go. He turns up the pool, he makes a dart for the hatchway—but if you can stand a trout's first rush you need not fear him in fair water afterward. A few more efforts and he is in the net and on the bank, not the keeper's four-pounder, but a handsome fish which I know that he will approve.

He had walked down the bank pensively while I was in the difficulty with my flies, meditating, perhaps, on idle gentlemen, and reflecting that if the tradesmen were knaves the gentlemen were correspondingly fools. He called to me to come to him just as I had landed my trout. He was standing by the side of the rapid stream at the head of the mill pool. It was as he had foretold; the great fish had come up, and were rolling like salmon on the top of the water, gulping down the May-flies. Even when they are thus carelessly ravenous, the clearness of the river creates a certain difficulty in catching them in ordinary times, but to-day the flood made caution superfluous. They were splashing on the surface close to our feet, rolling about in a negligent gluttony which seemed to take from them every thought of danger, for a distance of at least three hundred yards.

There was no longer any alarm for the tackle and it was but to throw the fly upon the river, near or far, for a trout instantly to seize it. There was no shy rising where suspicion balks the appetite. The fish were swallowing with a deliberate seriousness every fly which

drifted within their reach, snapping their jaws upon it with a gulp of satisfaction. The only difficulty was in playing them when hooked with a delicate chalk-stream casting-line. For an hour and a half it lasted, such an hour and a half of trout fishing as I had never seen and shall never see again. The ease of success at last became wearisome. Two large baskets were filled to the brim. Accident had thrown in my way a singular opportunity which it would have been wrong to abuse, so I decided to stop. We emptied out our spoils upon the grass, and the old keeper said that long as he had known the river he had never but once seen so many fish of so large size taken in the Ches in a single day by a single rod.

How can a reasonable creature find pleasure in having performed such an exploit? If trout were wanted for human food, a net would have answered the purpose with less trouble to the man and less annoyance to the fish. Throughout creation man is the only animal—man, and the dogs and cats which have learned from him—who kills, for the sake of killing, what he does not want, and calls it sport. All other animals seize their prey only when hungry, and are satisfied when their hunger is appeased.

Such, it can only be answered, is man's disposition. He is a curiously formed creature, and the appetite for sport does not seem to disappear with civilization. The savage in his natural state hunts, as the animals hunt, to support his life; the sense of sport is strongest in the elaborately educated and civilized. It may be that the taste will die out before "Progress." Our descendants perhaps, a few generations hence, may look back upon a pleasant battue as we look back on bear-baiting and bull-fighting, and our mild offspring, instructed in the theory of development, may see a proof in their father's

habits that they come of a race who were once crueller than tigers, and will congratulate themselves on the change. So they will think, if they judge us as we judge our forefathers of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and both we and they may be perhaps mistaken. Half the lives of men in mediæval Europe was spent in fighting. Yet from mediæval Europe came the knightly graces of courtesy and chivalry. The modern soldier, whose trade is war, yet hates and dreads war more than civilians dread it. The sportsman's knowledge of the habits of animals gives him a kindly feeling toward them notwithstanding, and sporting tends rather to their preservation than their destruction. The human race may become at last vegetarians and water-drinkers. Astræa may come back, and man may cease to take the life of bird, or beast, or fish. But the lion will not lie down with the lamb, for lambs and lions will no longer be ; the eagle will not feed beside the dove, for doves will not be allowed to consume grain which might have served as human food, and will be extinct as the dodo. It may be all right and fit and proper : a world of harmless vegetarians may be the appropriate outcome of the development of humanity. But we who have been born in a ruder age do not aspire to rise beyond the level of our own times. We have toiled, we have suffered, we have enjoyed, as the nature which we have received has prompted us. We blame our fathers' habits ; our children may blame ours in turn ; yet we may be sitting in judgment, both of us, on matters of which we know nothing.

IX.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE.*

THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

WHEN Irving first settled in London he had opened the secrets of his heart to a certain lady with whom he was very intimately acquainted. He had told her of his love for his old pupil, and she had drawn from him that the love had been returned. She had seen Irving sacrifice himself to duty, and she had heard that his resolution had been sustained by the person to whom the surrender of their mutual hopes had been as bitter as to himself. The lady was romantic, and had become profoundly interested. Flowing over with sympathy, she had herself commenced a correspondence with Haddington. To Carlyle she wrote occasionally, because she really admired him. To Miss Welsh she introduced herself as one who was eager for her confidence, who was prepared to love her for the many excellences which she knew her to possess, and to administer balm to the wounds of her heart.

Miss Welsh did not respond very cordially to this effusive invitation. It was not her habit to seek for sym-

* From "Thomas Carlyle : the first forty years of his Life." The first extract here given explains certain incidents which led to the engagement of Carlyle and Miss Welsh and which have been the subject of much printed gossip. The second extract reveals in a few words the sources of the unhappiness for which Mrs. Carlyle has been so widely and deservedly pitied.—EDITOR.

pathy from strangers ; but she replied in a letter which her new friend found extremely beautiful, and which stirred her interest still deeper. The lady imagined that her young correspondent was still pining in secret for her lost lover, and she was tempted to approach closer to the subject which had aroused her sympathies. She thought it would be well slightly to disparage Irving. She painted him as a person whose inconstancy did not deserve a prolonged and hopeless affection. She too had sought to find in him the dearest of friends ; but he had other interests and other ambitions, and any woman who concentrated her heart upon him would be disappointed in the return which she might meet with.

The lady's motive was admirable. She thought that she could assist in reconciling Miss Welsh to her disappointment. In perfect innocence she wrote confidentially to Carlyle on the same subject. She regarded him simply as the intimate friend both of Miss Welsh and Irving. She assumed that he was acquainted with their secret history. She spoke of the affection which had existed between them as still unextinguished on either side. For the sake of both of them she wished that something might be done to put an end to idle regrets and vain imaginings. Nothing, she thought, could contribute more to disenchant Miss Welsh than a visit to herself in London, where she could see Irving as he was in his present surroundings.*

* No part of this language is the lady's own. The substance of her letters was repeated in the correspondence which followed between Carlyle and Miss Welsh. I have alluded to the subject only because Mrs. Carlyle said afterward that but for the unconscious action of a comparative stranger, her engagement with Carlyle would probably never have been carried out.—NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

Miss Welsh had for two years never mentioned Irving to Carlyle except bitterly and contemptuously ; so bitterly indeed that he had often been obliged to remonstrate. Had he been less single-minded, a tone so marked and acid might have roused his suspicions. But that Irving and she had been more than friends, if he had ever heard a hint of it, had passed out of his mind. Even the lady's letter failed to startle him. He mentioned merely, when he next wrote to Miss Welsh, that the writer labored under some strange delusion about her secret history, and had told him in a letter full of eloquence that her heart was with Irving in London.

Miss Welsh felt that she must at least satisfy her ecstatic acquaintance that she was not pining for another woman's husband. She was even more explicit. She had made up her mind to marry Carlyle. She told her intrusive correspondent so in plain words, desiring her only to keep her secret. The lady was thunder-struck. In ordinary life she was high-flown, and by those who did not know her might have been thought affected and unreal ; but on occasions really serious she could feel and write like a wise woman. She knew that Miss Welsh could not love Carlyle. The motive could only be a generous hope of making life dearer, and want of health more endurable, to an honest and excellent man, while she might be seeking blindly to fill a void which was aching in her own heart. She required Miss Welsh, she most solemnly adjured her, to examine herself, and not allow one who had known much disappointment and many sorrows to discover by a comparison of his own feelings with hers that she had come to him with half a heart, and had mistaken compassion and the self-satisfaction of a generous act for a sentiment which could alone sustain her in a struggle through life. Supposing acci-

dent should set Irving free, supposing his love to have been indestructible, and to have been surrendered only in obedience to duty, and supposing him, not knowing of this new engagement, to come back and claim the heart from which an adverse fate had separated him, what in such a case would her feeling be? If she could honestly say that she would still prefer Carlyle, then let her marry him, and the sooner the better. If, on the other hand, she was obliged to confess to herself that she could still find happiness where she had hoped to find it, Irving might still be lost to her; but in such a condition of mind she had no right to marry any one else. With characteristic integrity Miss Welsh, on receiving this letter, instantly inclosed it to Carlyle. She had been under no obligation, at least until their marriage had been definitely determined on, to inform him of the extent of her attachment to Irving. But sincere as she was to a fault in the ordinary occasions of life, she had in this matter not only kept back the truth, but had purposely misled Carlyle as to the nature of her feelings. She felt that she must make a full confession. She had deceived him—wilfully deceived him. She had even told him that she had never cared for Irving. “It was false,” she said. She had loved him—once passionately loved him. For this she might be forgiven. “If she had shown weakness in loving a man whom she knew to be engaged to another, she had made amends in persuading him to marry the other, and save his honor from reproach.” But she had disguised her real feelings, and for this she had no excuse. She who had felt herself Carlyle’s superior in their late controversy, and had been able to rebuke him for selfishness, felt herself degraded and humbled in his eyes. If he chose to cast her off, she said that she could not say he was unjust; but her pride

was broken ; and very naturally, very touchingly, she added that he had never been so dear to her as at that moment when she was in danger of losing his affection and, what was still more precious to her, his respect.

If Carlyle had been made of common stuff, so unexpected a revelation might have tried his vanity. The actual effect was to awaken in him a sense of his own unworthiness. He perceived that Miss Welsh was probably accepting him only out of the motives which Mrs. Montagu suggested. His infirmities, mental and bodily, might make him an unfit companion for her, or indeed for any woman. It would be better for her once for all to give him up. He knew, he said, that he could never make her happy. They might suffer at parting, but they would have obeyed their reason, and time would deaden the pain. No affection was unalterable or eternal. Men themselves, with all their passions, sunk to dust and were consumed. He must imitate her sincerity. He said (and he spoke with perfect truth) that there was a strange, dark humor in him over which he had no control. If she thought they were "blue devils, weak querulous wailings of a mind distempered," she would only show that she did not understand him. In a country town she had seen nothing of life, and had grasped at the shadows that passed by her. First, the rude, smoky fire of Edward Irving seemed to her a star from heaven ; next, the quivering *ignis fatuus* of the soul that dwelt in himself. The world had a thousand noble hearts that she did not dream of. What was he, and what was his father's house, that she should sacrifice herself for him ?

It was not in nature—it was not at least in Miss Welsh's nature—that at such a time and under such circumstances she should reconsider her resolution. She was staying with her grandfather at Templand when

these letters were interchanged. She determined to use the opportunity to pay the Carlyles her promised visit, see him in his own home and his own circle, and there face to face explain all the past and form some scheme for the immediate future. Like the lady in London, she felt that if the marriage was to be, or rather since the marriage was to be, the sooner it was over now the better for every one.

THEIR MARRIED LIFE.

Thus the six years' imprisonment on the Dumfriesshire moors came to an end. To Carlyle himself they had been years of inestimable value. If we compare the essay on Jean Paul, which he wrote at Comely Bank, with the "Diamond Necklace," his last work at Craigenputtock, we see the leap from promise to fulfilment, from the immature energy of youth to the full intellectual strength of completed manhood. The solitude had compelled him to digest his thoughts. In "Sartor" he had relieved his soul of its perilous secretions by throwing out of himself his personal sufferings and physical and spiritual experience. He had read omnivorously far and wide. His memory was a magazine of facts gathered over the whole surface of European literature and history. The multiplied allusions in every page of his later essays, so easy, so unlabored, reveal the wealth which he had accumulated, and the fulness of his command over his possessions. His religious faith had gained solidity. His confidence in the soundness of his own convictions was no longer clouded with the shadow of a doubt. The "History of the French Revolution," the most powerful of all his works, and the only one which has the character of a work of art, was the production of the mind which he brought with him

from Craigenputtock, undisturbed by the contradictions and excitements of London society and London triumphs. He had been tried in the furnace. Poverty, mortification, and disappointment had done their work upon him, and he had risen above them elevated, purified, and strengthened. Even the arrogance and self-assertion which Lord Jeffrey supposed to have been developed in him by living away from conflict with other minds, had been rather tamed than encouraged by his lonely meditations. It was rather collision with those who differed with him which fostered his imperiousness ; for Carlyle rarely met with an antagonist whom he could not overbear with the torrent of his metaphors, while to himself his notebooks show that he read many a lecture on humility.

He had laid in, too, on the moors, a stock of robust health. Lamentations over indigestion and want of sleep are almost totally absent from the letters written from Craigenputtock. The simple, natural life, the wholesome air, the daily rides or drives, the pure food—milk, cream, eggs, oatmeal, the best of their kind—had restored completely the functions of a stomach never, perhaps, so far wrong as he had imagined. Carlyle had ceased to complain on this head, and in a person so extremely vocal when anything was amiss with him, silence is the best evidence that there was nothing to complain of. On the moors, as at Mainhill, at Edinburgh, or in London afterward, he was always impatient, moody, irritable, violent. These humors were in his nature, and could no more be separated from them than his body could leap off its shadow. But, intolerable as he had found Craigenputtock in the later years of his residence there, he looked back to it afterward as the happiest and wholesomest home that he had ever known. He could

do fully twice as much work there, he said, as he could ever do afterward in London ; and many a time, when sick of fame and clatter and interruption, he longed to return to it.

To Mrs. Carlyle Craigenputtock had been a less salutary home. She might have borne the climate, and even benefited by it, if the other conditions had been less ungenial. But her life there, to begin with, had been a life of menial drudgery, unsolaced (for she could have endured and even enjoyed mere hardship) by more than an occasional word of encouragement or sympathy or compassion from her husband. To him it seemed perfectly natural that what his mother did at Scotsbrig his wife should do for him. Every household duty fell upon her, either directly, or in supplying the shortcomings of a Scotch maid-of-all-work. She had to cook, to sew, to scour, to clean ; to gallop down alone to Dumfries if anything was wanted ; to keep the house, and even on occasions to milk the cows. Miss Jewsbury has preserved many anecdotes of the Craigenputtock life, showing how hard a time her friend had of it there. Carlyle, though disposed at first to dismiss these memories as legends, yet admitted, on reflection, that for all there was a certain foundation. The errors, if any, can be no more than the slight alterations of form which stories naturally receive in repetition. A lady brought up in luxury has been educated into physical unfitness for so sharp a discipline. Mrs. Carlyle's bodily health never recovered from the strain of those six years. The trial to her mind and to her nervous system was still more severe. Nature had given her, along with a powerful understanding, a disposition singularly bright and buoyant. The Irving disappointment had been a blow to her ; but wounds which do not kill are cured.

They leave a scar, but the pain ceases. It was long over ; and if Carlyle had been a real companion to her, she would have been as happy with him as wives usually are. But he was not a companion at all. When he was busy she rarely so much as saw him, save, as he himself pathetically tells, when she would steal into his dressing-room in the morning when he was shaving, to secure that little of his society. The loneliness of Craigenputtock was dreadful to her. Her hard work, perhaps, had so far something of a blessing in it, that it was a relief from the intolerable pressure. For months together, especially after Aliek Carlyle had gone, they never saw the face of guest or passing stranger. So still the moors were that she could hear the sheep nibbling the grass a quarter of a mile off. For the many weeks when the snow was on the ground she could not stir beyond the garden, or even beyond her door. She had no great thoughts, as Carlyle had, to occupy her with the administration of the universe. He had deranged the faith in which she had been brought up, but he had not inoculated her with his own ; and a dull gloom, sinking at last almost to apathy, fell upon her spirits. She fought against it, like a brave woman as she was. Carlyle's own views of the prospects of men in this world were not brilliant. In his "Miscellanies" is a small poem, written at Craigenputtock, called "*Cui Bono ?*" giving a most unpromising sketch of human destiny :

" Cui Bono ?

" What is Hope ? a smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet ;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder !
Never urchin found it yet.

“What is Life? a thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore.
Gay we sail—it melts beneath us!
We are sunk, and seen no more.

“What is Man? a foolish baby;
Vainly strives and fights and frets;
Demanding all—deserving nothing!
One small grave is what he gets.”

In one of Mrs. Carlyle's note-books I find an “Answer” to this, dated 1830:

“Nay, this is Hope: a gentle dove,
That nestles in the gentle breast,
Bringing glad tidings from above
Of joys to come and heavenly rest.

“And this is Life: ethereal fire
Striving aloft through smothering clay;
Mounting, flaming, higher, higher!
Till lost in immortality.

“And Man—oh! hate not nor despise
The fairest, lordliest work of God!
Think not He made the good and wise
Only to sleep beneath the sod!”

Carlyle himself recognized occasionally that she was not happy. Intentionally unkind it was not in his nature to be. After his mother, he loved his wife better than any one in the world. He was only occupied, unperceiving, negligent, and, when he *did* see that anything was wrong with her, he was at once the tenderest of husbands.

X.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

THE reconquest of Ireland had cost the English taxpayer nine millions sterling. The lands, out of which he had hoped, in part at least, to be repaid, had been made away with by a corrupt commission under specious pretenses of rewards for invisible service, or, if rescued from their hands by the intervention of the Irish Parliament, resented only to be restored to disloyal noblemen, who would use these recovered opportunities to cause fresh trouble. The last vote, the deliberate refusal of both Lords and Commons to allow a test of allegiance there, which would have sifted the treacherous from the faithful, destroyed the last hope of dependence on the wretched, uncertain, discontented, wavering island; and the murmurs of the English clothiers, who had watched her extending woollen manufactures with cowardly jealousy, found willing and eager listeners. This Ireland, with her harbors and rivers, her unnumbered sheep flocks, fattened on her limestone pastures, producing the finest fleeces in the world; this nest of popery and sedition, this bottomless morass of expense and confusion, was to lift up its head and prosper, tempt away their capital and their workmen, rob England of the secret of her wealth, her monopoly in the world's markets

* From "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century."

of the broadcloth, frieze, and flannel trade. Had these purblind commercial politicians known what belonged to their peace they would have welcomed the development of Irish industry as a better guarantee against future trouble than a hundred acts of Parliament. No spirit could have more effectually killed the genius of popery and Jacobitism, or could have more surely provided that Ireland should never again be a burden on the English exchequer, than the growth of trade and manufacture there. The practical intelligence, the fixed and orderly habits, the class of persons who would have been attracted over to make their homes where land was cheap, and waited only for labor and capital to be as rich and fair as their own English counties, these things would have formed the links of an invisible chain, which could never have been broken, to bind the two islands into one. Traders' eyes unhappily can never look beyond the next year's balance-sheet. They saw their artisans emigrating. They saw, or thought they saw, the produce of the Irish looms competing with theirs in the home market, in the colonies, and on the Continent. They imagined their business stolen from them, their towns depopulated, the value of their lands decreased, their country itself plunged at last into ruin, all for the sake of that miserable spot which had been a thorn in England's side for centuries.

No language could sufficiently express the emotions of the exasperated English capitalist. The Parliament was called upon "to make the Irish remember that they were conquered." They should not be allowed to build or keep at sea a single ship. They should not manufacture a thing except their linen, and their commerce should be so tied and bound, that they should interfere with England nowhere. To block them from the water

altogether, even their fishery, “ must be with men and boats from England.” Their Legislature, of which they made so ill a use, must be ended, and they must be governed by the Parliament of England. So argued English “ common-sense.” In vain an Irish apologist replied, that to imagine Ireland’s competition could injure England was a dream. The Irish “ seldom sailed farther than a potato garden,” and traded but in cows. They “ knew as little of trade and navigation as the American Indian.” They had not five seamen of their nation, and not one ship of their own at Dublin. Such little trade as they had was carried on by English merchants and on English account. Good sense and truth could find no hearing amid the general clamor. It was not enough that the Navigation Act had destroyed the Irish shipping interest. The export of Irish fleeces to any country but England had been already prohibited ; but the restrictions on the sale of the raw material was a temptation to the Irish to work it up at home, and as long as they might export their blankets and their friezes, England’s trade was in danger from their competition. The English manufacturers considered it politic and fair to say to them, “ You shall not weave your wool at home at all ; you shall not sell your woollen cloth either here or abroad ; we will put you under such disadvantages that it shall not be worth your while to supply your own necessities ; you shall buy our clothes and frieze to clothe your own backs ; you shall sell your fleeces only to us ; and, as it is our interest to have it on easy terms, you shall take the prices which we are pleased to offer.” In this spirit the English cloth manufacturers addressed themselves to their own Parliament ; and Parliament, blinded by ill-humor and prejudice, indorsed their petition, and carried it to the King

in language in which the baseness of the motive was disguised faintly under pretence of national interest.

The Peers represented "that the growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland, by cheapness of the necessaries of life, and goodness of materials, invited Englishmen with their families and servants to settle there. The King's loyal subjects in England apprehended the further growth of it would prejudice the manufactures in England. The trade of England would decline, the value of land decrease, and the number of the people diminish. They besought his majesty to intimate to his Irish subjects that the growth of the woollen manufactures there had been and would be always looked upon with jealousy in England, and, if not timely remedied, might occasion very strict laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same."

The Commons said that the "wealth and power of England depended on her preserving a monopoly of the woollen manufactures. They looked with jealousy on the increase of it elsewhere, and must use their utmost endeavors to prevent it from extending. The Irish were dependent on, and protected by England in the enjoyment of all they had, and the English Parliament would be obliged to interfere unless the King found means to make Ireland understand its position."

Both houses insisted that the Irish woollen trade should cease. The Irish linen manufacture, since there were for the present no rival English interests with which it competed, they were willing to leave untouched, and even to encourage. Though no pledge was given, there was an implied compact that the sacrifice of one branch of industry should be compensated by the protection of the other.

The King replied briefly that the wish of Parliament

should be carried out, and Ireland was invited to apply the knife to her own throat. Two letters from William to the Lords Justices survive in Dublin Castle, embodying the words of the two addresses, and recommending to the attention of the Legislature there the worst and most fatal of all the mistaken legislative experiments to which a dependent country was ever subjected by the folly of its superiors.

The Irish Houses, in dread of abolition if they refused, relying on the promise of encouragement to their linen trade, and otherwise unable to help themselves, acquiesced. They laid an export duty of four shillings in the pound on all broadcloths carried out of Ireland, and half as much on kerseys, flannels, and friezes, amounting in itself to a complete prohibition ; while, to make assurance more sure, the English Parliament passed an act prohibiting the export out of Ireland of either wool or woollen manufactures to any country but England, to any port in England except six on St. George's Channel, and only from the six towns of Dublin, Waterford, Youghal, Kingsdale, Cork, and Waterford.

The belief that, with a coast-line like that of Ireland, and with a population which they were punishing for disloyalty, such restrictions could really be enforced, was one of those illusions which only the intellect of an English merchant could have entertained. The result of this restriction was to convert the Irish, beyond their other troublesome peculiarities, into a nation of smugglers.

How far England adhered to the linen compact will be told in its place. For the present, Mr. Hely Hutchinson's summary of the story will suffice :

“ It is true you promised, in return for the restraint, to encourage our linen manufacture. But how have

you done it? By giving large bounties for the making coarse linen in the Highlands of Scotland—bounties on the exportation of English linen—opening the linen manufacture to all persons without serving apprenticeships, and imposing a tax of thirty per cent on all foreign linens, which has been construed to extend to Irish printed, stained, dyed, striped, or chequered.”

“Will you,” Hutchingson asked, with prophetic indignation, “will you have an increased population employed at home, where they will contribute to the wealth and strength of the state; or shall they emigrate to America, where it is possible they may assist in dismembering the British empire?”

XI.

REYNARD THE FOX.

LORD MACAULAY, in his Essay on Machiavelli, propounds a singular theory. Declining the various solutions which have been offered to explain how a man supposed to be so great could have lent his genius to the doctrine of "the Prince," he has advanced a hypothesis of his own, which may or may not be true, as an interpretation of Machiavelli's character, but which, as an exposition of a universal ethical theory, is as questionable as what it is brought forward to explain. We will not show Lord Macaulay the disrespect of supposing that he has attempted an elaborate piece of irony. It is possible that he may have been exercising his genius with a paradox, but the subject is not of the sort in which we can patiently permit such exercises. It is hard work with all of us to keep ourselves straight, even when we see the road with all plainness as it lies out before us ; and clever men must be good enough to find something else to amuse themselves with, instead of dusting our eyes with sophistry.

According to this conception of human nature, the basenesses and the excellences of mankind are no more than accidents of circumstance, the results of national feeling and national capabilities ; and cunning and treachery, and lying, and such other "natural defences of the weak against the strong," are in themselves neither good nor bad, except as thinking makes them so.

They are the virtues of a weak people, and they will be as much admired, and are as justly admirable ; they are to the full as compatible with the highest graces and most lofty features of the heart and intellect, as any of those opposite so-called heroisms which we are generally so unthinking as to allow to monopolize the name. Cunning is the only resource of the feeble ; and why may we not feel for victorious cunning as strong a sympathy as for the bold, downright, open bearing of the strong ? That there may be no mistake in the essayist's meaning, that he may drive the nail home into the English understanding, he takes an illustration which shall be familiar to all of us in the characters of Iago and Othello. To our northern thought, the free and noble nature of the Moor is wrecked through a single infirmity, by a fiend in the human form. To one of Machiavelli's Italians, Iago's keen-edged intellect would have appeared as admirable as Othello's daring appears to us, and Othello himself little better than a fool and a savage. It is but a change of scene, of climate, of the animal qualities of the frame, and evil has become good, and good has become evil. Now, our displeasure with Lord Macaulay is, not that he has advanced a novel and mischievous theory : it was elaborated long ago in the finely-tempered dialectics of the Schools of Rhetoric at Athens ; and so long as such a phenomenon as a cultivated rogue remains possible among mankind, it will reappear in all languages and under any number of philosophical disguises. Seldom or never, however, has it appeared with so little attempt at disguise. It has been left for questionable poets and novelists to idealize the rascal genus ; philosophers have escaped into the ambiguities of general propositions, and we do not remember elsewhere to have met with a serious ethical

thinker deliberately laying two whole organic characters, with their vices and virtues in full life and bloom, side by side, asking himself which is best, and answering gravely that it is a matter of taste.

Lord Macaulay has been bolder than his predecessors ; he has shrunk from no conclusion, and has looked directly into the very heart of the matter ; he has struck, as we believe, the very lowest stone of our ethical convictions, and declared that the foundation quakes under it.

For, ultimately, how do we know that right is right, and wrong is wrong ? People in general accept it on authority ; but authority itself must repose on some ulterior basis ; and what is that ? Are we to say that in morals there is a system of primary axioms, out of which we develop our conclusions, and apply them, as they are needed, to life ? It does not appear so. The analogy of morals is rather with art than with geometry. The grace of Heaven gives us good men, and gives us beautiful creations ; and, we perceiving by the instincts within ourselves that celestial presence in the objects on which we gaze, find out for ourselves the laws which make them what they are, not by comparing them with any antecedent theory, but by careful analysis of our own impressions, by asking ourselves what it is which we admire in them, and by calling that good, and calling that beautiful.

So, then, if admiration be the first fact—if the sense of it be the ultimate ground on which the after temple of morality, as a system, upraises itself—if we can be challenged here on our own ground, and fail to make it good, what we call the life of the soul becomes a dream of a feeble enthusiast, and we moralists a mark for the sceptic's finger to point at with scorn.

Bold and ably-urged arguments against our own convictions, if they do not confuse us, will usually send us back over our ground to re-examine the strength of our positions ; and if we are honest with ourselves, we shall very often find points of some uncertainty left unguarded, of which the show of the strength of our enemy will oblige us to see better to the defence. It was not without some shame, and much uneasiness, that, while we were ourselves engaged in this process, full of indignation with Lord Macaulay, we heard a clear voice ringing in our ear. "Who art thou that judgest another?" and warning us of the presence in our own heart of a sympathy which we could not "deny," with the sadly questionable hero of the German epic, "Reynard the Fox." With our vulpine friend, we were on the edge of the very same abyss, if, indeed, we were not rolling in the depth of it. By what sophistry could we justify ourselves, if not by the very same which we had just been so eagerly condemning? And our conscience whispered to us that we had been swift to detect a fault in another, because it was the very fault to which, in our own heart of hearts, we had a latent leaning.

Was it so indeed, then? Was Reineke no better than Iago? Was the sole difference between them, that the *vates sacer* who had sung the exploits of Reineke loved the wicked rascal, and entangled us in loving him? It was a question to be asked. And yet we had faith enough in the straightforwardness of our own sympathies to feel sure that it must admit of some sort of answer. And, indeed, we rapidly found an answer satisfactory enough to give us time to breathe, in remembering that Reineke, with all his roguery, has no malice in him. It is not in his nature to hate; he could not do it if he tried. The characteristic of Iago is that deep motiveless

malignity which rejoices in evil as its proper element—which loves evil as good men love virtue. In calculations on the character of the Moor, Iago despises Othello's unsuspecting trustingness as imbecility, while he hates him as a man because his nature is the perpetual, opposite and perpetual reproach of his own. Now, Reineke would not have hurt a creature, not even Scharfenebbe, the crow's wife, when she came to peck his eyes out, if he had not been hungry; and that *γαστρὸς ἀνάγκη*, that craving of the stomach, makes a difference quite infinite. It is true that, like Iago, Reineke rejoices in the exercise of his intellect: the sense of his power and the scientific employment of his time are a real delight to him; but then, as we said, he does not love evil for its own sake; he is only somewhat indifferent to it. If the other animals venture to take liberties with him, he will repay them in their own coin, and get his quiet laugh at them at the same time; but the object generally for which he lives is the natural one of getting his bread for himself and his family; and, as the great moralist says, "It is better to be bad for something than for nothing." Badness generally is undesirable; but badness in its essence, which may be called heroic badness, is gratuitous.

But this first thought served merely to give us a momentary relief from our alarm, and we determined we would sift the matter to the bottom, and no more expose ourselves to be taken at such disadvantage. We went again to the poem, with our eyes open, and our moral sense as keenly awake as a genuine wish to understand our feelings could make it. We determined that we would really know what we did feel and what we did not. We would not be lightly scared away from our friend, but neither would we any more allow our judg-

ment to be talked down by that fluent tongue of his ; he should have justice from us, he and his biographer, as far as it lay with us to discern justice and to render it.

And really on this deliberate perusal it did seem little less than impossible that we could find any conceivable attribute illustrated in Reineke's proceedings which we could dare to enter in our catalogue of virtues, and not blush to read it there. What sin is there in the Decalogue in which he has not steeped himself to the lips ? To the lips, shall we say ? nay, over head and ears—rolling and rollicking in sin. Murder, and theft, and adultery ; sacrilege, perjury, lying—his very life is made of them. On he goes to the end, heaping crime on crime, and lie on lie, and at last when it seems that justice, which has been so long vainly halting after him, has him really in her iron grasp, there is a solemn appeal to Heaven, a challenge, a battle ordeal, in which, by means we may not venture even to whisper, the villain prospers, and comes out glorious, victorious, amid the applause of a gazing world. To crown it all, the poet tells us that under the disguise of the animal name and form the world of man is represented, and the true course of it ; and the idea of the book is, that we who read it may learn therein to discern between good and evil, and choose the first and avoid the last. It seemed beyond the power of sophistry to whitewash Reineke, and the interest which still continued to cling to him seemed too nearly to resemble the un wisdom of the multitude, with whom success is the one virtue, and failure the only crime.

It appeared, too, that although the animal disguises were too transparent to endure a moment's reflection, yet that they were so gracefully worn that such moment's reflection was not to be come at without an effort.

Our imagination following the costume, did imperceptibly betray our judgment ; we admired the human intellect, the ever-ready prompt sagacity and presence of mind. We delighted in the satire on the foolishnesses and greedinesses of our own fellow-creatures ; but in our regard for the hero we forgot his humanity wherever it was his interest that we should forget it, and while we admired him as a man we judged him only as a fox. We doubt whether it would have been possible, if he had been described as an open acknowledged biped in coat and trousers, to have retained our regard for him. Something or other in us, either real rightmindedness, or humbug, or hypocrisy, would have obliged us to mix more censure with our liking than most of us do in the case as it stands. It may be that the dress of the fox throws us off our guard, and lets out a secret or two which we commonly conceal even from ourselves. When we have to pass an opinion upon bad people, who at the same time are clever and attractive, we say rather what we think that we ought to feel than what we feel in reality ; while with Reineke, being but an animal, we forget to make ourselves up, and for once our genuine tastes show themselves freely. Some degree of truth there undoubtedly is in this. But making all allowance for it—making all and over allowance for the trick which is passed upon our senses, there still remained a feeling unresolved. The poem was not solely the apotheosis of a rascal in whom we were betrayed into taking an interest ; and it was not a satire merely on the world, and on the men whom the world delight to honor. There was still something which really deserved to be liked in Reineke, and what it was we had as yet failed to discover.

“Two are better than one,” and we resolved in our difficulty to try what our friends might have to say

about it. The appearance of the Würtemberg animals at the Exhibition came fortunately *apropos* to our assistance : a few years ago it was rare to find a person who had read the Fox Epic ; and still more, of course, to find one whose judgment would be worth taking about it. But now the charming figures of Reineke himself, and the Lion King, and Isegrim, and Bruin, and Bellyn, and Hintze, and Grimbart, had set all the world asking who and what they were, and the story began to get itself known. The old editions, which had long slept unbound in reams upon the shelves, began to descend and clothe themselves in green and crimson. Mr. Dickens sent a summary of it round the households of England. Everybody began to talk of Reineke ; and now, at any rate, we said to ourselves, we shall see whether we are alone in our liking—whether others share in this strange sympathy, or whether it be some unique and monstrous moral obliquity in ourselves.

We set to work, therefore, with all earnestness, feeling our way first with fear and delicacy, as conscious of our own delinquency, to gather judgments which should be wiser than our own, and correct ourselves, if it proved that we required correction, with whatever severity might be necessary. The result of this labor of ours was not a little surprising. We found that women invariably, with that clear moral instinct of theirs, at once utterly reprobated and detested our poor Reynard ; detested the hero and detested the bard who sang of him with so much sympathy ; while men we found almost invariably feeling just as we felt ourselves, only with this difference, that we saw no trace of uneasiness in them about the matter. It was no little comfort to us, moreover, to find that the exceptions were rather among the half-men, the would-be extremely good, but whose goodness was of

that dead and passive kind which spoke to but a small elevation of thought or activity ; while just in proportion as a man was strong, and real, and energetic, was his ability to see good in Reineke. It was really most strange : one near friend of ours—a man who, as far as we knew (and we knew him well), had never done a wrong thing—when we ventured to hint something about rognery, replied, “ You see, he was such a clever rogue, that he had a right.” Another, whom we pressed more closely with that treacherous cannibal feast at Malepartus, on the body of poor Lampe, said off-hand and with much impatience of such questioning, “ Such fellows were made to be eaten.” What could we do ? It had come to this ; as in the exuberance of our pleasure with some dear child, no ordinary epithet will sometimes reach to express the vehemence of our affection, and borrowing language out of the opposites, we call him little rogue or little villain, so here, reversing the terms of the analogy, we bestow the fulness of our regard on Reineke because of that transcendently successful rognery.

When we asked our friends how they came to feel as they did, they had little to say. They were not persons who could be suspected of any latent disposition toward evil-doing ; and yet though it appeared as if they were falling under the description of those unhappy ones who, if they did not such things themselves, yet “ had pleasure in those who did them,” they did not care to justify themselves. The fact was so : ἀρχὴ τὸ ὄναι : it was a fact—what could we want more ? Some few attempted feebly to maintain that the book was a satire. But this only moved the difficulty a single step ; for the fact of the sympathy remained unimpaired, and if it was a satire we were ourselves the objects of it. Others urged

what we said above, that the story was only of poor animals that, according to Descartes, not only had no souls, but scarcely had even life in any original and sufficient sense, and therefore we need not trouble ourselves. But one of two alternatives it seemed we were bound to choose, either of which was fatal to the proposed escape. Either there was a man hiding under the fox's skin; or else, if real foxes have such brains as Reineke was furnished withal, no honest doubt could be entertained that some sort of conscience was not forgotten in the compounding of him, and he must be held answerable according to his knowledge.

What would Mr. Carlyle say of it, we thought, with his might and right? "The just thing in the long run is the strong thing." But Reineke had a long run out and came in winner. Does he only "seem to succeed"? Who does succeed, then, if he no more than seems? The vulpine intellect knows where the geese live, it is elsewhere said; but among Reineke's victims we do not remember one goose, in the literal sense of goose; and as to geese metaphorical, the whole visible world lies down complacently at his feet. Nor does Mr. Carlyle's expressed language on this very poem serve any better to help us--nay, it seems as if he feels uneasy in the neighborhood of so strong a rascal, so briefly he dismisses him. "Worldly prudence is the only virtue which is certain of its reward." Nay, but there is more in it than that: no worldly prudence would command the voices which have been given in to us for Reineke.

Three only possibilities lay now before us: either we should, on searching, find something solid in the Fox's doings to justify success; or else the just thing was not always the strong thing; or it might be, that such very semblance of success was itself the most miserable

failure ; that the wicked man who was struck down and foiled, and foiled again, till he unlearned his wickedness, or till he was disabled from any more attempting it, was blessed in his disappointment ; that to triumph in wickedness, and to continue in it and to prosper to the end, was the last, worse penalty inflicted by the Divine vengeance. "Ἴν' ἀθάνατος ἢ ἄδικος ὢν—to go on with injustice through this world and through all eternity, uncleansed by any purgatorial fire, untaught by any untoward consequence to open his eyes and to see in its true accursed form the miserable demon to which he has sold himself—this, of all catastrophes which could befall an evil man, was the deepest, lowest, and most savoring of hell, which the purest of the Grecian moralists could reason out for himself—under which third hypothesis many an uneasy misgiving would vanish away, and Mr. Carlyle's broad aphorism might be accepted by us with thankfulness.

It appeared, therefore, at any rate, to have come to this—that if we wanted a solution for our sphinx enigma, no Œdipus was likely to rise and find it for us ; and that if we wanted help, we must take it for ourselves. This only we found, that if we sinned in our regard for the unworthy animal, we shared our sin with the largest number of our own sex. Comforted with the sense of good-fellowship, we went boldly to work upon our consciousness ; and the imperfect analysis which we succeeded in accomplishing, we here lay before you, whoever you may be, who have felt, as we have felt, a regard which was a moral disturbance to you, and which you will be pleased if we enable you to justify—

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.

Following the clew which was thrust into our hand by the marked difference of the feelings of men upon the subject from those of women, we were at once satisfied that Reineke's goodness, if he had any, must lay rather in the active than the passive department of life. The negative obedience to prohibitory precepts, under which women are bound as well as men, as was already too clear, we were obliged to surrender as hopeless. But it seemed as if, with respect to men, whose business is to do; and to labor, and to accomplish, this negative test was a seriously imperfect one; and it was quite as possible that a man who unhappily had broken many prohibitions might yet exhibit positive excellences, as that he might walk through life picking his way with the utmost assiduity, risking nothing and doing nothing, not committing a single sin, but keeping his talent carefully wrapped up in a napkin, and get sent, in the end, to outer darkness for his pains, as an unprofitable servant. And this appeared the more important to us, as it was very little dwelt upon by religious or moral teachers: at the end of six thousand years, the popular notion of virtue, as far as it could get itself expressed, had not risen beyond the mere abstinence from certain specific bad actions.

The king of the beasts forgives Reineke on account of the substantial services which at various times he has rendered. His counsel was always the wisest, his hand the promptest in cases of difficulty; and all that dexterity, and politeness, and courtesy, and exquisite culture had not been learned without an effort, or without conquering many undesirable tendencies in himself. Men are not born with any art in its perfection, and Reineke had made himself valuable by his own sagacity and exertion. Now, on the human stage, a man who

has made himself valuable is certain to be valued. However we may pretend to estimate men according to the wrong things which they have done, or abstained from doing, we in fact follow the example of Nobel, the king of the beasts ; we give them their places among us according to the serviceableness and capability which they display. We might mention not a few eminent public servants, whom the world delights to honor—ministers, statesmen, lawyers, men of science, artists, poets, soldiers—who, if they were tried by the negative test, would show but a poor figure ; yet their value is too real to be dispensed with ; and we tolerate unquestionable wrong to secure the services of eminent ability. The world really does this, and it always has really done it from the beginning of the human history ; and it is only indolence or cowardice which has left our ethical teaching halting so far behind the universal and necessary practice. Even questionable *prima donnas*, in virtue of their sweet voices, have their praises hymned in drawing-room and newspaper, and applause rolls over them, and gold and bouquets shower on them from lips and hands which, except for those said voices, would treat them to a ruder reward. In real fact, we take our places in this world, not according to what we are not, but according to what we are. His Holiness Pope Clement, when his audience-room rang with furious outcries for justice on Benvenuto Cellini, who, as far as half-a-dozen murders could form a title, was as fair a candidate for the gallows as ever swung from that unlucky wood, replied, “ All this is very well, gentlemen ; these murders are bad things, we know that. But where am I to get another Benvenuto if you hang this one for me ? ”

Or, to take an acknowledged hero, one of the old Greek sort, the theme of the song of the greatest of

human poets, whom it is less easy to refuse to admire than even our friend Reineke. Take Ulysses. It cannot be said that he kept his hands from taking what was not his, or his tongue from speaking what was not true ; and if Frau Ermelyn had to complain (as indeed there was too much reason for her complaining) of certain infirmities in her good husband Reineke, Penelope, too, might have urged a thing or two, if she had known as much about the matter as we know, which the modern moralist would find it hard to excuse.

After all is said, the capable man is the man to be admired. The man who tries and fails, what is the use of him ? We are in this world to do something—not to fail in doing it. Of your bunglers—helpless, inefficient persons, “ unfit alike for good or ill,” who try one thing, and fail because they are not strong enough, and another, because they have not energy enough, and a third, because they have no talent—inconsistent, unstable, and therefore never to excel, what shall we say of them ? what use is there in them ? what hope is there of them ? what can we wish for them ? τὸ μῆποτε εἶναι πάντ’ ἀριστον. It were better for them they had never been born. To be able to do what a man tries to do, that is the first requisite ; and given that, we may hope all things for him. “ Hell is paved with good intentions,” the proverb says ; and the enormous proportion of bad successes in this life lie between the desire and the execution. Give us a man who is able to do what he settles that he desires to do, and we have the one thing indispensable. If he can succeed doing ill, much more he can succeed doing well. Show him better, and, at any rate, there is a chance that he will do better.

We are not concerned here with Benvenuto or with Ulysses further than to show, through the position which

we all consent to give them, that there is much unreality in our common moral talk, against which we must be on our guard. And if we fling off an old friend, and take to affecting a hatred of him which we do not feel, we have scarcely gained by the exchange, even though originally our friendship may have been misplaced.

Capability no one will deny to Reineke. That is the very *differentia* of him. An "animal capable" would be his sufficient definition. Here is another very genuinely valuable feature about him—his wonderful singleness of character. Lying, treacherous, cunning scoundrel as he is, there is a wholesome absence of humbug about him. Cheating all the world, he never cheats himself; and while he is a hypocrite, he is always a conscious hypocrite—a form of character, however paradoxical it may seem, a great deal more accessible to good influences than the other of the unconscious sort. Ask Reineke for the principles of his life, and if it suited his purpose to tell you, he could do so with the greatest exactness. There would be no discrepancy between the profession and the practice. He is most truly single-minded, and therefore stable in his ways, and therefore, as the world goes, and in the world's sense, successful. Whether really successful is a question we do not care here to enter on; but only to say this—that of all unsuccessful men in every sense, either divine, or human, or devilish, there is none equal to Bunyan's Mr. Facing-both-ways—the fellow with one eye on heaven and one on earth—who sincerely preaches one thing, and sincerely does another; and from the intensity of his unreality is unable either to see or feel the contradiction. Serving God with his lips, and with the half of his mind which is not bound up in the world, and serving the devil with his actions, and with the other

half, he is substantially trying to cheat both God and the devil, and is, in fact, only cheating himself and his neighbors. This, of all characters upon the earth, appears to us to be the one of whom there is no hope at all—a character becoming, in these days, alarmingly abundant; and the abundance of which makes us find even in a Reineke an inexpressible relief.

But what we most thoroughly value in him is his capacity. He can do what he sets to work to do. That blind instinct with which the world shouts and claps its hand for the successful man, is one of those latent impulses in us which are truer than we know; it is the universal confessional to which Nature leads us, and, in her intolerance of disguise and hypocrisy, compels us to be our own accusers. Whoever can succeed in a given condition of society, can succeed only in virtue of fulfilling the terms which society exacts of him; and if he can fulfil them triumphantly, of course it rewards him and praises him. He is what the rest of the world would be, if their powers were equal to their desires. He has accomplished what they all are vaguely, and with imperfect consistency, struggling to accomplish; and the character of the conqueror—the means and appliances by which he has climbed up that great pinnacle on which he stands victorious, the observed of all observers, is no more than a very exact indicator of the amount of real virtue in the age, out of which he stands prominent.

We are forced to acknowledge that it was not a very virtuous age in which Reineke made himself a great man; but that was the fault of the age as much as the fault of him. His nature is to succeed wherever he is. If the age had required something else of him, then he would have been something else. Whatever it had said to him, “Do, and I will make you my hero,” that Reineke

would have done. No appetite makes a slave of him—no faculty refuses obedience to his will. His entire nature is under perfect organic control to the one supreme authority. And the one object for which he lives, and for which, let his lot have been cast in whatever century it might, he would always have lived, is to rise, to thrive, to prosper, and become great.

The world as he found it said to him—Prey upon us ; we are your oyster, let your wit open us. If you will only do it cleverly—if you will take care that we shall not close upon your fingers in the process, you may devour us at your pleasure, and we shall feel ourselves highly honored. Can we wonder at a fox of Reineke's abilities taking such a world at its word ?

And let it not be supposed that society in this earth of ours is ever so viciously put together, is ever so totally without organic life, that a rogue, unredeemed by any merit, can prosper in it. There is no strength in rottenness ; and when it comes to that, society dies and falls in pieces. Success, as it is called, even worldly success, is impossible, without some exercise of what is called moral virtue, without some portion of it, infinitesimally small, perhaps, but still some. Courage, for instance, steady self-confidence, self-trust, self-reliance—that only basis and foundation-stone on which a strong character can rear itself—do we not see this in Reineke ? While he lives, he lives for himself ; but if he comes to dying, he can die like his betters ; and his wit is not of that effervescent sort which will fly away at the sight of death and leave him panic-stricken. It is true there is a meaning to that word courage, which was perhaps not to be found in the dictionary in which Reineke studied. “ I hope I am afraid of nothing, Trim,” said my Uncle Toby, “ except doing a wrong thing.” With

Reineke there was no "except." His digestive powers shrank from no action, good or bad, which would serve his turn. Yet it required no slight measure of courage to treat his fellow-creatures with the steady disrespect with which Reineke treats them. To walk along among them, regardless of any interest but his own; out of mere wantonness to hook them up like so many cock-chafers, and spin them for his pleasure; not like Domitian, with an imperial army to hold them down during the operation, but with no other assistance but his own little body and large wit; it was something to venture upon. And a world which would submit to be so treated, what could he do but despise?

To the animals utterly below ourselves, external to our own species, we hold ourselves bound by no law. We say to them, *vos non vobis*, without any uneasy misgivings. We rob the bees of their honey, the cattle of their lives, the horse and the ass of their liberty. We kill the wild animals that they may not interfere with our pleasures; and acknowledge ourselves bound to them by no terms except what are dictated by our own convenience. And why should Reineke have acknowledged an obligation any more than we, to creatures so utterly below himself? He was so clever, as our friend said, that he had a right. That he *could* treat them so, Mr. Carlyle would say, proves that he had a right.

But it is a mistake to say he is without a conscience. No bold creature is ever totally without one. Even Iago shows some sort of conscience. Respecting nothing else in heaven or earth, he respects and even reverences his own intellect. After one of those sweet interviews with Roderigo, his, what we must call conscience, takes him to account for his company; and he pleads to it in his own justification—

For I mine own gained knowledge should *profane*
Were I to waste myself with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit.

Reineke, if we take the mass of his misdeeds, preyed chiefly, like our own Robin Hood, on rogues who were greater rogues than himself. If Bruin chose to steal Rusteviel's honey, if Hintze trespassed in the priest's granary, they were but taken in their own evil-doings. And what is Isegrim, the worst of Reineke's victims, but a great heavy, stupid, lawless brute?—fair type, we will suppose, of not a few Front-de-Bœufs and other so-called nobles of the poet's era, whose will to do mischief was happily limited by their obtuseness. We remember that French baron—Gilbert de Retz, we believe, was his name—who, like Isegrim, had studied at the universities, and passed for learned, whose after-dinner pastime for many years, as it proved at last, was to cut children's throats for the pleasure of watching them die. We may well feel gratitude that a Reineke was provided to be the scourge of such monsters as these; and we have a thorough pure, exuberant satisfaction in seeing the intellect in that little weak body triumph over them and trample them down. This, indeed, this victory of intellect over brute force, is one great secret of our pleasure in the poem, and goes far, in the Carlyle direction, to satisfy us that, at any rate, it is not given to mere base physical strength to win in the battle of life, even in times when physical strength is apparently the only recognized power.

We are insensibly falling from our self-assumed judicial office into that of advocacy; and sliding into what may be plausibly urged, rather than standing fast on what we can surely affirm. Yet there are cases when it is fitting for the judge to become the advocate of an undefended

prisoner ; and advocacy is only plausible when a few words of truth are mixed with what we say, like the few drops of wine which color and faintly flavor the large draught of water. Such few grains or drops, whatever they may be, we must leave to the kindness of Reynard's friends to distil for him, while we continue a little longer in the same strain.

After all, it may be said, what is it in man's nature which is really admirable ? It is idle for us to waste our labor in passing Reineke through the moral crucible unless we shall recognize the results when we obtain them ; and in these moral sciences our analytical tests can only be obtained by a study of our own internal experience. If we desire to know what we admire in Reineke, we must look for what we admire in ourselves. And what is that ? Is it what on Sundays, and on set occasions, and when we are mounted on our moral stilts, we are pleased to call goodness, probity, obedience, humility ? Is it ? Is it really ? Is it not rather the face and form which nature made—the strength which is ours, we know not how—our talents, our rank, our possessions ? It appears to us that we most value in ourselves and most admire in our neighbor, not acquisitions, but *gifts*. A man does not praise himself for being good. If he praise himself he is not good. The first condition of goodness is forgetfulness of self ; and where self has entered, under however plausible a form, the health is but skin-deep, and underneath there is corruption. And so through everything ; we value, we are vain of, proud of, or whatever you please to call it, not what we have done for ourselves, but what has been done for us—what has been given to us by the upper powers. We look up to high-born men, to wealthy men, to fortunate men, to clever men. Is it not so ? Whom do we choose for the

county member, the magistrate, the officer, the minister? The good man we leave to the humble enjoyment of his goodness, and we look out for the able, or the wealthy. And again of the wealthy, as if on every side to witness to the same universal law, the man who with no labor of his own has inherited a fortune, ranks higher in the world's esteem than his father who made it. We take rank by descent. Such of us as have the longest pedigree, and are therefore the farthest removed from the first who made the fortune and founded the family, we are the noblest. The nearer to the fountain the fouler the stream ; and that first ancestor, who has soiled his fingers by labor, is no better than a parvenu.

And as it is with what we value, so it is with what we blame. It is an old story, that there is no one who would not in his heart prefer being a knave to being a fool ; and when we fail in a piece of attempted roguery, as Coleridge has wisely observed, though reasoning unwisely from it, we lay the blame, not on our own moral nature, for which we are responsible, but on our intellectual, for which we are not responsible. We do not say what knaves, we say what fools, we have been ; perplexing Coleridge, who regards it as a phenomenon of some deep moral disorder ; whereas it is but one more evidence of the universal fact that *gifts* are the true and proper object of appreciation ; and as we admire men for possessing gifts, so we blame them for their absence. The noble man is the gifted man ; the ignoble is the ungifted ; and therefore we have only to state a simple law in simple language to have a full solution of the enigma of Reineke. He has gifts enough ; of that, at least, there can be no doubt ; and if he lacks the gift to use them in the way which we call good, at least he uses them successfully. His victims are less gifted than he,

and therefore less noble ; and therefore he has a right to use them as he pleases.

And, after all, what are these victims ? Among the heaviest charges which were urged against him was the killing and eating of that wretched Scharfenebbe—Sharpbeak—the crow's wife. It is well that there are two sides to every story. A poor weary fox, it seemed, was not to be allowed to enjoy a quiet sleep in the sunshine but what an unclean carrion bird must come down and take a peck at him. We can feel no sympathy with the outcries of the crow husband over the fate of the unfortunate Sharpbeak. Wofully, he says, he flew over the place where, a few moments before, in the glory of glossy plumage, a loving wife sat croaking out her passion for him, and found nothing—nothing but a little blood and a few torn feathers—all else clean gone and utterly abolished. Well, and if it was so, it was a blank prospect for him, but the earth was well rid of her ; and for herself, it was a higher fate to be assimilated into the body of Reineke than to remain in a miserable individuality to be a layer of carrion crow's eggs.

And then for Bellyn, and for Bruin, and for Hintze, and the rest, who would needs be meddling with what was no concern of theirs—what is there in them to challenge either regret or pity ? They made love to their occupation.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature falls
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites :
They lie not near our conscience.

Ah ! if they were all. But there is one misdeed, one which outweighs all others whatsoever—a crime which it is useless to palliate, let our other friend say what he

pleased ; and Reineke himself felt it so. It sat heavy, *for him*, on his soul, and alone of all the actions of his life we are certain that he wished it undone—the death and eating of that poor foolish Lampe, the hare. It was a paltry revenge in Reineke. Lampe had told tales of him ; he had complained that Reineke, under pretence of teaching him his Catechism, had seized him and tried to murder him ; and though he provoked his fate by thrusting himself, after such a warning, into the jaws of Malepartus, Reineke betrays an uneasiness about it in confession ; and, unlike himself, feels it necessary to make some sort of an excuse.

Grimbart, the badger, Reineke's father confessor, had been obliged to speak severely of the seriousness of the offence. " You see," Reineke answers :

To help oneself out through the world is a queer sort of business :
one cannot

Keep, you know, quite altogether as pure as one can in the cloister.

When we are handling honey we now and then lick at our fingers. Lampe sorely provoked me ; he frisked about this way and that way,

Up and down, under my eyes, and he looked so fat and so jolly, Really I could not resist it. I entirely forgot how I loved him. And then he was so stupid.

But even this acknowledgment does not satisfy Reineke. His mind is evidently softened, and it was on that occasion that he poured out his pathetic lamentation over the sad condition of the world—so fluent, so musical, so touching, that Grimbart listened with wide eyes, unable, till it had run to the length of a sermon, to collect himself. It is true that at last his office as ghostly father obliged him to put in a slight demurrer :

Uncle, the badger replied, why, these are the sins of your neighbors ;

Yours, I should think, were sufficient, and rather more now to the purpose.

But he sighs to think what a bishop Reineke would have made.

And now, for the present, farewell to Reineke Fuchs, and to the song in which his glory is enshrined, the Welt-Bibel—Bible of this world—as Goethe called it, the most exquisite moral satire, as we will call it, which has ever been composed. It is not addressed to a passing mode of folly or of profligacy, but it touches the perennial nature of mankind, laying bare our own sympathies, and tastes, and weaknesses, with as keen and true an edge as when the living world of the old Swabian poet winced under its earliest utterance.

Humorous in the high pure sense, every laugh which it gives may have its echo in a sigh, or may glide into it as excitement subsides into thought ; and yet, for those who do not care to find matter there either for thought or sadness, may remain innocently as a laugh.

Too strong for railing, too kindly and loving for the bitterness of irony, the poem is, as the world itself, a book where each man will find what his nature enables him to see, which gives us back each our own image, and teaches us each the lesson which each of us desires to learn.

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